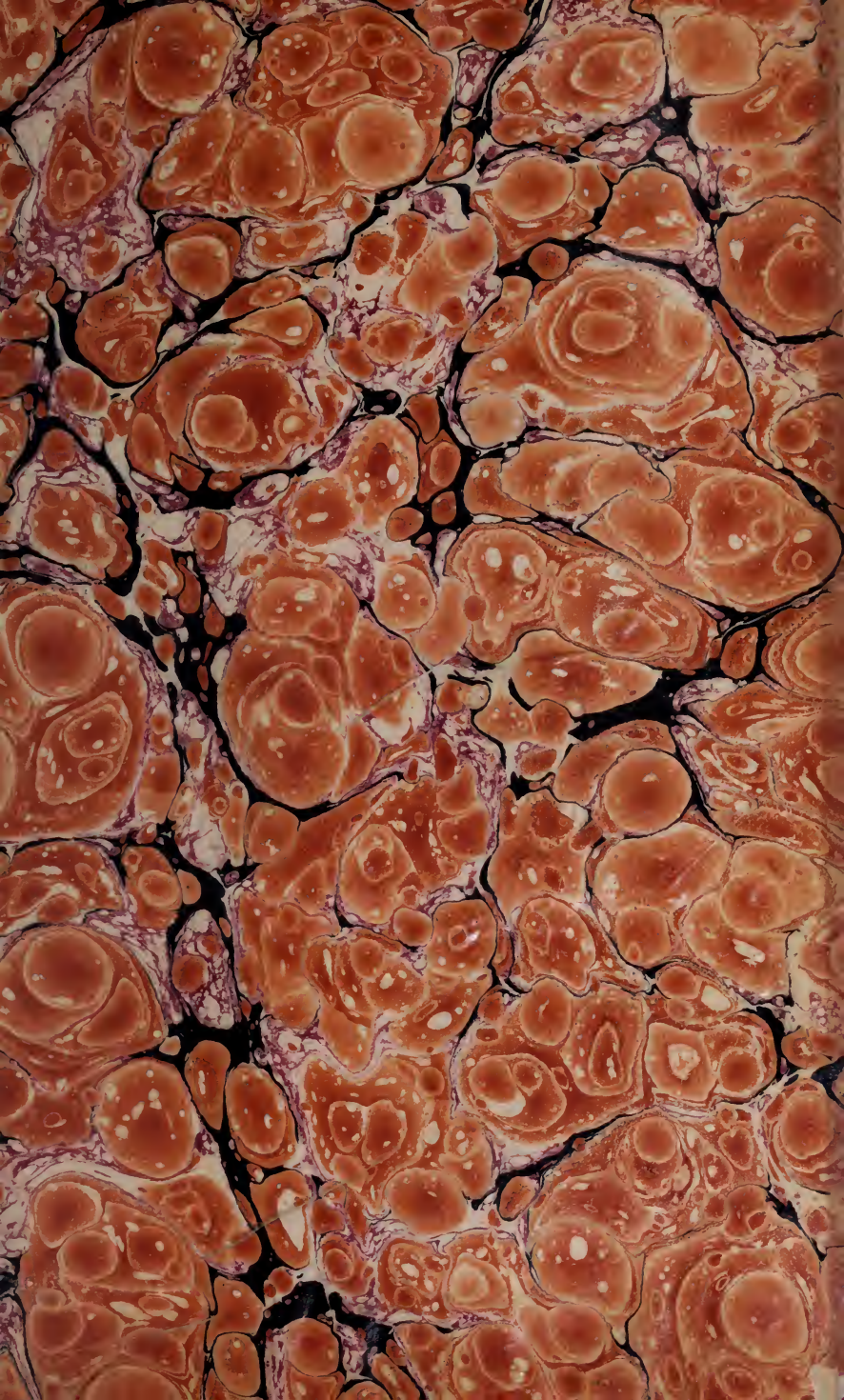




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TOUR

OF

A GERMAN PRINCE.

VOL. IV.

Just Published, in 2 Volumes, price 18s. boards,

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A NEW EDITION

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“We do not remember to have perused a book of travels in this country, in every respect so pleasingly written, so interesting and so amusing, as the present.”—*Morning Advertiser*, 10th December, 1831.

Vide also—*Monthly Repository*, *Athenæum*, *Atlas*, *Sunday Times*, *Sun*, *Ballot*, *Morning Herald*, &c. &c. &c.

T O U R

IN

GERMANY, HOLLAND AND ENGLAND,

IN THE YEARS 1826, 1827 & 1828;

WITH REMARKS ON

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INHABITANTS,
AND ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED
PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY

A GERMAN PRINCE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

EFFINGHAM WILSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1832.

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LETTERS
ON
GERMANY, HOLLAND,
AND
ENGLAND.

LETTER I.

London, April 15th, 1827.

DEAREST FRIEND,

AT length the long-desired letter is arrived, and another in its company. Why was it so long on the road?—‘*Quien sabbe*’? as the South Americans say. Probably the official reader was lazy, and let it lie by him some time before he would take the trouble to re-seal it dexterously.

But, dear Julia, how pretty and tender is your poem,—a new talent, which I never discovered in you before. Yes, may God grant that “all your tears may turn to flowers, to adorn us and refresh us with their fragrance”! and that this beautiful

and loving prophecy may soon be fulfilled! And yet the fairest flowers would be too dearly bought, for me, at that price. *Your* tears at least ought not to flow to produce them.

What you say of H——, “qu’il se sent misérable parcequ’il n’est fier que par orgueil et libéral que par bassesse”, is striking, and will unfortunately suit too many liberals.

I wrote to you on the occasion in question, that you should think only of yourself; and you reply, that I am yourself. Best and kindest! yes, one self we will remain wherever we may be; and had men guardian spirits, ours must act in common: but here we have no other tutelary genius than that moral strength which Heaven has given us.

And is it really so melancholy in M——? You tell me of storms and torrents of rain that threaten destruction. But a fortnight has passed since that was written—before this reaches you it will be a month. I shall hope therefore that you are reading it in the midst of the green spring, with everything blooming around you, and with the zephyr fanning you instead of the furious wind. I told my old B——dt that there were terrible storms in M——. “Ja, ja,” replied he, “those are the Brighton ones.” If you had known that, dearest Julia, you would have thought them more agree-

able, for they would have brought you the latest news of your friend. I beg you to give my most sincere and heartfelt thanks to our honoured Premier. Were all of his class like him, how much more popular would Governments be! Were all Ministers as high-minded and as upright, how would the universal discontent be diminished! and how much more free and independent would they themselves be of those many weights which drag them down, just when it is most necessary they should soar!

All goes on here as usual. This evening, a splendid fête at Lord H——'s closed the Easter festivities. Most fashionable people now make another short stay in the country, and in a fortnight hence *the season proper* begins. I am going back to Brighton for a few days, but shall wait for the Lord Mayor's dinner.

April 16th.

This took place today in Guildhall; and now that I have recovered from the fatigue, I am extremely glad I went.

It lasted full six hours, and six hundred people were present. The tables were set parallel from the top to the bottom of the hall, with the exception of one which was placed across it, at the top. At this the Lord Mayor himself and his most dis-

tinguished guests were seated. The 'coup d'œil' from hence was imposing ;—the vast hall and its lofty columns, the tables extending further than the eye could reach, and the huge mirrors behind them, so that they seemed prolonged to infinity. The brilliant illumination turned night into day; and two bands of music, in a balcony at the end of the hall opposite to us, played during the toasts, which were all of a national character. The Lord Mayor made six-and-twenty speeches, long and short, well and truly counted. A foreign diplomat also ventured upon one, but with very bad success; and had it not been for the goodnature of the audience, who called out 'Hear, hear!' every time he was at fault, till he had collected himself again, he must have stuck fast, and so remained.

At every toast which the Lord Mayor gave, a sort of master of the ceremonies decorated with a silver chain, who stood behind his chair, called aloud, 'My lords and gentlemen, fill your glasses'! The ladies were frightfully dressed, and with a 'tournure' to match. I was seated next to an American, the niece of a former President of the United States, as she told me,—but I really forget which. It is to be presumed that her red hair and Albino complexion are not common among her countrywomen, or their beauty would not be

so celebrated. Her conversation, however, was very clever, and had something of the humour of Washington Irving.

At twelve o'clock the ball began. It must have been curious enough, from the motley character of the company: I was, however, so tired with sitting six mortal hours at dinner, in full uniform, that I drove home as fast as I could, and for once went to bed at midnight.

Brighton, April 17th.

In this morning's paper we read the speech of the diplomate I mentioned to you:—N.B. not what it was, but what it ought to have been, —which is often the case.

Immediately after breakfast I drove out with Count D——, a very merry, amusing Dane, and spent the evening at Lady ——'s, where I met many of the persons I had seen here before; and Lady ——, whom you remember at Paris as the object of the Duke of Wellington's adorations.

A-propos of him,—do you read the newspapers? Here is a great crisis in the political world. Canning's appointment as Premier has given such offence to the other Ministers, that seven have resigned, and only three remain in place. It is said that the party will find it difficult to go on without some of them,—for instance, Lord Mel-

ville. The Duke of Wellington also loses considerably by the change. He who was all in all, is now declared, with the usual exaggeration of party spirit, "politically dead." There is, however, something magnanimous in thus sacrificing all one's personal views to one's opinions. Caricatures rain upon the defeated, and some of them are very witty. The old Lord Chancellor Eldon, who is very unpopular, is particularly ill-treated. So is Earl W——, a singular old man, who has the most preposterous aristocratical haughtiness, looks like a mummy, and spite of his eighty years, is daily to be seen crossing St. James's park on a fast-trotting horse, with the velocity of a bird.

Brighton, April 20th.

Today I have had full experience how dangerous the fogs here may become. I had not thought of this in London, where the scenes they occasion are generally only ludicrous.

An acquaintance had lent me his hunter, as I had left mine in London, and I determined to ride, in a direction as yet unknown to me, towards what is called the Devil's Dyke. I had already ridden some miles over the smooth turf, when suddenly the air was obscured, and in a few minutes I could not see ten steps before me. Thus it

remained ; nor did there appear the least hope of its clearing. I passed an hour in riding to and fro in search of a tracked road ;—my light clothing was soaked through, the air ice-cold, and had night overtaken me, the prospect was not the most agreeable. In this extremity, wholly unacquainted with the country, it happily occurred to me to give my old horse, who had often hunted over these downs, completely his own way. In a few paces after he felt himself perfectly free he turned short about, and set off at a pretty brisk gallop directly down the hill upon which I was. I took good care not to disturb him, spite of the obscurity around me, even when he broke through a field of high prickly broom and furze, over which he leapt like a hare. A few inconsiderable hedges and ditches of course retarded him still less ; and after half an hour's pretty hard running, the good beast brought me safely to the entrance of Brighton, though on the opposite side to that from which I had set out. I was heartily glad to get off so well, and seriously determined to be more prudent in this land of fog for the future.

I generally spend my evenings at Lady K——'s or Mrs. F——'s, and play *écarté* and whist with the men, or loo with the young ladies. These

small circles are much more agreeable than the great parties of the metropolis. There, every art is understood but the art of society. Thus, for instance, musicians, artists, poets, and men of talent generally, are invited merely as fashionable decorations; to live with them, to extract enjoyment from their conversation, or from their genius, is a thing utterly unknown. All real cultivation has a political character and tendency; party spirit, and the fashionable spirit of caste pervade all society. Hence arises not only a universal 'décousu', but a rigorous division of the several elements; which, combined with the naturally unsocial temper of Englishmen, must render a residence among them unpleasant to every foreigner, unless he either has access to the most intimate family circles, or can take a lively interest in political affairs.

The happiest and the most respectable class in England is, without all doubt, the middle class, whose political activity is confined to the improvement of their own immediate province, and among whom tolerably just views and principles generally prevail. People of this unfashionable class are also the only truly hospitable, and are wholly devoid of the arrogant airs so disgusting in their superiors. They do not run after a fo-

reigner; but if he comes in their way, they treat him with kindness and sympathy. They love their country passionately, but without any view to personal interest,—without hope of sinecures, or intrigue for place. They are often ridiculous, but always deserving of respect, and their national egotism is restricted within more reasonable bounds than that of their superiors.

It may now be said with equal truth of England as it formerly was of France, ‘*que les deux bouts du fruit sont gâtés*’,—the aristocracy and the mob. The former unquestionably holds a most noble station: but without great moderation, *without great concessions made to reason and to the spirit of the times*, they will perhaps not occupy this station half a century longer. I once said as much to Prince E——; he laughed in my face,—‘*mais nous verrons*’.

I send you a few excerpts from the newspapers, to give you an idea of the freedom of the press.

1st. “Every ship in the Navy ought to hoist her colours; for Lord Melville was an incubus that weighed down the service. Meritorious officers may now have a chance,—under Lord Melville they had none.”

2nd. “We hear from good authority that the Great Captain takes extraordinary pains to get

into the Cabinet again, but in vain. This *spoiled child of fortune* ought not to have imagined that his resignation could for a moment have embarrassed the Government. We believe, however, that he is not the only ex-Minister who already bitterly repents his folly and arrogance."

3rd. "The Ministerial Septemvirate who wanted to extort power, are much indebted to Mr. Hume's new Act. According to the old law, servants who tried to extort higher wages from their masters were very properly sent to the tread-mill."

4th. "We are assured that a great Septemvir has offered to re-enter the service, on condition that he be made Directing Minister, Grand Constable, and Archbishop of Canterbury."

Our Ministers would stare not a little if our blotting-paper journals were to make as free with them.

To-morrow I return to *town*: for as the Romans formerly called Rome "the city," so do the English call London "town."

London, April 22nd.

I arrived just in time to be present at a dinner-party at the new Premier's, to which I received an invitation in Brighton.

This distinguished man is as remarkable for the grace and charm with which he does the honours

of his house, as for the eloquence with which he carries away his auditors. 'Bel esprit' and statesman by turns, he wants nothing but better health: he seemed to me very unwell and suffering. Mrs. Canning is also a very intelligent woman. I have been assured that she holds the newspaper department, *i. e.* that she reads them, and informs her husband of all the important matter they contain; nay, even that she has occasionally written articles herself.

A concert at Countess ——'s was very fully attended. Galli and Pasta, who are arrived, and will greatly raise the state of the Opera, sang. The rooms were choke-full, and several young men lay on the carpet at the feet of their ladies, with their heads luxuriously reclined against the cushions of the sofas on which their fair ones were seated. This Turkish fashion is really very delightful; and I wonder extremely that C—— did not introduce it in Berlin, and deposit himself for once at the feet of one of the ladies in waiting. The Berliners would have thought this 'charmant' (as they call it) in the English ambassador.

April 25th.

After a long interval I re-visited the theatre. I was in good luck, for Liston acted 'à mourir de-

rire', in a little farce the scene of which is laid in Paris in the time of Louis the Fifteenth. A rich English merchant, tormented by the spleen, goes to that city for amusement. Scarcely is he fairly settled in his hotel when the minister of police is announced, and presently enters, admirably dressed in the costume of the time. He discloses to the astonished citizen that the police is on the track of a notorious gang of thieves, who, suspecting that he had a great deal of money with him, had laid a plan to break into his house that night, and to rob and murder him. The minister adds, that every thing now depends on his own behaviour; that if he shows the slightest consciousness, if he appears less cheerful than usual, or does anything unwonted betraying anxiety, he will probably hasten the proceedings of the robbers, and in that case that the police could not be answerable for his safety—indeed that his life would probably be in the greatest danger, for that it was not sure that the people of the house were not in the plot;—he must therefore go to bed at ten o'clock as usual, and let matters take their course.

Mr. Jackson, more dead than alive at this intelligence, wants instantly to leave the house. But the minister gravely replies that this can by no means be suffered, and would be no security to

him; for that the robbers would discover his new residence, and then make more sure of their prey. "Make yourself perfectly easy," concludes Monsieur de Sartines, "all will be well if you do but put a good face upon the affair."

You may easily imagine what ludicrous scenes are produced by the continual efforts of the old merchant to conceal the horrible fright he is in. Meanwhile his servant, a true Englishman, always thirsty, finds some wine in a closet and eagerly drinks it. It turns out to be antimonial wine, and in a few minutes he is seized with violent sickness; his master instantly concludes that the plan is to poison, instead of shooting or stabbing him. At this moment the hostess comes in with a cup of chocolate. In a transport of rage and terror, Liston seizes her by the throat, and forces her to drink the chocolate; which, after some surprise at the oddness of English manners, she very willingly does. Liston's by-play during this, and the manner in which, suddenly recollecting his promise, he bursts into a convulsive laugh, and tries to turn it off as a jest, is unspeakably droll. At length ten o'clock arrives; and after many burlesque incidents Mr. Jackson goes to bed in his velvet breeches, lays a sword and pistols by his side, and draws the curtains quite close. It unfortunately

happens that the daughter of the host has a love-affair, and had given her lover 'rendezvous' in this very room before the stranger had engaged the lodging. To avoid discovery she glides softly in, puts out the light cautiously, and goes to the window, at which her lover is already climbing in. As soon as he springs into the middle of the room and begins to speak, groans of terror are heard from the bed: first one pistol falls down with a clatter, then another; the curtain opens; Liston makes a feeble thrust with the sword, which falls from his trembling hand, throws himself out of bed, and in his curious costume falls on his knees before the girl, who is as terrified as himself, and piteously implores mercy, while the lover slyly conceals himself behind the bed. The door is thrown open, and the minister of police enters with torches to inform the trembling Jackson that the band of robbers is taken; and adds, with a smile, as he looks at the group, "I congratulate you that you have found so agreeable a way of passing the time."

April 26th.

A strange place I have visited today! A church called the Areopagus, in which a clergyman, the Rev. Robert Taylor, preaches *against* Christianity, and permits any one publicly to oppose him. He

has retained only one thing of the Anglo-Christian church—to make you pay a shilling for your seat. Mr. Taylor has some learning, and is no bad speaker, but as passionate a fanatic for the destruction of Christianity as some others are for its support. He says strong things—sometimes true, often false; sometimes witty, and sometimes utterly indecorous. The place was thronged with hearers of all classes.—In a nation which is at so very low a point of religious education, it is easy to understand that a negative apostle of this sort may attract a great concourse. In Germany, where the people are far advanced in the rational path of gradual reform, an undertaking of the kind would fill some with pious horror, would attract nobody, and would justly disgust all;—even if the police did not render such an exhibition impossible.

The first Almack's ball took place this evening; and from all I had heard of this celebrated assembly, I was really curious to see it: but never were my expectations so disappointed. It was not much better than at Brighton. A large bare room, with a bad floor, and ropes around it, like the space in an Arab camp parted off for the horses; two or three small naked rooms at the side, in which were served the most wretched refresh-

ments; and a company into which, spite of the immense difficulty of getting tickets, a great many 'Nobodies' had wriggled; in which the dress was generally as tasteless as the 'tournure' was bad;—this was all. In a word, a sort of inn-entertainment;—the music and the lighting the only good things. And yet Almack's is the culminating point of the English world of fashion.

This overstrained simplicity had, however, originally a motive. People of real fashion wished to oppose something extremely cheap to the monstrous 'faste' of the rich 'parvenus'; while the institution of Lady-patronesses, without whose approbation no one could be admitted, would render it inaccessible to them. Money and bad company (in the aristocratical sense of the word) have, however, forced their way; and the only characteristic which has been retained is the unseemly place, which is not unlike the 'local' of a shooting ball in our large towns, and forms a most ludicrous contrast with the general splendour and luxury of England.

May 1st.

At E——'s this morning I found Prince S——, who is just come from the coronation at Moscow by way of Brazil; (such is the ease and rapidity of travelling in our times). For natural beauty,

he gave the preference to the island of Madeira over every country he had seen. He was but just eight days in coming from thence to London, which has set me longing to make the excursion as soon as the season is over.

From four o'clock in the afternoon till ten, I sat in the House of Commons ; crowded, in horrible heat, most uncomfortably seated ; and yet with such eager, excited attention, that the six hours passed like a moment.

There is something truly great in such a representative assembly ! This simplicity of exterior ; this dignity and experience ; this vast power without, and absence of all pomp within !

The debate this evening was moreover of the highest interest. Most of the former Ministers have, as you know, resigned ; among them, some of the most influential men in England, and (since Napoleon's and Blücher's death) the greatest Commander in Europe. Canning, the champion of the liberal party, has defeated this Ministry, and is, spite of all their efforts, become head of the new one, the formation of which was left to him, according to the usual custom here. But the whole power of the exasperated ultra-aristocracy and their dependants presses upon him ; and even one of his most particular friends, a com-

moner like himself, is among the resigning Ministers, and has joined the hostile party. This gentleman (Mr. Peel) today opened the attack, in a long and clever speech, though full of repetition. It would lead me too far, and greatly exceed the bounds of a correspondence like ours, were I to go into the details of the present political questions. My object is only to give you an idea of the tactic with which, on the one side, the leader of the new Opposition headed the attack, and was followed by several more obscure combatants, who planted a stroke here and there; while on the other, the old Opposition, the Whigs, (who now support the liberal ministry with all their might,) more skilfully commenced with their musketry, and reserved the heavy fire of their great gun, Brougham. In a magnificent speech which flowed on like a clear stream, he tried to disarm his opponent; now tortured him with sarcasms; now taking a higher flight, wrought upon the sensibility, or convinced the reason of his hearers. I must attempt to give you a specimen of this extraordinary piece of eloquence*.

The orator closed with the solemn declaration,

* The reader may be curious to see this fine passage in its spirited translation. I have not been able to prevail on

that he was perfectly impartial;—that he *could* be impartial; for that it was his fixed determination never, and on no terms, to accept a place in an Administration of these kingdoms*.

I had heard and admired Brougham before. No man ever spoke with greater fluency,—hour after hour, in a clear unbroken stream of eloquence,—with a fine and distinct organ,—riveting the attention,—without once halting, or pausing,—without repeating, recalling, or mistaking a word; defects which frequently deform Mr. Peel's speeches. Brougham speaks as a good reader reads from a book. Nevertheless, it seems to me that you perceive only extraordinary talent, for-

myself to attempt to translate it back into other English than that of the speaker.—TRANSL.

“Nicht um Platze zu erlangen, nicht um Reichthümer zu erwerben, ja nicht einmal um den Catholiken unsres Landes ihr natürliches und menschliches Recht wiedergegeben zu sehen, eine Wohlthat, um die ich seit 25 Jahren Gott und die Nation vergebens anrufe, nicht für alles dieses habe ich mich dem neuen Ministerium angeschlossen, nein, sondern nur, weil, wohin ich mein Auge wende, nach Europa's civilisirten Staaten, oder nach Amerika's ungeheurem Continent, nach dem Orient oder Occident, ich überall die Morgenröthe der *Freiheit* tagen sehe,—ja, ihr allein habe ich mich angeschlossen, indem ich dem Manne folge, der ihr Vorfechter zu seyn, eben so würdig als willig ist!”

* This, we find, was only a figure of speech.—EDIT.

midable pungent wit, and rare presence of mind :—the heart-warming power of *genius*, such as flows from Canning's tongue, he possesses, in my opinion, in a far lower degree.

Canning, the hero of the day, now rose.—If his predecessor might be compared to a dexterous and elegant boxer, Canning presented the image of a finished antique gladiator. All was noble, refined, simple ;—then suddenly, at one splendid point, his eloquence burst forth like lightning—grand and all-subduing. A kind of languor and weakness, apparently the consequence of his late illness and of the load of business laid upon him, seemed somewhat to diminish his energy, but perhaps increased his influence over the feelings.

His speech was, in every point of view, the most complete, as well as the most irresistibly persuasive ;—the crown and glory of the debate. Never shall I lose the impression which this, and that other celebrated speech of his on the affairs of Portugal, made upon me. Deeply did I feel on each of these occasions, that the highest power man can exercise over his brother man,—the most dazzling splendour with which he can surround himself, before which that of the most successful warrior pales like the light of phosphorus in the sun,—lies in the divine gift of eloquence. Only to

the great master in this godlike art is it given to affect the heart and mind of a whole nation with that sort of magnetic somnambulism, in which nothing is possible to it but blind and absolute surrender and following; while the magic rod of the magnetiser is equally absolute over rage and gentleness, over war and peace, over tears and smiles.

On the following day the House of Lords was opened under the same remarkable circumstances as the House of Commons had been, though there are no men of talents equal to Brougham, nor, above all, to Canning. Lord Ellenborough rose first, and said that the late Ministers were accused of having resigned in consequence of a combination, and of having thus been guilty of the great offence of endeavouring to abridge the constitutional prerogative of the King to change his Ministers entirely at his own free will. For the preservation of their honour he must therefore claim for them to be heard fully in their own justification. —Here I saw the great Wellington in a terrible strait. He is no orator, and was compelled, ‘*bongré, malgré*’, to enter upon his defence, like an accused person. He was considerably agitated; and this senate of his country, though composed of men whom individually, perhaps, he did not

care for, appeared more imposing to him 'en masse' than Napoleon and his hundred thousands. There was, however, something touching to me in seeing the hero of this century in so subdued a situation. He stammered much, interrupted and involved himself; but at length, with the help of his party, who at every stumbling-block gave him time to collect himself by means of noise and cheers (exactly as it was with the Ambassador's speech at the Lord Mayor's feast), he brought the matter tolerably to this conclusion,—that there was no 'conspiracy'. He occasionally said strong things,—probably stronger than he meant, for he was evidently not master of his stuff. Among other things, the following words pleased me extremely.—“I am a soldier and no orator. I am utterly deficient in the talents requisite to play a part in this great assembly. I must be more than mad if I ever entertained the insane thought (of which I am accused) of becoming Prime Minister*.” All the Lords who had resigned

* This declaration of the Duke has frequently been alluded to since, even in the Lower House. The following, which I heard from the amiable lady to whom it was addressed, is less known.—In the month of November of this year, (1830,) the premier was conversing with Princess C—— and the Duchess of D——, on various characteristics of the

made their apology in turn, as well as they could. Old Lord Eldon tried the effect of tears, which he has always at hand on great occasions; but I did not see that they produced any corresponding emotion in the audience. He was answered by the new Peer and Minister, Lord Goderich, formerly Mr. Robinson, for himself and the Premier, who, being a commoner, cannot appear in the House of Lords, though he governs England, and is become too illustrious, as Mr. Canning, to exchange that name for a title.

The new peer's speech was a very good one, but the beginning excited an universal laugh. True to long habit, he addressed the speaker of the house as "Sir." He was so 'décontenancé' at his blunder, that he put his hand to his forehead, and remained for a time speechless; but recovered his self-possession with the help of the friendly "Hear, hear!"

Lord Holland distinguished himself as usual by sharp and striking exposition; Lord King by a French and English nations, and their respective advantages. "Ce qui est beau en Angleterre," said the Duke with evident self-complacency, "c'est qui ni le rang, ni les richesses, ni la faveur ne sauraient élever un Anglois aux premières places. Le génie seul les obtient et les conserve chez nous." The ladies cast down their eyes; and in a week from that time the Duke of Wellington was out of office.—EDITOR.

great deal of wit, not always in the best taste ; Lord Lansdowne by calm, appropriate statement, more remarkable for good sense than for brilliancy. Lord Grey far excelled the rest in dignity of manner, a thing which English orators, almost without exception, either neglect or cannot acquire. The want of decorum, remarkable in the lower house, which is like a dirty coffee-house, and where many of the representatives of the people lie sprawling on the benches with their hats on, and talking of all sorts of trifles while their colleagues are speaking, seldom appears here. The place and the deportment are, on the contrary, suited to the senate of a great nation.

When I question myself as to the total impression of this day, I must confess that it was at once elevating and melancholy ;—the former when I fancied myself an Englishman, the latter when I felt that I was a German.

This twofold senate of the People of England, spite of all the defects and blemishes common to human nature which are blended in its composition, is yet something in the highest degree grand ; and in contemplating its power and operation thus near at hand, one begins to understand why it is that the English nation is, as yet, the first on the face of the earth.

May 3rd.

Today, for a change, you shall follow me from the serious business of Parliament to the theatre.

The piece was a mere spectacle:—dramatic exhibitions of that sort are more beautifully and skilfully executed here than in any other country. I shall confine myself to describing the ‘scenery’.

In a wild mountain district of Spain, a Moorish castle rises amid rocks in the distance. It is night, but the moon shines brightly in the blue heavens, and mingles her pale light with the brilliant illumination of the windows of the castle and the chapel. A road winding among the mountains is visible at many points; and at length, supported on arches of masonry, leads to the foreground.

A band of robbers now glide stealthily forth from the thicket, and conceal themselves by the road-side.—You discover from their conversation that they are lying in wait for a rich prize.

Their handsome young leader is distinguished by his commanding air and his splendid dress, in the style of the Italian banditti. After a short interval you see the castle-gates in the distance unclose, a drawbridge is let down, and a state-carriage drawn by six mules rolls along the road. Sometimes you lose it behind the mountains;—it

approaches, growing larger and larger (an effect admirably produced by figures of various dimensions), and at length comes on the stage at a brisk trot. A few shots are immediately fired by the robbers, the coachman is killed, and the plunder of the carriage goes forward amid noise and confusion. In the midst of the tumult the curtain falls.

At the beginning of the second act you see the same scene, but it excites quite different emotions. The lights in the castle are extinguished,—the moon is veiled behind a cloud. In the dim light you imperfectly distinguish the carriage, with the doors rent from the hinges. On the box lies the murdered driver; the pallid head of one of the fallen robbers is seen above a stone trench; and the handsome captain leans dying against the trunk of a tree, while his boy Gilblas is vainly trying to check the flight of the departing spirit. This half-dead, half-living picture, is extremely powerful and touching.

My morning calls were useful, for they procured me three tickets for the next Almack's; and I prevailed upon one of the most rigorous and dreaded of Patronesses to give me a ticket for a little obscure 'Miss' of my acquaintance,—an immense 'faveur'! I was, however, obliged to

mancœuvre and entreat a long time to obtain it. The young lady and her party nearly kissed my hands, and behaved as if they had gained the great prize in the lottery.

After Almack's, there is no way of approaching an English lady so good as politics. There has been nothing to be heard lately, whether at dinner or at the Opera, nay even at balls, but Canning and Wellington from every pretty mouth; nay, Lord E—— complained that his wife disturbed him with politics at night. She frightened him by suddenly calling out in her sleep, "Will the Premier stand or fall?"

If I improve myself in nothing else here, I shall in politics and cabriolet-driving; the latter one learns to perfection. You wind along at full speed, among carts and carriages, where you would have thought you must have stopped for minutes. A residence in such a metropolis of the world certainly tends to correct all one's small views of things: one regards them in a broader manner, and more 'en bloc'.

May 10th.

The eternal uniformity of the season goes on for ever. A soirée at Lady Cowper's, one of the gentlest of Lady-patronesses; another at Lady

Jersey's, one of the handsomest and most distinguished women in England,—both preceded by an Indian mélodrame,—filled my evening very agreeably. The scene of the mélodrame lay in an island whose inhabitants were endowed with the delightful gift of flying. The prettiest girls came floating in in masses, like flights of cranes, and when very pressingly courted just let their wings sink; but if you were emboldened by this,—a nod—and the graceful, many-coloured folds expanded, and away they went; nor could one so much as see the slender cords by which they were drawn up.

At a dinner and soirée at Prince Polignac's there were several interesting persons; among them the Governor of Odessa, one of the most agreeable Russians I have seen, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, the celebrated painter. I was told that he regularly loses at billiards (of which he makes the great mistake of fancying himself a master) the enormous sums he gains by his art. He is a man of interesting appearance, with something 'du moyen age' in his features, strongly reminding one of the pictures of the Venetian school.

Still more was I attracted by the Portuguese eyes of the Marchioness — : Portuguese and Spanish eyes eclipse all others.

Prince Polignac's niece told me that her uncle's hair, which is perfectly white, while the rest of his appearance is youthful and agreeable, had turned gray at the age of five-and-twenty, in the course of a few weeks, from the anxiety and horror of a revolutionary dungeon*. He may well find the present contrast agreeable; but, alas! the Restoration cannot restore the colour of his hair. I was interested by this circumstance; for you know, my good Julia, mine has also patriotically begun to assume our national colours, white and black.

A curious foreigner who wishes to see all the gradations of social life, can hardly hold out a London season. More than forty invitations are now lying on my table,—five or six for each day. All these fête-givers must be called upon in a morning; and, to be courteous, one must go in person. ‘C’est la mer à boire’; and yet on my way to parties I continually pass ten or a dozen houses which I don’t know, where the same mass of carriages is standing before the door.

A ball at which I was lately present was pecu-

* How little did my departed friend suspect that this badly organized head was destined to bring such evils upon the world! Good will indeed arise out of that, as out of all evil; but we shall hardly reap the fruits.—EDITOR.

liarly brilliant, and was attended by some of the Royal Princes. When this is the case, the vanity of the host has introduced the fashion of mentioning it on the card: "To meet his Royal Highness," &c. &c. is the laughable phrase. The whole garden belonging to the house was built over, and divided into large rooms, which were hung with draperies of rose-coloured and white muslin, ornamented with enormous mirrors and numerous chandeliers, and perfumed with the flowers of every zone.

The Duchess of Clarence honoured the entertainment with her presence; and all pressed forward to see her, for she is one of the few Princesses whose personal character inspires far more respect than their rank, and whose infinite goodness of heart and amiable disposition have gained her a popularity in England of which we Germans may be proud; the more so as she is probably destined to be Queen of these realms.

The person who gave this ball was, however, far from being fashionable; a quality which is susceptible of the strangest 'nuances'. But every one, fashionable or not, refines upon his neighbour's entertainment as he can.

The next day Countess L—— gave a ball, at which I was obliged to alight at least a thousand

steps from the house, as it was utterly impossible to get through the crowd of carriages. Several equipages that had tried to force their way were fast locked together, and the coachmen were swearing the most terrible oaths. At this ball the hot-houses were tapestried with moss of various hues, and the ground thickly strewn with new-mown grass, out of which flowers seemed to grow freely here and there; the stalks were illuminated, which doubled the splendour of their colours. The walks were marked by coloured lamps, glittering like jewels in the grass. Gay arabesques were described among the moss on the walls in the same manner. In the background was a beautiful transparent landscape with moonlight and water.

May 15th.

Riding out today with several ladies, the question arose which way we should take, the best to enjoy the beautiful spring evening. Just then we saw an air-balloon floating in the sky, and the question was answered. For more than ten miles did the untired ladies follow their aerial guide, as if on a 'steeple-chase', but it vanished at length from our sight. The evening was devoted to a grand diplomatic dinner, at which several of the new Ministers were present; and to a ball in a German house,

whose solid and tasteful magnificence equals the best English ones, and excels most in the agreeable qualities of its possessors; I mean Prince Esterhazy's.

My journal will soon be like Bernouilly's Travels, which mainly treat of invitations, dinners, and evening parties. But you must take the thing as it comes. Liken this journal to a stuff upon which are very different embroideries, some rich, some poor. The strong lasting stuff is my unalterable love for you, and the wish to make you live with me, as far as it is possible, my distant life; the embroideries are only copies of what I see or experience, and must therefore take the same character, be the colours sometimes glowing, sometimes faint. And it were not to be wondered at if they faded altogether in the choking city, which never can afford such lovely hues as beautiful nature.

May 21st.

I give you notice beforehand that I must remain true to the same theme, and record a breakfast at the Duke of Devonshire's at Chiswick.

This is the prettiest sort of fête given here; they are given in the country, and the company are dispersed through the house and the beautiful gardens. Though called breakfasts, they begin at

three, and do not leave off before midnight. Prince B——, brother-in-law of Napoleon, was there,—another of those whom I formerly saw in that splendour which they borrowed only from the then Sun of the world,—a splendour which so quickly vanished with its source.

But the great ornament of the fête was the beautiful Lady Ellenborough. She came in a small carriage drawn by poneys not larger than Kamtschatkadale dogs, which she drove herself. From henceforward the doves may be unyoked from the chariot of Venus, and poneys harnessed to it instead.

All sorts of equipages fare worse here than anywhere. At last night's Almack's there was such a 'bagarre' among them, that several ladies were obliged to wait for hours before the chaos was reduced to any order. The coachmen on these occasions behave like madmen, trying to force their way, and the English police does not trouble itself about such matters. As soon as these heroic chariot-drivers espy the least opening, they whip their horses in, as if horses and carriage were an iron wedge; the preservation of either seems totally disregarded. In this manner one of Lady Sligo's horses had its two hind-legs entangled in such a manner in the fore-wheel of a

carriage, that it was quite impossible to release them, and one turn of the wheel would infallibly have broken both. Notwithstanding this, the other coachman could hardly be prevailed on to stand still. When the crowd dispersed a little, they were forced to take out both horses, and even then it was with some difficulty they extricated the entangled one. All this time the poor animal roared like the lion in Exeter 'Change. At the same time a cabriolet was crushed to pieces, and 'en révanche' drove both its shafts through the window of a coach, from which the screams of several female voices proved that it was already full:—many other carriages were damaged.

After this description, you, dearest, with your 'poltronnerie', will scarcely trust yourself here in a carriage. It were certainly safer to adopt the fashion of the time of Queen Bess, when all, even the most delicate court-maidens, went a-visiting on horseback.

May 27th.

I had the honour of dining with the Duke of Clarence today. The Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Kent, her daughter, and the Duchess of Gloucester were present. The Duke is a very kind, friendly host, and always does me the favour to remind me of the various times and places at

which we have met before. He has much of the true Englishman, in the best sense of the word, and the English love of domestic life. This dinner was given in celebration of the birthday of Princess Carolath*. He gave her health: at which the gentle Emily, spite of her intimacy with the amiable Duchess, her relation and friend, blushed over and over.

Among the guests I must mention Sir George Cockburn, who took Napoleon to St. Helena. He told me many circumstances which proved Napoleon's extraordinary power of winning those whom he had any desire to win. The Admiral likewise admired the sincerity with which Napoleon spoke of himself, as of an indifferent historical personage; and among other things, openly declared that the Russians had so completely outwitted him in Moscow, that up to the very last day he was continually in hope of peace, till at length it was too late. '*C'était sans doute une grande faute,*' added he coolly.

The Duke's daughters are '*d'un beau sang*', all remarkably pretty, though all in a totally different style. Among the sons, the most distinguished is Colonel Fitzclarence, whose travels overland from

* Daughter of the lady to whom these letters are addressed, by her former husband, Count Pappenheim.—TRANSL.

India, through Egypt, you read with so much interest. He has also written on the German Landwehr, of which he is no partisan. Seldom does one find a young officer of such varied accomplishments. I have known him a long time, and have frequently had occasion to be grateful for his obliging and friendly manners.

His eldest sister is married to Sir Philip Sidney. I heard from her that not only has the series of portraits been preserved unbroken in that illustrious family from Lord Leicester's time downwards, but also a lock of hair of every successive head of the family. Among other curious documents they have also a list of the guests at the feast at Kenilworth, and some very remarkable household accounts of that time. I believe Sir Walter Scott has used these papers.

In the evening Pasta warbled at Countess St. A——'s, and two or three balls closed the day.

May 26th.

This morning in the Park I could not restrain a hearty laugh at a young lord, who has not profited much by his residence at Paris, and whose beautiful horse attracted more admiration than himself. "Quel beau cheval que vous avez là!" said I. "Oui," replied he, with his English ac-

cent; “je l’ai fait moi même, et pour celà je lui suis beaucoup attaché.” Is not this almost as good as the deaf Russian officer in B——, to whom the King said, on the entrance of a sturgeon, “Ce poisson là est bien fréquent chez vous.” “Oui, Sire,” replied he, with a profound bow, “je l’ai été pendant quinze ans.”

‘Rex Judæorum’ gave a magnificent dinner, the dessert of which alone, as he told me, cost a hundred pounds. I sat next to a very clever woman, Mrs. A——, the friend of the Duke of W——, a very characteristic, acute, un-English physiognomy,—you may think what an ‘enragée’ politician. I must have annoyed her excessively; in the first place, I am a great Canningite; in the second, I hate politics at dinner. We had a great exhibition of splendour. The table service was of vermillion and silver; that of the dessert, I think, all gold. Under the portrait of Prince Metternich (a present from the original) in an adjoining room, was a large gold box, perhaps a copy of the Ark of the Covenant. A concert succeeded the dinner, at which Mr. Moschelles played as enchantingly as his wife looked. It was not till two o’clock that I got away to a rout at the Duke of Northumberland’s, a small party of about a thousand persons. Music was performed in an im-

mense picture-gallery, at thirty degrees of Reaumur. The crowd and bustle was however so great that we heard little of it. The atmosphere was like that of the black-hole at Calcutta. Are these really the amusements of civilized nations !

May 31st. -

The rich Lady L——, with whose ‘black diamonds’ her complexion forms the most agreeable contrast, and whose ‘air chiffonné’ is quite original, showed me her bazaar this morning. It is no common one, for it contained jewels to the amount of three hundred thousand reichsthalers. The whole boudoir full of perfumes, flowers, and rarities, the ‘clair obscur’ of rose-coloured curtains, and the Marchioness herself in a dress of yellow gauze, reclined on her chaise longue ‘plongée dans une douce langueur ;’—it was a pretty picture of ‘refinement’. Diamonds and pearls, pens and ink, books, letters, toys and seals, and an unfinished purse, lay before her. Among the seals, two were piquant, from their contrast,—the one from Lord Byron :

“ Love will find its way
Where wolves would fear to stray.”

The other says, with true French ‘philosophie’, ‘Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe.’ Nothing,

however, was so common in the house as portraits of the Emperor Alexander, who had paid great attention to the Marchioness at V——, and whose image had been thus multiplied by gratitude. Her husband was ambassador there, and used his English prerogative to its full extent. Once he boxed with a ‘fiacre’ driver: another time he presented the Archduchess, and, if I mistake not, the Empress herself, to his wife, instead of the reverse;—then he ran into the kitchen to stab his cook for having offended the Marchioness: ‘*enfin, il faisait la pluie et le beau tems à V——; ou plutôt l’orage et la grêle.*’

Just conceive how ‘disappointed’ the poor lady must be, after so long ruling on the Continent, ‘*malgré ses diamans, son rang, et sa jolie mine,*’ not to be able to be really and truly fashionable. But this aristocracy of fashion is more difficult to attain to than the highest rank of freemasonry, and much more capricious than that venerable institution, though both alike make something out of nothing.

I dined at Lord Darnley’s, where I met Lord Bloomfield, formerly a conspicuous man, and great favourite of the King’s ‘*du tems de ses frédaines*’. There was also the Archbishop of York, a majestic old man, who began life as a private

tutor, and has reached this elevated station by the patronage of his pupils. Nothing can be at once more ugly and more laughable than the demi-toilette of an English Archbishop. A short school-master's wig ill-powdered, a black French coat, and a little black silk ladies' apron hung over the inexpressibles in front, just as our miners hang theirs behind.

We were extremely well entertained with game and excellent fruits from Cobham; and after dinner drove to a concert, which was very different from any I had heard here. These concerts were set on foot by several noblemen and distinguished persons, admirers of the music of Handel, Mozart, and the old Italian masters, whose compositions are here exclusively performed. It's long since I had such a treat! What is the modern *Trilliliren* compared with the sublimity of that old church music? I felt transported back to the days of my childhood,—a feeling which always strengthens the soul for days, and gives it a fresher, lighter flight. The singing was excellent throughout, and often of an unearthly beauty in its simplicity; for it is inconceivable what a power God has given to the human voice when rightly employed, and poured forth in a simple and sustained flow. Handel's choruses in the Oratorio of Israel in Egypt

make you think you *feel* the night which overshadowed Egypt, and hear the tumult of Pharaoh's host, and the roaring of the sea that engulfs them in its waters.

I could not bring myself to listen to ball-fiddling after these sacred tones, and therefore retired to my own room at twelve o'clock, willingly leaving Almack's and another fashionable ball unvisited. I shall carry the echo of this music of the spheres into my dreams, and, borne on its wings, shall take a spiritualized flight with you, my Julia: 'Are you ready? Now we fly.'

June 1st.

My old B—— waked me very early, which he never does unless he has a letter from you to give me. On all lesser occasions he lets me sleep on, however particularly I may have desired him to call me. His apology always is, "You were so sound asleep!"

It is really lucky that I have not that sort of vanity which is intoxicated by praise, otherwise you would make a complete fool of me. Alas! I know myself too well, and a hundred faults which your love but half perceives. The little devil whom you attack certainly often possesses me. But he is a tolerably innocent, often a poor foolish,

honest little devil, of a sort that stands midway between angel and devil, as to the morality of the business ;—in a word, a genuine weak child of man. But as he displeases you, poor little imp, I shall put him into a bottle, like Hofmann, and cork him down with Solomon's seal. From this time I shall produce only the Herrnhüter before you :—you know I passed my youth among that sect, 'et si je m'en ressens, je ne m'en ressens guères.'

I shall certainly be present at the fancy-ball you mean to give in imitation of that at Brighton. Nobody will know me, for the good reason that I shall be invisible : I shall only imprint a kiss on your forehead, and then be off like a thought :—be on the watch therefore !

June 3rd.

I wandered yesterday from the regions of the gay world once more into the City, and observed the toiling industry which is continually producing some fresh article of luxury. Every day sees some new invention. Among them may be reckoned the countless advertisements, and the manner of putting them 'en evidence'. Formerly people were content to paste them up ; now they are ambulant. One man has a pasteboard hat,

three times as high as other hats, on which is written in great letters, “Boots at twelve shillings a pair,—warranted.” Another carries a sort of banner, on which is represented a washerwoman, and the inscription, “Only three-pence a shirt.” Chests, like Noah’s ark, entirely pasted over with bills, and of the dimensions of a small house, drawn by men or horses, slowly parade the streets, and carry more lies upon them than Münchhausen ever invented.

I arrived at Mr. R——’s very tired, and accepted an invitation to dine with him at his counting-house. During dinner we philosophized on the subject of religion. ‘R—— est vraiment un très bon enfant’, and more obliging than most men of his class,—whenever he thinks he risks nothing by it, which one cannot blame him for. In our religious discussion he had somewhat the best of it, for he is of the ancient nobility in matters of faith: they are the true aristocrats in this subject, and will hear of no innovation or reform. I wound up by saying, with Göthe, *Alle Ansichten sind zu loben*; and drove in a crazy hackney-coach back to the ‘West End of the Town,’—where there are neither Jews nor Christians, but only Fashionables and Nobodies,—to

hear Pasta sing at Mrs. P——'s, and to play *écarté*, *de moitié* with Lord H——'s friend.

I came home at four o'clock, fell asleep by rosy daylight, and fancied my bed was the moss of a forest. I was waked by a piteous cry : I looked around, and saw a poor devil come plump down through the air from the top of a high tree, and fall on the ground near me. Groaning, and pale as ashes, he crawled up, and cried out that it was all over with him. I was hastening to help him, when a creature like an inkstand with a stopper came up, and, with heavy curses, gave the half-dead man several blows with his stopper. I watched my time, pulled out the stopper ; and as the ink streamed forth, he changed himself into a Moor in a splendid silver jacket and elegant costume, who cried out laughing, that if I would only let him alone, he would show me such things as I never saw before. Now began such conjurations as left all the Pinettis and Philadelphias in the world far behind. A large closet changed its contents every minute ; and all the treasures of Golconda, with unheard-of curiosities, were presented to my view.

My dream went on increasing in extravagance. Did you ever hear of such mad visions as haunt

me here? It's the melancholy fog, the suffocating air of London, which clouds my senses. I send them to you therefore, that you may let them out in our own sunshine, and on their heavy wings I lay a thousand affectionate greetings of your faithful Friend,

L—.

LETTER II.

London, June 5th, 1827.

THIS morning I paid a visit to Mrs. Hope, and saw her husband's collection of works of art more in detail. A very beautiful Venus by Canova was peculiarly interesting to me, having seen it some years ago, unfinished, in the 'atelier' of that delightful artist in Rome; it then left a more agreeable impression on my mind than any of his works.

Among the pictures, I was particularly struck with the infamous Cesare Borgia, by Correggio. What a sublime villain! He stands in the most intrepid manly beauty; vigour and loftiness of mind beam from every feature; in the eyes alone lurks the ferocious tiger. The collection is peculiarly rich in pictures of the Flemish school: many of them are of inimitable truth, which I freely confess has often a greater charm for me than even the perfect representation of an Ideal, if that does not happen to hit some kindred conception in my own mind.

Thus a fine stately old Dutch burgher's wife, drinking down a glass of wine with great '*délice*',—her husband wrapped in his cloak, with the bottle out of which he has just helped her still in his hand, while he looks at her with goodnatured pleasure,—was to me a very attractive subject.

So, likewise, some officers of the sixteenth century in their handsome and appropriate dress, carousing after their hard and bloody toils: and several others, equally true to nature. Among the landscapes I made acquaintance with a Hobbima, which has the greatest resemblance to the manner of Ruysdael. Fruit, which almost deceived the sense, by Van Huysum and Van Os. Houses, in which every tile is given, by Van der Meer. Several Wouvermans', Paul Potters, &c. &c.—nothing was wanting to complete the richness of the collection. Only the modern English pictures were bad.

The rest of the day I staid at home, to hallow the birthday of my good mother, alone and in quiet.

June 7th.

As a sample of the necessities of a London dandy, I send you the following statement by my 'fashionable' washerwoman, who is employed by

some of the most distinguished 'élégans', and is the only person who can make cravats of the right stiffness, or fold the breasts of shirts with plaits of the right size. An 'élégant', then, requires per week,—Twenty shirts; twenty-four pocket-handkerchiefs; nine or ten pair of 'summer trowsers'; thirty neck-handkerchiefs (unless he wears black ones); a dozen waistcoats; and stockings 'à discretion'.

I see your housewifely soul aghast. But as a dandy cannot get on without dressing three or four times a day, the affair is 'tout simple', for he must appear,—

1st. In breakfast toilette,—a chintz dressing-gown and Turkish slippers.

2nd. Morning riding dress,—frock coat, boots and spurs.

3rd. Dinner dress,—dress coat and shoes.

4th. Ball dress, with 'pumps', a word signifying shoes as thin as paper.

At six o'clock the Park was so full that it was like a rout on horseback, only much pleasanter; instead of carpets or chalked floors there was the green turf, a fresh breeze instead of stifling heat and vapour; and instead of tiring one's own legs, one made the horse's do all the work.

Before I rode thither I called on Princess E——

and found three young and handsome ‘ambassadrices en conférence, toutes les trois profondément occupées d’une queue’; namely, whether it was necessary to wear one at the Queen of Würtemberg’s, or not.

At a ball this evening, at the forementioned Marchioness of L——’s, I saw the Polonaise and the Mazurka danced here for the first time,—and very badly. We supped in the Statue Gallery. Many ladies had hung shawls and other articles of dress on the statues, which dreadfully shocked one’s feeling for art. At six I came home, and am writing to you while they are closing my shutters to make an artificial night. The valets here have a sad life of it, and can only sleep out of hand, if I may say so, or like watchmen, in the day.

June 13th.

I have already told you that one is invited here to a Royal Prince, just as in some other places, among intimate friends, to a dainty dish. I was thus invited yesterday to dine with the Duchess of Gloucester, and today with the Duke of Sussex. This Prince, who is ‘brouillé’ with the King, has gained great popularity by his liberal opinions, and quite deserves it. He has been much on the Continent, and likes the German

mode of life. Our language is perfectly familiar to him, as indeed it is to most of his brothers. In compliment to him, after the ladies left the table, çigars were brought, and more than one smoked, which I never before saw in England. Monsieur de Moutron told a great many droll stories, with genuine French address. But the most amusing person was Major Keppel, the Persian traveller, who related some rather 'scabreuses' but amazingly 'piquantes' anecdotes, which he would not commit to print, and which I reserve till we meet. In the morning I drive to Ascot with young Captain R——, and shall visit Windsor, to make some break in this life of uniform dissipation. It is supposed that the races will be unusually brilliant, as the King is to be present, and his horses are to run.

Windsor, June 14th.

After a rapid drive of twenty-five English miles, —partly through Windsor Park, behind which the Castle, the residence of so many kings, rears its head,—we reached the wide and barren heath of Ascot, where the races are held. The place presented a perfect picture of a pleasuring encampment. Endless lines of tents for horse and man; streets of carriages along the course, chiefly filled with pretty women; high stands, consisting of

three or four stages one above another, with the King's stand at the goal;—all this enlivened by twenty or thirty thousand people, of whom many have been encamped here five or six days :—such are the leading features of the motley picture. One part forms a sort of fair, where among the other booths and tents,—like a Liberty or Free Quarter* in the middle ages,—are to be found various games of hazard, elsewhere severely forbidden.

The ladies in the carriages are provided with excellent breakfasts, and champagne, which they distribute with great hospitality. I found many old friends, and made some new acquaintances; among others, an extremely agreeable woman, Lady ——, who invited me to dine at her cottage. As the races ended for today at six o'clock, we drove to T—— Park, through a most beautiful country, so thickly studded with trees, that spite

* *Eine alte Freiheit.*—At the great Councils of the Church, the political meetings, such as coronations and the like, and other assemblages in the middle ages, a part of the city or encampment where they were held, was appropriated to the persons of forbidden professions who resorted thither; such as jugglers, gamblers, light women, &c. This part was called the *Freiheit* or Free Quarter.—
TRANSL.

of its ploughed fields it had the appearance of a cultivated wood. We arrived before the family, and found the house open, but without a servant or any living creature in it. It was like the enchanted dwelling of a fairy, for a more lovely abode cannot be conceived. Could you but have seen it ! On a rising ground, half-concealed by the most magnificent old trees, stood a house whose various jutting parts, built at different periods, and here and there hidden by the shrubberies, never permitted the eye to catch its entire outline. A sort of colonnade of rose-trees, covered with flowers, led directly into the hall ; and passing through some other apartments and a corridor, we reached the dining-room, where a table stood richly covered, —but still no human being was visible. The garden lay before us, a perfect paradise, lighted by the glow of the evening sun. Along the whole house, now projecting, now receding, were verandas of various forms, and clothed with creeping plants. These formed a border to the gayest flower-garden, covering the whole slope of the hill. Close upon the edge of it was a deep and narrow green valley ; behind which the ground rose again and formed a higher line of hill, the side of which was clothed with huge beeches. At the end of the valley the near view was ter-

minated by water. In the distance, above the crown of trees, was seen the 'Round Tower' of Windsor Castle, with the majestic royal banner floating in the blue air. This was the only object to remind us that Nature, or some beneficent fairy did not reign alone here; but that man, with his pleasures, his pomps, and his necessities, was near at hand. Like a beacon-tower of ambition it looked down upon the peaceful cottages; alluring the gazer to a higher but more deceitful enjoyment, which he who obtains buys only with his own grievous loss. Peace and contentment abide in the valley.

My poetical 'extase' was interrupted by my fair hostess, who was greatly amused at our description of her enchanted palace, and immediately took care that we should be shown to our rooms, to make our toilet, which the dust and heat rendered very necessary. An excellent dinner, with iced champagne and delicious fruits, was very grateful, and we remained at table till midnight. Coffee and tea, with music, occupied two hours more, the latter of which, I must in all sincerity confess, we could willingly have dispensed with.

After our agreeable evening a rather disagreeable incident awaited me. As I was going to bed

B—— began to exclaim that ill-luck followed him everywhere.

“Why, what has happened?”

“O Lord! if I could help it I would not tell, but it must come out.”

“Now, Devil take you, make an end; what is it?”

The confused-headed old fellow had put a purse with five and twenty pounds I gave him into the pocket of the carriage, instead of into the seat; and, like Kotzebue's stupid country squire, took it out in the tumult of the booths to pay for a glass of beer, changed a sovereign, because as he said he had no small money, and then carefully put the purse in the same place again. It followed, as a matter of course in England, that when he returned to the carriage it was gone.

Richmond, June 13th.

This morning we visited the Castle, which is now completing according to the old plan, and is already the vastest and most magnificent residence possessed by any sovereign in Europe. The time was too short to see the interior, which I therefore deferred to another opportunity. I only paid a visit to the Duchess of C——, who lives in the great tower, and enjoys a delicious view from

her lofty balcony. Among her attendants was a beautiful Greek boy in his national costume, scarlet, blue, and gold, with naked legs and feet. He was saved from the massacre of Scio by being hidden in an oven. He is now become a perfect Englishman, but has retained something inexpressibly noble and foreign in his air. At one o'clock we returned to the race-ground; and this time I received my breakfast (luncheon) from the hands of another beauty. At the close of the races we drove to Richmond, where R——'s regiment is quartered, and passed a very joyous evening with the officers. The universal competence of England permits a far more luxurious life than military men enjoy with us. These gentlemen deny themselves nothing, and their mess is better served throughout than many a princely table in Germany.

In the morning this regiment of Hussars and a regiment of Lancers are to be reviewed by an Inspecting General, which I shall stay to see.

June 16th.

The regiment went through its business very well; with less affectation,—perhaps with less precision,—than our marvellously trained three-year horse-soldiers; but with more true military coolness, and with the steadiness and ease resulting from long habit: all their evolutions too were more

rapid, from the excellence of their horses, with which those of the Continent are not to be compared. The English cavalry has gained immensely in command of the rein, and in military seat, since the last war, which is mainly to be ascribed to the care and attention of the Duke of Wellington: the men had their horses as well in hand as the best of ours. The extraordinary thing, according to our notions, was to see the perfect ease with which fifty or sixty officers in plain clothes,—several General officers among them, some in undress jackets and top-boots, some in frock-coats and coloured cravats,—took part in the review, and thronged around the Inspecting General, who with his two aids-de-camp were the only men in uniform, except the regiment. Nay, even some supernumerary officers of the regiment itself, not on actual service, rode about with him in civil dress and shoes,—a sight which would have given such a shock to the nerves of a —— general, as would have endangered his intellects for ever. In a word, one sees here more of the reality; with us, more of the form. Here, 'tis true, the clothes do not make the man; and this simplicity is sometimes very imposing.

R—— told me that this regiment was originally formed by the Tailors' Company, at the time of the threatened French invasion, and at first con-

sisted entirely of tailors. They are now transformed into very sturdy martial hussars, and fought with great distinction at La Belle Alliance.

June 13th.

Since the day before yesterday I have returned to the old track. I 'débutai' with four balls, and a dinner at Lord Caernarvon's, where I met Monsieur Eynard, the celebrated Philhellenist, whose pretty wife manifests an equal enthusiasm for the Greek cause. Yesterday I dined at Esterhazy's, and met a young Spaniard whom I could not help wishing an actor, that he might play Don Juan, for he seemed to me the perfect Ideal of that character. With the tones of the dramatic Pasta, whom one hears every evening, ringing in my ears, I went to bed.

This evening there was a concert at the tall Duke's, where everybody was in raptures at old Velluti, because he sang well once upon a time. He lives here upon his ancient fame. From thence I went to one of the prettiest balls I have seen in London, at the house of a Scotch woman of rank. The largest room was entirely decorated with paper lamps made in the forms of various flowers, very tastefully grouped.

As we got into our carriages at six o'clock, by

sunshine, the ladies had a most strange appearance. No 'fraicheur' could stand this test: they changed colour like chameleons. Some looked perfectly blue, some mottled, most of them death-like, their locks hanging about, their eyes glassy. It was frightful to see how the blooming rosebuds of lamplight were suddenly changed by the sunbeams into faded withered roses.

June 23rd.

What say you, dear Julia, to a breakfast given to two thousand people? Such an one took place today in the 'Horticultural Gardens', which are extensive enough to accommodate that number of persons conveniently. Not that there was any deficiency of horrible crowding in the tents in which the provisions were placed,—especially where the prize fruits were exhibited. As soon as the prizes were distributed, they were devoured in the twinkling of an eye, in the coarsest and most unseemly manner. There was one Providence pine which weighed eleven pounds; deep red and green ones of not much smaller dimensions; strawberries as big as small apples; and the rarest choice of delicious fruits of all kinds. The fête, on the whole, was gay, and of an agreeable rural character.

The smooth turf, and the well-dressed com-

pany that trod it; the tents and groups among the shrubs; perfect masses of roses and flowers of every kind, produced the most cheerful, agreeable scene. I drove there with our Ambassador, with whom I returned at seven in the evening. We could not help laughing at the strange industry of an Irishman, who affected to light us to our carriages, with a lantern in which there was, of course, no light, as it was broad day. By this piece of manual wit he earned a shilling from the merry and goodnatured. One of his English comrades called out to him, "You are showing the way to liberal people." "Oh!" said he, "if I did not know them for such, I should not go with them." Odd enough too were the Tyrolese singers, who are in great fashion; they call everybody, even the King, who talks German with them, '*Du*' (thou), and are strangers to all false shame or fear of man. It is comical enough to see one of them go up to Prince Esterhazy, to whose patriotic favour they are chiefly indebted for their great vogue, put out his hand to him and exclaim, "*Nun, was machst Du, Esterhazy?*" (literally, "Well, what art thou about, Esterhazy?") The little female in this party of wonderful animals came up to me today and said, "I have been looking at thee a long time, for thou art so like my dear John, that I must give thee a kiss." The

offer was not very tempting, for the girl is ugly; but as His Majesty himself has kissed her (of which there is a good caricature in the shops), the proposal is now esteemed flattering.

June 26th.

The Duke of Northumberland had the kindness to show me his fine palace to day in detail. I here found what I had long vainly desired to see,—a house in which not only the general effect is that of the highest splendour and elegance, but everything, the greatest as well as the smallest, is executed with equal exactness and perfection,—‘ou rien ne cloche’.

Such an Ideal is in this instance completely realized. You do not find the smallest trifle neglected; not a line awry, not a speck of dirt, nothing faded, nothing out of fashion or keeping, nothing worn out, nothing sham, not an article of furniture, not a window, or a door, which is not, in its way, a model of workmanship.

This extraordinary perfection has indeed cost several hundred thousand pounds, and doubtless no little trouble; but it is perhaps unique in its kind. The richest embellishment from works of art and curiosities is also not wanting. The arrangement of the latter on terrace-formed shelves covered with violet velvet, behind which are look-

ing-glasses in one piece, is very tasteful. One of the most striking things is the marble staircase, with a railing of gilded bronze. The hand-rail of polished mahogany at the top is a curious piece of workmanship: by some contrivance, which remains a secret, the wood is so put together that it is impossible to discover a single joint from top to bottom. The whole seems to be made of one piece, or is so really. Another remarkable thing is the false 'porte cochère' in the outer wall, which is only opened on occasion of a great press of carriages; and when closed, cannot be detected in the façade. It is of iron, and so completely masked by a coating of composition-stone and a false window, that it cannot be distinguished from the rest of the house.—Of the pictures another time.

At the Duke of Clarence's, in the evening, I made the acquaintance of a very interesting man, —Sir Gore Ouseley, late ambassador to Persia, who was accompanied by Mr. Morier, the author of *Hadji Baba*, as his secretary of legation. I must tell you two or three characteristic anecdotes of that country, which I heard from him.

The present Shah was held in such a state of dependence by his prime minister, Ibrahim Khan, who had placed him on the throne while yet a child, that he had little more than the name of a

ruler. It was impossible for him to make any resistance, since every province or city throughout the empire was governed, without exception, by relations or creatures of the minister. At length the Shah determined to withdraw himself at all risks from such a bondage, and devised the following energetic means, which bear the genuine stamp of Oriental character. According to the ancient institutions of the country, there exists a class of soldiers, thinly scattered through all the principal towns, called the King's guard. These obey no order that does not proceed immediately from the King himself, and bear his own private signet:—this guard has thus remained the only body independent of the minister, and the sole sure support of the throne. The King now secretly dispatched orders, written by his own hand, to the chief of this faithful band, requiring them on a particular day and hour to put to death all Ibrahim's relations throughout the kingdom. On the appointed day the Shah held a Divan, sought to bring on a dispute with Ibrahim, and when the latter assumed his usual lofty tone, commanded him immediately to retire to the state prison. The minister smiled, and replied, "that he would go, but that the King would be pleased to consider that the governor of every one of his provinces would call him to account for this act."

“Not now, friend Ibrahim,” exclaimed the King gaily,—“Not now.” Then drawing out his English watch, and casting a withering glance at the perplexed minister, he coolly added, “At this minute the last of your blood has ceased to breathe, and you will soon follow.” And so it happened.

The second anecdote shows that the Shah acts on the principle of the French song, which says, “quand on a dépeuplé la terre, il faut la repeupler après.”

At Sir Gore’s audience of leave, he begged the Shah graciously to tell him what was the number of his children, that he might give his own monarch correct information on so interesting a subject, provided, as was probable, he should make any inquiry. “A hundred and fifty-four sons,” replied the Shah. “May I venture to ask your Majesty how many children?” The word daughters, according to the rules of Oriental etiquette, he dared not to pronounce; and indeed the general question was, according to Persian notions, almost an offence. The King, however, who liked Sir Gore very much, did not take it ill. “Ha ha! I understand you,” said he laughing; and called to the chief of his eunuchs, “Musa, how many daughters have I?” “King of kings,” answered Musa, prostrating himself on his face, “five hundred

and sixty.” When Sir Gore Ouseley repeated this conversation to the Empress-mother in Petersburg, she only exclaimed, “Ah, le monstre!”

June 29th.

As the season, thank Heaven, now draws near its close, I project a tour to the North of England, and Scotland, whither I have received several invitations, but had rather preserve my liberty in order to scour the country ‘à ma guise’, if time and circumstances permit.

Today we had the finest weather I have seen in England; and as I returned from the country in the evening, after an early dinner at Count Münster’s, I saw, for the first time, an Italian light on the distance,—shades of blue and lilac as rich and as soft as a picture of Claude’s.

‘A` propos,’ among the notabilia for imitation I must mention a flower-table of the Countess’s. The top is a crystal-clear glass, under which is a deep box or tray filled with wet sand, with a fine wire net over it, in the interstices of which fresh flowers are closely stuck. The tray is pushed in, and you have the most beautiful flower-picture to write or work over. If you wish to regale yourself with the fragrance, you may open the glass cover, or remove it entirely.

Children’s balls are now the order of the day,

and I went to one of the prettiest this evening at Lady Jersey's. These highborn northern children had every possible advantage of dress, and many were not without grace; but it really afflicted me to observe how early they had ceased to be children;—the poor things were, for the most part, as unnatural, as unjoyous, and as much occupied with themselves, as we great figures around them. Italian peasant-children would have been a hundred times more graceful and more engaging. It was only at supper that the animal instinct displayed itself more openly and unreservedly, and, breaking through all forms and all disguises, reinstated Nature in her rights. The pure and lovely natural feeling, however, was the tenderness of the mothers, which betrayed itself without affectation in their beaming eyes, made many an ugly woman tolerable, and gave to the beautiful a higher beauty.

A second ball at Lady R——'s presented the hundredth repetition of the usual stupid throng, in which poor Prince B——, for whose corpulence these squeezes are little adapted, fainted, and leaning on the banister, gasped for air like a dying carp. Pleasure and happiness are certainly pursued in very odd ways in this world.

July 3rd.

This afternoon I rode by a long circuitous way to eat a solitary fish dinner at Greenwich. The view from the Observatory is remarkable for this,—that almost the whole surface of ground you overlook is occupied by the city of London, which continually stretches out its polypus arms wider and wider, and swallows up the villages in its neighbourhood, one after another. Indeed, for a population equal to that of half the kingdom of Saxony some space is wanted.

I went into the Ship tavern, gave my horse to the hostler, and was shown into a very neat little room with a balcony projecting over the Thames, under which the fish were swimming which I, merciless human beast of prey, was about to devour. The river was enlivened by a hundred barks; music and song resounded cheerfully from the steam-boats passing by; and behind the gay scene, the sun, blood-red, and enveloped in a light veil of mist, declined towards the horizon. As I sat at the window, I gave audience to my thoughts, till the entrance of various sorts of fish as variously prepared, called me to more material pleasures. Iced champagne, and Lord Chesterfield's Letters which I had put in my pocket, gave zest to my repast; and after a short siesta, during which night had

come on, I re-mounted my horse and rode the German mile and a half to my home through an unbroken avenue of brilliant gas lamps, and over well-watered roads. It was just striking midnight when I reached the house, and a coffin hung with black passed me on the left like an apparition.

July 5th.

B—— gave me your letter at Almack's, and I immediately hastened 'home' with it. How greatly have your descriptions rejoiced me! I was near weeping over the venerable trees that called to me, through you—"Oh, our master and lord, hearest thou not the rustling of our leafy tops, the home of so many birds?" Ah, yes, I hear it in spirit, and shall have no true enjoyment till I am once more there with my truest friend, and the plants that are to me as loving children. I thank you cordially for the leaf of cinq foil; and as the horse of the accompanying Vienna postilion, the bearer of a thousand blessings, has lost his tail on the road, I have replaced it by this leaf, which gives him a genuine Holy Alliance look.

Here my old B—— interrupted me with the question whether he might stay out for the night, promising to be back by eight in the morning. I

gave him leave, and asked, laughing, what adventure he had in hand? "Ach!" said he, "I only want for once to see how they hang people here, and at six o'clock in the morning five men are to be hanged at once."

What a discord rang through my whole being, just filled with joyous tumult! What a contrast between the thousands, wearied with the dance, and sated with multiplied amusements, returning home at that hour to their luxurious couches, and those wretched beings who are condemned to pass through anguish and pain into eternity! I exclaimed again with Napoleon, "Oh, monde, monde!" and for a long time, after a day wasted in frivolity, could not go to sleep; I was pursued by the thought that at that very moment perhaps these unhappy ones were called to take so fearful a leave of the world and its joys; not excited and elevated by the feeling of being martyrs to some good or great cause, but the victims of vulgar, debasing crime. Men pity those who suffer innocently: how much more pitiable do the guilty appear to me!

My imagination when once excited always outstrips wisdom and expediency; and thus did all vain pleasures, all those refinements of luxury which mock at misery and privation, now appear

to me in the light of real sins : indeed I very often feel in the same temper with regard to them. A luxurious dinner has often been spoiled to me when I have looked at the poor servants, who are present indeed, but only as assistant slaves ; or thought of the needy, who at the close of a long day's ceaseless toil can hardly obtain their scanty miserable meal ; while we, like the epicure in the English caricature, envy the beggar *his hunger*. Yet spite of all these good and just feelings, (I judge of others by myself,) we should be greatly incensed if our servant played the Tantalus and removed the dishes from our tempting table, or if the poor man invited himself to share our feast without the wedding garment. Heaven has ordained that some should enjoy, while others want ; and so it must remain in *this* world. Every shout of joy is echoed, in some other place, by a cry of grief and despair ; and while one man here breaks the cord of existence in phrensy, another is lost elsewhere in an ecstasy of delight.

Let no one therefore fret himself vainly concerning it, if he neither deserves nor understands that it should fare better or worse with him than with others. Fate delights in this bitter irony—therefore pluck, O man ! the flowers with child-like joy so long as they bloom ; share their fra-

grance and beauty when you can with others, and manfully present a breast of steel to your own misfortunes.

July 7th.

I return to my daily chronicle.

After dining with the epicurean Sir L——, I passed the evening very agreeably in a small party at the Duchess of Kent's. The Court circles here, if they may be called so, have no resemblance whatever to those of the Continent, which once led the absent Count R—— into such a strange scrape. The King of B—— asked him how he enjoyed the ball that evening; "Oh," replied he, "as soon as the Court is gone I think it will be very pleasant."

At a very late hour I drove from thence to a ball at Princess L——'s, a lady whose entertainments are perfectly worthy of her Fashionableness 'par excellence'. A conversation I accidentally fell into with another diplomate procured me some interesting particulars. He told me about that difficult mission, the purpose of which was to induce the Empress of the French voluntarily to quit an army still devoted to Napoleon, and consisting of at least twelve thousand picked men. Contrary to all expectation, however, he found in Marie Louise scarcely a disposition to resist,

and very little love for the Emperor (which indeed the sequel has sufficiently proved). The little king of Rome alone, then only five years old, steadfastly refused to go, and could only be removed by force;—just as on a former occasion, led by the same heroic instinct, he had resisted the Regent's pusillanimous flight from Paris. His account of the parts which many distinguished men played on this occasion I must omit: I can only say that it confirmed me in the persuasion that the French nation never sunk to so low a pitch of baseness as at the time of Napoleon's abdication.

July 10th.

It is now more oppressively hot than I had imagined possible in this misty country. The turf in Hyde Park is of the colour of sand, and the trees dry and sear; the squares in the town, spite of all the watering, do not look much better. Nevertheless the grass-plots are as carefully mowed and rolled as if there were really grass upon them. No doubt, with equal care and labour, even more beautiful turf could be obtained in South Germany than here; but we shall never get to that,—we love our ease too well.

As the heat increases, London empties, and the season is nearly over. For the first time I found

myself without an invitation today, and employed my leisure in sight-seeing. Among other things I visited the King's Bench and Newgate prisons.

The former, which is principally appropriated to the reception of debtors, is a perfect isolated world in miniature;—like a not insignificant town, only surrounded by walls thirty feet high. Cook-shops, circulating libraries, coffee-houses, dealers, and artisans of all kinds, dwellings of different degrees, even a market-place,—nothing is wanting. When I went in, a very noisy game at ball was going on in the latter. A man who has money lives as well and agreeably as possible within these walls,—bating liberty. Even very 'good society', male and female, is sometimes to be found in this little commune of a thousand persons; but he who has nothing fares ill enough: to him, however, every spot on the globe is a prison. Lord Cochrane passed some time in the King's Bench, for spreading false intelligence with a view to lower the Funds; and the rich, highly respected, and popular Sir Francis Burdett was also imprisoned here some time for a libel he wrote. The prisoner who conducted me about had been an inhabitant of the place twelve years, and declared in the best possible humour, that he had no hope of ever coming out again. An old Frenchwoman of very

good air and manners said the same; and declared that she did not intend ever to acquaint her relations with her situation, for that she lived very contentedly here, and did not know how she might find matters in France. She seemed perfectly persuaded '*que le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*'.

The aspect of Newgate, the prison for criminals, is more appalling. But even here the treatment is very mild, and a most exemplary cleanliness reigns throughout. The Government allows each criminal a pint of thick gruel in a morning, and half a pound of meat or a mess of broth alternately for dinner, with a pound of good bread daily. Besides this, they are permitted to buy other articles of food, and half a bottle of wine a day. They employ themselves as they please; there are separate courts belonging to a certain number of rooms or cells: for those who like to work there are work-rooms; but many smoke and play from morning till night. At nine o'clock they must all attend divine service. Seven or eight generally inhabit one room. They are allowed a mattress and two blankets for sleeping, and coals for cooking, and, in winter, for warming the cells. Those condemned to death are put in separate less convenient cells, where two or three sleep together. By day, even these have a court-yard

for recreation, and a separate eating-room. I saw six boys, the eldest of whom was not more than fourteen, all under sentence of death, smoking and playing very merrily. The sentence was not yet confirmed, however, and they were still with the other prisoners : it was thought it would be commuted for transportation to Botany Bay. Four of a maturer age, in the same predicament,—only that the enormity of their crimes left them no hope of pardon—took their fate still more gaily. Three of them were noisily playing whist with Dummy*, amid jokes and laughter; but the fourth sat in a window-seat busily engaged in studying a French grammar. ‘C’était bien un philosophe sans le savoir!’

July 12th.

Yesterday evening I went for the first time to Vauxhall, a public garden, in the style of Tivoli at Paris, but on a far grander and more brilliant scale. The illumination with thousands of lamps of the most dazzling colours is uncommonly splendid. Especially beautiful were large bouquets of flowers hung in the trees, formed of red, blue, yellow, and violet lamps, and the leaves and

* *Mit dem todten Mann*, I believe is Englished as above.

—TRANSL.

stalks of green; there were also chandeliers of a gay Turkish sort of pattern of various hues, and a temple for the music, surmounted with the royal arms and crest. Several triumphal arches were not of wood, but of cast-iron, of light transparent patterns, infinitely more elegant, and quite as rich as the former. Beyond this the gardens extended with all their variety and their exhibitions, the most remarkable of which was the battle of Waterloo. They open at seven: there was an opera, rope-dancing, and at ten o'clock (to conclude) this same battle. It is curious enough, and in many scenes the deception really remarkable. An open part of the gardens is the theatre, surrounded by venerable horse-chestnuts mingled with shrubs. Between four of the former, whose foliage is almost impervious, was a 'tribune', with benches for about twelve hundred persons, reaching to the height of forty feet. Here we took our seats, not without a frightful squeeze, in which we had to give and take some hearty pushes. It was a warm and most lovely night: the moon shone extremely bright, and showed a huge red curtain, hung, at a distance of about fifty paces from us, between two gigantic trees, and painted with the arms of the United Kingdom. Behind the curtain rose the tops of trees as far as one could see. After a

moment's pause, the discharge of a cannon thundered through the seeming wood, and the fine band of the second regiment of Guards was heard in the distance. The curtain opened in the centre, was quickly drawn asunder; and we saw, as if by the light of day, the outwork of Hougoumont on a gently rising ground, amid high trees. The French 'Gardes' in correct uniform now advanced out of the wood to martial music, with the bearded 'Sapeurs' at their head. They formed into line; and Napoleon on his gray horse, and dressed in his gray surtout, accompanied by several Marshals, rode past them 'en revue'. A thousand voices shout 'Vive l'Empereur!'—the Emperor touches his hat, sets off at a gallop, and the troops bivouac in dense groups. A distant firing is then heard; the scene becomes more tumultuous, and the French march out. Shortly after, Wellington appears with his staff,—all very good copies of the individuals,—harangues his troops, and rides slowly off. The great original was among the spectators, and laughed heartily at his representative. The fight is begun by the 'tirailleurs'; whole columns then advance upon each other, and charge with the bayonet; the French cuirassiers charge the Scotch Grays; and as there are a thousand men and two hundred horses

in action, and no spare of gunpowder, it is, for a moment, very like a real battle. The storming of Houguemont, which is set on fire by several shells, was particularly well done: the combatants were for a time hidden by the thick smoke of a real fire, or only rendered partially visible by the flashes of musketry, while the foreground was strewn with dead and dying. As the smoke cleared off, Houguemont was seen in flames,—the English as conquerors, the French as captives: in the distance was Napoleon on horseback, and behind him his carriage-and-four hurrying across the scene. The victorious Wellington was greeted with loud cheers mingled with the thunder of the distant cannon. The ludicrous side of the exhibition was the making Napoleon race across the stage several times, pursued and fugitive, to tickle English vanity, and afford a triumph to the ‘plebs’ in good and bad coats. But such is the lot of the great! The conqueror before whom the world trembled,—for whom the blood of millions was freely shed,—for whose glance or nod kings waited and watched,—is now a child’s pastime, a tale of his times, vanished like a dream,—the Jupiter gone, and, as it seems, Scapin only remaining.

Although past midnight it was still early enough to go from the strange scene of illumination and

moonlight to a splendid ball at Lady L——'s, where I found a blaze of diamonds, handsome women, dainty refreshments, a luxurious supper, and gigantic ennui ; I therefore went to bed as early as five o'clock.

July 13th.

I had often heard of a certain Mr. Deville, a disciple of Gall ; a passionate craniologist, who voluntarily, and only with a view to the advancement of his science, gives audience every day at certain hours. He carefully examines the skulls of his visitors, and very courteously communicates the result of his observations.

Full of curiosity, I went to him this morning, and found a gallery containing a remarkable collection of skulls and casts, filled with ladies and gentlemen ; some of whom brought their children to be examined with a view to their education. A pale, unaffected, serious man was occupied in satisfying their curiosity with evident good-will and pleasure. I waited till all the rest were gone, and then asked Mr. Deville to do me the favour to grant me an especial share of attention ; for that, though it was unhappily too late for education with me, I earnestly wished to receive from him such an account of myself as I might place before me as a sort of mirror. He looked at me atten-

tively, perhaps that he might first detect, by the Lavaterian method, whether I was 'de bonne foi', or was only speaking ironically. He then politely asked me to be seated. He felt my head for a full quarter of an hour, after which he sketched the following portrait of me, bit by bit. You, who know me so well, will doubtless be as much surprised at it as I was. I confess that it plunged me into no little astonishment, impossible as I knew it to be that he could ever have known anything about me. As I wrote down all he said immediately, and the thing interested me, as you may believe, not a little, I do not think I can have mistaken in any material point*.

"Your friendship," he began, "is very difficult to win, and can be gained only by those who devote themselves to you with the greatest fidelity. In this case, however, you will requite their attachment with unshaken constancy."

"You are irritable in every sense of the word, and capable of the greatest extremes; but neither

* I thought of omitting this part, which certainly belongs too much to confidential correspondence to interest the generality of readers. But as it really paints the departed author with uncommon fidelity, and he often refers to it in subsequent letters, I hope I shall be forgiven for retaining it.—
EDITOR.

the passion of love, of hatred, nor any other, has very enduring consequences with you."

"You love the arts, and if you had applied, or would apply, to them, you would make great proficiency with little difficulty. I find the power of composition strongly marked upon your skull. You are no imitator, but like to create: indeed you must often be driven by irresistible impulse to produce what is new."

"You have also a strong sense of harmony, order, and symmetry. Servants or workmen must have some trouble in satisfying you, for nothing can be complete and accurate enough for you."

"You have,—strangely enough,—the love of domestic life and the love of rambling about the world (which are opposed), of equal strength. No doubt, therefore, you take as many things about with you as you can find means to convey; and try in every place to surround yourself with accustomed objects and images as quickly as possible." (This, so strikingly true, and so much in detail, astonished me particularly.)

"There is a similar contradiction in you between an acute understanding (forgive me, I must repeat what he said,) and a considerable propensity to enthusiasm and visionary musing. You must be profoundly religious, and yet, probably,

you have no very strong attachment to any particular form of religion, but rather (his very words) revere a First Cause under a moral point of view."

"You are very vain,—not in the way of those who think themselves anything great, but of those who wish to be so. Hence, you are not perfectly at ease in the society of your superiors, in any sense of the word,—nay, even of your equals. You are perfectly at ease only where, at least on one point, either from your station, or from some other cause, you have an acknowledged preponderance. Contradiction, concealed satire, apparent coldness, (especially when ambiguous and not decidedly and openly hostile,) paralyse your faculties; and you are, as I said, perfectly unrestrained and 'cheerful' only in situations where your vanity is not 'hurt'; and where the people around you are, at the same time, attached to you, to which your good-nature—one of your strongest characteristics—makes you peculiarly susceptible."

"This latter quality, united to a strong judgement, makes you a great venerator of truth and justice. The contrary incenses you; and you would always be disposed to take the part of the oppressed, without any individual interest in

the matter. You are ready to confess your own injustice, and to make any reparation you can. Unpleasant truths concerning yourself may vex you, but if said without hostile intention, will incline you to much higher esteem for the sayer. For the same reason, you will not rate distinctions of birth too highly, though your vanity may not be wholly insensible to them."

"You are easily carried away, and yet levity is not one of your characteristics : on the contrary, you have 'cautiousness*' in a high degree. It is indeed the wormwood in your life; for you reflect far too much upon everything ; you conjure up the strangest fancies, and fall into distress and trouble, mistrust of yourself and suspicion of others, or into perfect apathy, at mere trifles. You occupy yourself almost *always with the future*, little with the past, and less with the present."

"You continually *aspire (streben)*; are covetous of distinction, and very sensitive to neglect; have a great deal of ambition, and of various kinds ;

* A word difficult to translate. Foresight (*Vorsichtssinn*) does not express it adequately; it is rather the power of calling to mind in a moment everything that can possibly result from an action; and thus, almost involuntarily, of painting it from every point of view, which often cripples the energy.

these you rapidly interchange, and want to reach your object quickly, for your imagination is stronger than your patience ; and therefore you must find peculiarly favourable circumstances in order to succeed."

"You have, however, qualities which make you capable of no common things ; even the organ of perseverance and constancy is strongly expressed on your skull, but obstructed by so many conflicting organs, that you stand in need of great excitement to give room for it to act : then the nobler powers are called forward, and the meaner ones recede."

"You value wealth very highly, as all do who wish to accomplish great objects,—but only as means, not as end. Money in itself is indifferent to you, and it is possible that you are not always a very good manager of it."

"You want to have all your wishes gratified in a moment, as with an enchanter's wand : often, however, the wish expires before the fulfilment is possible. The pleasures of sense, and delight in the beautiful, have a powerful influence over you ; and as you certainly incline to the imperious, the ambitious, and the vain, you have here a cluster of qualities, against which you have need to be upon your guard not to fall into great faults ; for

all propensities in themselves are good ; it is only their abuse that renders them a source of evil. Even the organs so erroneously designated by the father of our science the organs of murder and of theft, (now more correctly termed organs of destructiveness and acquisitiveness) are only marks of energy and of desire to possess, which, when united with goodnature, conscientiousness and foresight, form a finely constituted head ; though without these intellectual qualities they may easily lead to crime."

He also said that in judging of a skull it was necessary to regard not the separate organs, but the aggregate of the whole ; for that they respectively modified each other in various ways ; nay, sometimes entirely neutralized each other : that therefore the proportions of the whole afforded the true key to the character of the man.

As a universal rule, he laid down, that men whose skulls, if divided by a supposed perpendicular line drawn through the middle of the ear, presented a larger mass before than behind, were the higher portion of the species ; for that the fore part contains the intellectual, the hind part the animal propensities.

All the skulls of criminals who had been executed, for instance, which he had in his collection,

confirmed his theory; and in one distinguished for the atrocious character of his offence, the occiput was two thirds of the whole head. The busts of Nero and Caracalla exhibit the same proportions. —Where the contrary extreme prevails, the individual in question is deficient in energy: and here, as in everything, a balance is the true desideratum.

Mr. Deville affirmed that it was possible, not only to enlarge organs already prominent by the exercise of the qualities they denote, but by that very process to diminish others; and assured me that no age was excepted from this rule. He showed me the cast of a skull of a gentleman who, when near sixty, devoted himself intensely to the study of astronomy; and in a few years the appropriate ‘bosse’ became so prominent as to project considerably beyond all others*.

July 14th.

I have paid several visits to Mr. Nash, to whom

* The individual in question is Dr. Herschel, of whose head Mr. Deville possesses two casts corresponding to the description above. Mr. Deville bears testimony to the accuracy in the main of the above report, though the language is, he says, considerably more ornate than that which he is likely to have used.—TRANSL.

I am indebted for much valuable instruction in *my* art. He is said to have 'erected' an enormous fortune. He has a beautiful country-house, and no artist is more handsomely lodged in town. I was particularly pleased with his library. It consists of a long and wide gallery, with twelve deep niches on each side, and two large doorways at the ends, leading into two other spacious rooms. In each niche is a semicircular window in the roof, and on the wall a fresco painting, copied from the 'Logge di Raffaello'; and below these, casts of the best antique statues, on pedestals. The remaining space in the niches is occupied by books, which, however, rise no higher than the pedestal of the statues. Arabesques, also copied from those of the Vatican, admirably executed in fresco, adorn the broad pilasters between the niches.

All the space on the walls or pilasters not covered with paintings is of a pale red stucco, with small gold mouldings. The execution seems thoroughly finished and excellent.

I dined at the Portuguese Ambassador's. Our dinner was very near ending like Prince Schwartzenberg's at Paris. One of Rundell and Bridge's beautiful brilliant silver girandoles came too near the curtain, which immediately blazed up. The

flames were extinguished by the Spanish Ambassador; a fact which may afford matter for witticisms to the newspapers, in the present political conjuncture.

I drove half a post further in the streets, late at night, to see the tower of St. Giles's church, whose new bright-red illuminated clock-face shines like a magnificent star in the dark.

I found your letter at home, with all sorts of affectionate reproaches for my neglect of our own interests for indifferent things. Even were this sometimes the case, you must not think that my heart is the less filled with you. The rose, too, sometimes yields a stronger sometimes a weaker perfume; nay, sometimes there is not a flower on the bush; in their season they bud and blossom again—but the nature of the plant is always the same.

Herder's prayer is beautiful—but it is not applicable to this earth; for though it is true that God's sun shines on the evil and on the good, it is equally true that His thunderbolt strikes the good and the evil. Each must protect himself from calamity, with all the wisdom and the courage he is endowed with.

Men are wearisome to you, you say. Oh, Heaven! how wearisome are they to me! When

one has lived so long in the interchange of all feelings and all thoughts, the intercourse with the 'banal' unsympathizing world is more than empty and tasteless.

Your hypothesis, that two kindred souls will, in another world, melt into one existence, is very pretty—but I should not like to be united to you in that manner. One being *must*, indeed, love itself; but the mutual love of two is voluntary, and that alone has value. Let us therefore hope to meet again, but to be one, as we are now,—one only in mutual love and truth.

One of the many currents of this great stream carried me into the Annual Exhibition of Pictures. In historical pictures there was little to delight the lover of art. Some portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence showed, as all his do, his great genius, and at the same time his carelessness. He finishes only particular parts, and daubs over the remainder in such a manner that it must be looked at from a distance, like scene-painting. The great masters of the art painted not so, when they devoted their talents to portrait-painting.

In landscapes, on the other hand, there was much that was attractive.

First, *The Dead Elephant*.—The scene is a wild mountain-district in the interior of India. Strange

gigantic trees and luxuriant tangled thickets surround a dark lake. A dead elephant lies stretched on its shore, and a crocodile, opening its wide jaws and displaying its frightful teeth, is seen climbing up the huge body, driving away a monstrous bird of prey, and menacing the other crocodiles which are eagerly swimming across the lake to their repast. Vultures are poised on the branches of the trees, and the head of a tiger glares from the jungle. On the other side are seen three still more formidable predatory animals,—English hunters, whose guns are pointed at the great crocodile, and will soon excite more terrific confusion among this terrific group.

Another view is on the sea-shore of Africa. You see ships in the far distance. In the foreground a palm-grove slopes down to the clear stream, where a boat is lying at anchor, in which a negro is sleeping—but in what a fearful situation! A gigantic boa-constrictor has issued from the wood, and, while its tail rests in the thicket, has twined itself in a loose ring around the sleeper, it now rears its head aloft hissing with rage at his companions, who are hastening with their axes to his assistance. One of them has just fortunately succeeded in scotching it, and has thus saved the negro, who wakes, and stares in

wild terror on the serpent. It is said that as soon as the muscles of the back of the boa are divided in any part it loses all its power. The picture is taken from an incident which really occurred in the year 1792.

We are still in a distant part of the globe, but in more remote ages. A wondrously beautiful moonlight gleams and glitters on the Bay of Alexandria. Majestic monuments and temples of Egyptian art lie in the strongly contrasted light and shadow; and from the steps of a hall of noble architecture, Cleopatra, surrounded by all the luxury and pomp of the East, is descending to the golden bark which is to bear her to Anthony. The most beautiful boys and girls strew flowers under her feet, and a chorus of old men with snowy beards and clad in purple, are seated on the sea-shore, singing a farewell song to their golden harps.

Have you not enough of this yet, dear Julia? Well then, look at the Travelled Monkey, who returns to his brethren in the woods in the dress of a modern 'exclusive'. They throng around him in amazement; one pulls at his watch-chain, another at his well starched cravat. At length, one whose jealousy is excited by his finery gives him a box on the ear: this is a signal for an universal

pillage. In a few minutes he will be reduced to appear once more 'in naturalibus'.

Here I close my exhibition. Dear Julia, confess that if you were the editor of the '*Morgen Blatt*', you could not have a more indefatigable correspondent. Whether I be well or ill, merry or sad, I always fulfil my duty. Just now I am by no means at my best : I am ill, and I have lost a great deal of money at whist. It is really extraordinary how soon one comes to regard a pound as a 'thaler'. Though I know the difference full well, and often find it not very agreeable, yet the physical effect of the 'sovereign' here, is constantly the same upon me as that of the 'thaler' at home, for which I often laugh at myself. I wish fate would make a similar mistake, and convert our 'thalers' into pounds. I, for one, should certainly not bury mine. Yet we should put out our gains to good interest ; for when one tries to make a beautified living creation out of dead money, as we have done, and at the same time to increase the comfort of those around one,—as I did by employing them, and you by the more direct means of bounty,—surely one has gained usurious interest.

Prudence, however, is not our 'forte', and if you have shown rather more than I, it is only because you are a woman, and have therefore the

habit of being on the defensive. Prudence is far more a weapon of defence than of attack.

You have now a good opportunity for the exercise of it in the S—— society, and I already see you in thought taming the refractory, and speaking the words of peace with dignified serenity. Here is your portrait on the margin, ‘à la Sir Thomas Lawrence’. You will doubtless recognise that strong bent for art which the Gallite discovered on my cranium. The surrounding caricatures you must ascribe to my somewhat sulky humour.

As a mind in this flat depressed tone is little fertile in thoughts, permit me to supply the place of them by some passages out of a singular book I have met with. You will think that it must have flowed not only from my pen but from my inmost soul.

“It is incalculable,” says the author, “what an influence the objects which surround our childhood exercise over the whole formation of our character in after-life. In the dark forests of the land of my birth, in my continual solitary wanderings where nature wears so romantic an aspect, arose my early love for my own meditations ; and, when I was afterwards thrown among numbers of my own age at school, rendered it impossible to

my disposition of mind, to form any intimate companionships, except those which I first began to discover *in myself*.

“In the day, my great pleasure was lonely wandering in the country:—in the evening, the reading of romantic fictions, which I connected in my mind with the scenes I was so familiar with ; and whether I sat in winter in the chimney corner poring over my book, or in summer lay stretched in luxurious indolence under a tree, my hours were equally filled with all those misty and voluptuous dreams which were perhaps the essence of poetry, but which *I was not gifted with the genius to embody*. Such a temper is not made for intercourse with men. One while I pursued an object with restless activity,—another, I lived in perfectly supine meditation. Nothing came up to my wishes or my imaginings, and my whole being was at last profoundly imbued with that bitter, melancholy philosophy, which taught me, like Faust, that knowledge is but useless stuff, that hope is but a cheat ; and laid a curse upon me, like that which hangs on him who, amid all the joys of youth and the allurements of pleasure, feels the presence of a spirit of darkness ever around him.

The experience of longer and bitterer years

makes me doubt whether this earth can ever bring forth a living form which can realize the visions of him who has dwelt too long absorbed in the creations of his own fancy."

In another place, he says of a man who was much praised :

"He was one of the macadamized Perfections of society. His greatest fault was his complete levelness and equality; you longed for a hill to climb;—for a stone, even if it lay in your way. Love can attach itself only to something prominent, were it even a thing that others might hate. One can hardly feel what is extreme for mediocrity."

'C'est vraiment une consolation'!

Further: "Our senses may be enthralled by beauty; but absence effaces the impression, and reason may vanquish it."

"Our vanity may make us passionately adore rank and distinction, but the empire of vanity is founded on sand."

"Who can love Genius, and not perceive that the feelings it excites are a part of our own being and of our immortality?"

July 18th.

Would you believe, dearest Julia, that although annoyed in various ways, and almost ill, I have found these days of solitude, in which I have been

occupied only with you, my books, and my thoughts, much more satisfactorily,—how shall I express it?—much more fully employed, than that comfortless existence which is called society and the world. Play forms an ingredient, for that is a mere killing of time without any result, but has at least the advantage, that we are not conscious of the time we are wasting during its lapse, as we are in most so-called amusements. How few men can rightly enter into such a state of mind! and how fortunate may I esteem myself that you can! You are only too indulgent towards me, and that makes me place less confidence in your judgements.

Now for a secret:—When I send you any extracts from books, you are never to swear whose they are; for, thanks to my boasted organ of composition (you see I am still busied with Mr. Deville), exact transcribing is almost an impossibility with me. A borrowed material always becomes something different, if not something better, under my hands. But as I am so excitable and mobile, I must often appear inconsistent, and my letters must contain many contradictions. Nevertheless, I hope a genuinely humane spirit always appears in them, and, here and there, a knightly one; for every man must pay his tribute to the circumstances with which birth and existence have surrounded him.

Ah, if we did but live together in the old knightly days ! Many a time has the enchanting picture of the castle of our fathers,—such as they inhabited it, in the wild Spessart, frowning from rocks surrounded by old oaks and firs,—stood like a dim recollection before my fancy. Along the hollow way in the valley, I see the lord of the castle with his horsemen riding to meet the morning sun, (for as a true knight he is an early riser). You, good Julia, lean forward from the balcony, and wave your handkerchief till not a steel breastplate glitters in the sunbeam, and nothing living is in sight, save a timid roe that darts out of the thicket, or a high-antlered stag that looks proudly down from some crested crag on the country beneath.

Another time we are seated, after some successful feud, at our goblets. You pour out the wine, which I quaff like a brave and true knight, while the good chaplain reads the wonders of a legend. Now the warder's horn is heard on the turret, and a banner is seen winding up to the castle gate. It is your former lover returned from the Holy Land —‘Gare à toi*’.

* It is matter of history that even the true old German knights had contracted the bad habit of occasionally interlarding their discourse with French phrases.—EDITOR.

July 19th.

A cheerful ray of sun enticed me forth, but I soon exchanged the clear air of heaven for subterranean gloom. I went into the famous Tunnel, the wonderful passage under the Thames. You have read in the papers that the water broke in some weeks ago, and filled the part that was completed, five hundred and forty feet in length. Any event, lucky or unlucky, is sure to give birth to a caricature in a few days. There is one representing the Tunnel catastrophe, in which a fat man on all-fours, and looking like a large toad, is trying to save himself, and screaming 'Fire!' with a mouth extended from ear to ear. With the aid of the diving-bell the hole has been so stopped, that it is asserted there is no fear of a recurrence of the accident. The water has been pumped out by a steam-engine of great power, so that one can descend with perfect safety. It is a gigantic work, practicable nowhere but here, where people don't know what to do with their money.

From hence I went to Astley's theatre, the Franconi's of London, and superior to its rival. A horse called Pegasus, with wings attached to his shoulders, performs wonderful feats; and the drunken Russian courier, who rides six or eight horses at once, cannot be surpassed for

dexterity and daring. The dramatic part of the exhibition consisted of a most ludicrous parody of the Freischütz. Instead of the casting of the bullets, we had Pierrot and Pantaloon making a cake, to which Weber's music formed a strangely ludicrous accompaniment. The spirits which appear are all kitchen spirits, and Satan himself a 'chef de cuisine'. As the closing horror, the ghost of a pair of bellows blows out all the lights, except one great taper, which continually takes fire again. A giant fist seizes poor Pierrot; and a cook almost as tall as the theatre, in red and black devilish costume, covers both with an 'extinguisher' as big as a house.

These absurdities raise a laugh for a moment, it is true; but they cannot make a melancholy spirit cheerful, and you know I have so many causes for gloom which I cannot forget

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Some evil constellation must now reign over us; for certainly there are lucky and unlucky tides in man's life, and to know when they set in would be a great assistance to the steersman. The star which you tell me burns so brightly over your residence must have a hostile influence. One star, however, shines benignly upon me, and that

is your love. With that, would my life be extinguished.

Change of scene seems to become more and more necessary to me, especially as there is little here to amuse or interest. After rain, sunshine :—forward then,—and do you rouse me by your letters. Let them be cheering and invigorating by their own cheerfulness, for that is more important to me than all the intelligence, bad or good, they can contain. Nothing is so terrible to my imagination as to think of you, at a distance, distressed or out of spirits. It is so great an art to suffer triumphantly—like a martyr : and it is practicable when one suffers innocently, or for love of another. You, my dearest Julia, have known few other sufferings than these. Of myself I cannot speak so proudly.

July 23rd.

This morning I visited Bedlam. Nowhere are madmen—confined ones, that is—better lodged. There is a pleasure-ground before the door of the palace, and nothing can be cleaner and more conveniently fitted up than the interior. As I entered the women's gallery, conducted by a very pretty young girl who officiated as keeper, one of the patients, a woman of about thirty, looked at me for a long time very attentively,—then sud-

denly coming up to me she said, "You are a foreigner: I know you, Prince! Why did you not put on your uniform to come to see me? that would have become you better. Ah, how handsome Charles used to look in his!"

You may imagine my painful astonishment. "Poor thing!" said my guide, "she was seduced by some foreign prince, and every foreigner she sees she fancies is one. Sometimes she cries the whole day long, and will let nobody go near her: after that she is quite sensible again for weeks. She was very pretty once, but fretting has spoiled all her beauty."

I was greatly struck by a young man, evidently of respectable station and education, who was possessed by one fixed idea,—that he was a Stuart, and had therefore a lawful claim to the throne. I conversed with him for half an hour without being able to get him upon this subject. He always broke off cautiously, nay cunningly, and talked in a very interesting manner of other things, particularly of America, where he had travelled for a considerable time; nor did he exhibit the slightest trace of insanity. Speaking of Walter Scott's novels, I several times mentioned the Pretender, which I thought would excite him to speak; and at length said in a confidential tone,

“I know you are a Stuart yourself.” This seemed to alarm him; and laying his finger on his lips, he whispered, “We must not speak of that *here*; the triumph of justice can be brought about by time alone, but the light will soon shine forth.” “I am going into Wales,” replied I, (he is a native of the Principality,) “will you give me your father’s address, that I may carry him your greetings?” “With the greatest pleasure,” said he; “give me your pocket-book, and I will write it.” I gave it him, and he wrote his real name, —— —; then pointing to it with a smile, he added, “That’s the name under which my father passes there.—Adieu!” and with a gracious motion of the hand he left me.

What a dreadful spectacle! One single inveterate idea converts the most agreeable man into an incurable lunatic, costs him his freedom, and condemns him to the society of vulgar madness for life. What is unhappy man in conflict with physical evil,—and where, then, is the freedom of his will?

There was a foreign patient, whose conceits were more ridiculous,—if those of madness can ever be so;—a German pedant and writer of tours, who joined me in looking about the house, of which he was a constant inmate. He was incessantly taking notes. He addressed each of the

patients at great length, and carefully committed their answers to paper, though they were often anything but complimentary to him. Scarcely had he observed my conversation with the young man I have mentioned, when he came up to me, and besought me pressingly to let him see what that gentleman had written in my pocket-book. I told him. "Oh excellent—singular," said he, "perhaps a real Stuart! I must inquire into it immediately,—a secret of state perhaps,—who knows? Very remarkable. *Ich empfehle mich unterthänigst.*" So saying, he strutted away, with an awkward, silly air, yet perfectly satisfied with himself.

On my way home I met a number of funerals, which indeed in a gulf like London, where Death must be ever at work, is no wonder; and yet I must always regard it as a bad omen, even though the superstition that deems it so belong rather to Bedlam than to a reasonable head.—With me it has some foundation.

When I was very young I was once driving in a curricule through the town of J—— where I then resided. A long funeral procession met me: I was forced to stop; and as my horses were shy and restive, I had some difficulty in holding them in, and at length became infected with their im-

patience. I broke through the train, and inconsiderately exclaimed, "The D—I take all this absurd funeral pomp; I can't be detained by it any longer." I drove on; and had scarcely gone fifty paces further, when a little boy darted out of a shop door, and ran with such rapidity between the horses and the carriage that it was impossible to check them till the wheel had passed over the whole length of the poor child's body, and he lay lifeless on the pavement. You may imagine my mortal terror. I sprang out, raised the little fellow; and a number of people were already gathered around us, when the mother rushed forward, rent my heart with her cries, and excited the people to take vengeance on me. I was obliged to harangue the crowd to allay the rising storm; and after relating the manner of the accident, giving my name, and leaving money with the mother, I succeeded, not without some difficulty, in regaining my carriage and escaping from the tumult. I was near the gate, to which you descend by a tolerably steep hill. I was so absorbed by the thought of the accident which had just occurred, that I did not attend to the reins,—one slipped out of my hand. The horses, already hurried and alarmed by the confusion, set off, and came in contact with a waggon, with such force

that one of them was killed on the spot, and my curriele smashed to pieces. I was thrown out with great violence, and for a moment rendered senseless by the shock. On recovering, I found myself lying with my face pressed so close to the ground that I was almost stifled. I felt, however, the plunging of a furious animal above me, and heard the thunder of blows which seemed to strike my head, and yet gave me but little pain. In the midst of all, I clearly distinguished the cries of several persons around, and the exclamation, "He is a dead man—shoot the horse instantly!" At these words I received a blow on the temple which entirely deprived me of sense.

When I opened my eyes again, I was lying on a mattress in the middle of a miserable room : an old woman was washing the blood from my head and face, and a surgeon, busied with his instruments, was preparing to trepan me. "Oh, let the poor gentleman die in peace!" cried the woman compassionately : and as I thought I felt distinctly that, spite of my external wounds, I had received no internal injury, I happily found strength to resist the operation ; though the young man, who was an hospital pupil, was extremely eager to prove his skill—which, he encouragingly added, he had not yet had an opportunity of try-

ing—upon my skull. I exerted all my remaining strength, ordered a carriage, asked for water and a looking-glass, in which, however, I could scarcely recognise myself, the greater part of the skin of my face being left in the high road. It was not till nature had replaced it by a new one, that my groom,—who was sitting by me at the time of the accident, and was thrown into a field by the road-side and but little hurt,—told me what strange circumstances had attended the accident. The pole of the curricie had splintered like a lance against the waggon: the light vehicle fell forwards, and I with it. The stump of the pole had stuck into the earth, and had fastened down my head. Upon me lay the horse entangled in the traces, making the most furious efforts to get free, and continually kicking with his hind feet against the broken pole, which thus became my sole preserver, by receiving the blows which would otherwise have dashed my head into a hundred pieces. This lasted almost a quarter of an hour before they could disengage the horse.

From that day I never liked meeting funerals.

As postscript to these reminiscences of my past life, I must add one comical incident. The boy I ran over recovered completely, and six weeks after

his accident and mine, his mother brought him to me with rosy cheeks and dressed in his Sunday clothes. As I kissed him and gave his mother a parting present, the poor woman exclaimed with tears of joy, "Oh Sir, I wish my boy could be run over so every day of the week!"

July 28th.

It was a long time since I had visited the City, and I accordingly devoted yesterday to it. As I am, in my quality of Teutonic knight, a beer-brewer, I turned my 'cab' to Barclay's brewery, which the vastness of its dimensions renders almost romantic, and which is one of the most curious sights in London.

From twelve to fifteen thousand barrels, that is about twenty thousand quarts* of beer, are brewed here daily. Everything is done by machinery, which is all set in motion by a single steam-engine. The beer is boiled in four vats, each of which holds three hundred barrels. The hops are first put into the vat or cauldron dry, and kept stirring by a machine, that they may not burn.

* *Fasser*. *Fass*, a butt, barrel, tun, tub, &c.—*Grosse Quart*. I do not know whether these measures correspond to the English words, nor whether I have used the appropriate technical expressions.—TRANSL.

During this process the sweet-wort flows in upon them. There is a curious apparatus for cooling the beer in hot weather:—it is made to pass through a number of pipes like those of an organ, through which a stream of cold water is then let to flow, and so on, alternately. At last the beer flows into a barrel as high as a house, of which there are ninety-nine under gigantic sheds. You can't conceive the strange effect of seeing a vessel holding six hundred thousand quarts tapped for you to drink a glass of porter, which, 'par parenthèse', is excellent, and cold as ice. These barrels are covered with a little hill of fresh sand, and preserve the beer fresh and good for a twelvemonth. It is drawn off into smaller casks, and sent out to the consumer. The drawing off is effected with great rapidity by means of leathern pipes, as the smaller casks are arranged in readiness under the floor on which the great ones stand.

A hundred and fifty horses, like elephants, one of which can draw a hundred hundred-weight, are daily employed in carrying out the beer.

A single enormous chimney devours the smoke of the whole establishment; and from the roof of the principal building you have a very fine panoramic view of London.

I next proceeded to the West-India docks and

warehouses,—an immeasurable work; one of those at the sight of which the most cold-blooded spectator must feel astonishment, and a sort of awe at the greatness and the might of England. What a capital lies here in buildings, wares, and vessels! The admirably excavated basin, which it took me half an hour to walk round, is thirty-six feet deep, and surrounded by sheds and warehouses, some of which are five or six stories high: some of them are built entirely of iron, the foundations only being of stone. This mode of building has however been found to be dangerous, from the contraction and expansion of the metal. In these boundless depositories there was sugar enough to sweeten the whole adjoining basin, and rum enough to make half England drunk. Two thousand artisans and overseers are commonly employed daily, and the value of the goods here collected is estimated at twenty millions sterling; exclusive of the stores, which are kept in great quantities in a storehouse, so that the breaking or spoiling of any of the tools delays the work only a few minutes. The number of well-contrived tools and machines is wonderful. I looked on with great pleasure while blocks of mahogany and other foreign woods, many larger than the largest oak, were lifted up like feathers, and deposited on drays or waggons

as carefully as if they had been the most brittle ware. Everything is on a colossal scale. On each side of the basin lie rows of ships, most of them newly painted. There are two basins, one for import and the other for export. I was obliged to leave this interesting place sooner than I wished, as the entrance-gate and all the warehouses are closed at four o'clock. The gate-keeper does not take the slightest trouble to ascertain whether there is any one in the yard, so that it appeared to me one would have to bivouac there for the night if one missed the hour. The man very coolly assured me that if the King were there he would not wait a minute; I made my escape therefore as quickly as I could.

On my way home I passed a booth where a man was calling out that here were the famous German dwarf and his three dwarf children; the living skeleton; and, to conclude, the fattest girl that ever was seen. I paid my shilling, and went in. After waiting a quarter of an hour, till five other spectators arrived, the curtain was drawn up, and the most impertinent 'charlatanerie' exhibited that ever I witnessed. The living skeleton was a very ordinary sized man, not much thinner than I. As an excuse for our disappointment, we were assured that when he arrived from France he was

a skeleton, but that since he had eaten good English beef steaks, it had been found impossible to check his tendency to corpulence.

The fattest woman in the world was a perfect pendant to the skeleton. She was not fatter than the Queen of Virginia Water.

Last came the so-called dwarfs—which were neither more nor less than the little children of the ‘Impressario’, stuck into a sort of bird-cage, their faces shaded, and only their hands and feet left free. With the former the little wretches made a horrible noise with great bells.—Here closed the exhibition;—an English hoax, which no Frenchman could have executed more burlesquely nor with more effrontery.

July 29th.

Since I became Mr. Deville’s pupil I cannot help measuring the skulls of all my acquaintances with my eye, before I open myself to them; and today, like the man in Kotzebue’s comedy, I examined an English servant I was hiring, ‘in optima forma’. Let us hope the result will not be similar,—for the line drawn through the ear gave good promise. And here it struck me that the common proverb (and how much popular truth do such often contain!) is perfectly in accordance with Deville’s principle—“He has it behind the

ear, beware of him !'' (*Er hat es hinter den Ohren, hütet euch vor ihm!*)

Joking apart, I am perfectly convinced that, as with magnetism, so with craniology, people throw away the good with the bad* when they treat it as a mere chimera. It may admit of many modifications: but I have so fully proved the justice of the leading principles upon my own skull, that I should not think people at all ridiculous for paying some attention to it in educating their children—nor even for using it to aid their own self-knowledge. I, at least, have gained a more clear idea of myself by this means than I had before.

As I had been writing all day, I took advantage of the mild and clear moonlight for my ride.

The night was quite Italian, and the roads lighted to a great distance with lamps, within the region of which I remained, and rode for several hours in the town and suburbs. The view from Westminster-bridge was most striking. The numerous lights on board the vessels danced like Will-o'-the-Whisps on the surface of the Thames; and the many bridges spanned the noble stream as with arches of light. Westminster Abbey alone

* Literally, *Das Kind mit dem Bade verschütten*—"To throw out the child with the bath;" a common German proverb.—
TRANSL.

was without any artificial illumination. Only the loving moon, the betrothed of ruins and Gothic temples, caressed with her pale beams the stone pinnacles and ornaments, sought every deep nook with eager fondness, and silvered the long glittering windows ; while the roof and towers of the lofty building reared themselves, still and cold, in black colourless majesty, above the lights and the tumult of the city, into the deep blue firmament.

The streets remained busy till midnight : nay, I even saw a boy of eight years old at the utmost, perfectly alone in a little child's carriage drawn by a large dog, driving along full trot, and without the slightest fear, among the latest carriages and stage-coaches. Such a thing can be seen only in England, where children are independent at eight, and hanged at twelve.

But good morning, dear Julia ; it is time to go to bed.

August 1st.

The heat is still very oppressive—the earth is like an ash-heap ; and if the macadamized streets were not kept watered by a continual succession of large water-carts, the dust would be insufferable. But this makes driving and riding pleasant still ; and though the fashionable time is over, shopping

is very amusing: one is greatly tempted to buy more than one wants; and as I have very little money just now, I am obliged to call in fancy to my aid to procure me all I covet for you and for myself.

I sent you some time ago a description of a very original man, Sir L—— M——. I was invited to his house to-day, to a most luxurious dinner, fixed so long beforehand that a diplomatic guest had been summoned across the seas, from Baden, by courier, a month ago. He arrived punctually on the very morning, and seemed to have brought a “British and foreign” appetite with him. He had not forgotten to load himself with continental delicacies, to which, as well as to the numerous excellent wines, the most exemplary justice was done. One had need have a strong head to withstand such things, but the air really makes a great deal of food and strong drink more necessary than with us. A man who could at first hardly drink a glass of English claret, (that is, mixed with brandy,) after a time finds a whole bottle of port agree very well with his health, and with the English fogs. But if our palates were especially consulted at this repast, there was no want of salt in the conversation. An officer who had served in

the Birman war told us many interesting details of that people.

Another man related an Irish bull, which appeared to me the best I had heard—inasmuch as the blunder was no less than a man's cutting off his own head. The fact is however, as he asserted, authentic, and occurred as follows :—

The peasants of Ulster use an enormous scythe, with the end of the handle sharpened to a point, that they may stick it into the ground. When they go home from work, they carry these formidable weapons over their shoulders, in such a manner that the edge of the scythe lies round their neck. Two peasants were sauntering home by the side of a river, when they spied a large salmon with his head hidden under the roots of an old tree, and his tail lying out into the stream. "Look, Paddy," said one, "at the stupid salmon ! he thinks because he can't see us that we can't see him : if I had but my pike I would let him know the difference." "Och !" said the other, creeping down the bank, "sure the scythe-handle will do for that—here goes !" And so saying, he struck at the salmon ; and hit him truly enough,—only, unfortunately, with the same stroke he took off his own head, which fell plump into the water before

the eyes of his astonished comrade. For a long time he could not understand how it was that Paddy's head fell off so suddenly, and still maintains that there was something not quite as it should be in the business.

I closed the day with the English Opera. At the end of the first act a mine falls in and buries the principal persons of the piece alive. In the last scene of the second act they reappear in the bowels of the earth, nearly starved indeed, having lain there three days, and utterly exhausted. This, however, proves no impediment to the prima donna singing a long Polonaise air, to which there is a chorus with trumpets, "Ah, we are lost, all hope is gone"! but, oh miracle! the rocks fall asunder again, and open a wide entrance to the light of day. All distress, and with it the distressing nonsense of the piece, was at an end.

August 2nd.

Yesterday's debauch called my attention to an organ which Mr. Deville did not include in his list—the organ of 'gourmandise', which immediately confines on that of murder, and is in fact, like that, a species of destructiveness. I find I possess it in a considerable degree, and I only wish all the bumps and knobs on my skull gave as

innocent and agreeable results. It indicates not the mere vulgar desire for eating and drinking, but enables its possessor to estimate the delicate fragrance of wine, or the inventive genius of a cook. It is inimical to human happiness only when found in conjunction with a sentimental stomach,—which happily does not appear to be the case with me.

To-day I saw an exhibition of an entire gallery of pictures embroidered with the needle, and the work of one person: their excellence is really surprising. The name of the artist, the most patient of women, is Miss Linwood. At a little distance the copies are very like the originals, and the enormous prices she gets for them shows that their merit is recognised. I heard that one such piece of tapestry, after Carlo Dolce, sold for three thousand guineas. There was a portrait of Napoleon during the Consulate, which must have been very like him at that time, and was regarded by some Frenchmen present with great admiration.

I next went to see the solar microscope, the magnifying power of which is a million. What it shows is really enough to drive a man of lively imagination mad. Nothing can be more horrible, —no more frightful devilish figures could possibly

be invented,—than the hideous, disgusting water animalculæ (invisible to the naked eye, or even to glasses of an inferior power,) which we daily swallow. They looked like damned souls darting about their filthy pool with the rapidity of lightning, while every motion and gesture seemed to bespeak deadly hate, horrid torture, warfare, and death.

As I was seized with a sight-seeing fit, and wished to efface the shocking impressions of that infernal world by something more agreeable, I visited three panoramas,—Rio Janeiro, Madrid, and Geneva.

The first is a singular and paradisaically luxuriant country, differing completely from the forms and appearances of that which surround us. The second, in its treeless sandy plain, looks the picture of blank stationariness and of the Inquisition: burning heat broods over the whole scene like an ‘auto da fè’. The third appeared to me like an old acquaintance; and with a full heart I looked long at the immoveable and unchangeable fatherlandish friend,—the majestic Mont Blanc.

August 8th.

Canning is dead. A man in the plenitude of his intellectual power, who had but a few weeks

ago arrived at the goal of his active life, who had risen to be the ruler of England, and, in that quality, unquestionably the most influential man in Europe; endowed with a spirit of fire that would have guided the reins he held with a mighty hand, and a soul capable of embracing the good of his species from a station more elevated than any to which human ambition could raise him.

One shock has overthrown this proud structure of many years. And this high-spirited man was doomed to end his days by a sudden and tragic death, amid fearful sufferings, the victim of a relentless Destiny, who steps on with iron foot, treading down all that comes in her way, heedless whether it be the young seedling, the swelling blossom, the lordly tree, or the withering plant, that she crushes.

What will be the consequences of his death? Years must elapse before that will be seen: perhaps it will hasten on a conclusion which seems to threaten us on many sides, and to which only a large-minded, liberal, and enlightened statesman, like Canning, were capable of giving unity and a favourable direction. It is not impossible that the party which now so indecently and unfeelingly triumphs at his untimely death, may be the first to be placed in real and imminent peril by that very

event; for not in vain has Lord Chesterfield said, with a far-seeing prophetic eye, “ Je prévois que dans cent ans d’ici les métiers de gentilhomme et de moine ne seront plus de la moitié aussi lucratifs qu’ils le sont aujourd’hui.”

But what do I care about politics? Could I but always preserve the due equipoise in myself, I should be content. Meantime Canning’s death is now, of course, the talk of the town, and the details of his sufferings are truly afflicting. The Saints, who hated him for his liberal opinions, try to set it abroad that during his physical torments he was converted—what *they* call converted. One of his friends, on the other hand, who was by his bed-side for a considerable time, knew not how sufficiently to eulogize his stoical courage, and the serenity with which he bore his cruel fate;—occupied to the last moment with plans for the weal of England and of humanity, and anxiously desiring to impress them once more on the heart of the King.

As the grave and the gay, the tragic and the frivolous, shake hands here below, a very curious novel divides attention with this great calamity. It is remarkable for its rather ‘baroque’, but often witty and faithful delineations of continental manners.—I give you the description of the be-

ginning of a ball at Ems, as a sample of the observations of Englishmen on our manners and customs.

“The company at the Archduke’s fête was *most select*; that is to say, it consisted of every single person who was then at the baths : those who had been presented to His Highness having the privilege of introducing any number of their friends ; and those who had no friend to introduce them, purchasing tickets at an enormous price from Cracowsky—the wily Polish intendant. The entertainment was most imperial ; no expense and no exertion were spared to make the hired lodging-house look like an hereditary palace ; and for a week previous to the great evening, the whole of the neighbouring town of Wisbaden*, the little capital of the duchy, had been put under contribution. What a harvest for Cracowsky !—What a commission from the *restaurateur* for supplying the refreshments !—What a per-centage on hired mirrors and dingy hangings !

“The Archduke, covered with orders, received every one with the greatest condescension, and made to each of his guests a most flattering speech. His suite, in new uniforms, simultaneously bowed directly the flattering speech was finished.

* Misspelt in the original.—TRANSL.

“‘Madame von Furstenburg, I feel the greatest pleasure in seeing you. My greatest pleasure is to be surrounded by my friends. Madame von Furstenburg, I trust that your amiable and delightful family are quite well.’ [The party passed on.]—‘Cravatscheff!’ continued His Highness, inclining his head round to one of his aid-de-camps; ‘Cravatscheff! a very fine woman is Madame von Furstenburg. There are few women whom I more admire than Madame von Furstenburg.’”

“‘Prince Salvinski, I feel the greatest pleasure in seeing you. My greatest pleasure is to be surrounded by my friends. Poland honours no one more than Prince Salvinski.’—‘Cravatscheff! a remarkable bore is Prince Salvinski. There are few men of whom I have a greater terror than Prince Salvinski.’”

“‘Baron von Konigstein, I feel the greatest pleasure in seeing you. My greatest pleasure is to be surrounded by my friends. Baron von Konigstein, I have not yet forgot the story of the fair Venetian.’—‘Cravatscheff! an uncommonly pleasant fellow is Baron von Konigstein. There are few men whose company I more enjoy than Baron von Konigstein’s.’”

“‘Count von Altenburgh, I feel the greatest pleasure in seeing you. My greatest pleasure is

to be surrounded by my friends. You will not forget to give me your opinion of my Austrian troop.'—'Cravatscheff! a very good billiard-player is Count von Altenburgh. There are few men whose play I'd sooner bet upon than Count von Altenburgh's.'"

"Lady Madeleine Trevor, I feel the greatest pleasure in seeing you. My greatest pleasure is to be surrounded by my friends.—Miss Fane, your servant—Mr. Sherborne—Mr. St. George—Mr. Grey.'—'Cravatscheff! a most splendid woman is Lady Madeleine Trevor. There is no woman whom I more admire than Lady Madeleine Trevor;—and, Cravatscheff! Miss Fane, too! a remarkably fine girl is Miss Fane.'"

Stinging enough, is it not, Julia? I have met with few descriptions that have amused me more: and my translation,—extremely good, is it not? There are few translations that please me more than my own.

In a serious style, too, the Author is not amiss*.

More practically does the celebrated Smollett write to a friend: "I am old enough to have seen and convinced myself that we are all the playthings of Destiny, and that it often depends on a trifle not

* Here follows a short passage which I have not been able, on a hurried search, to find.—TRANSL.

more important than the toss-up of a halfpenny, whether a man should raise himself to riches and honours, or pine away in misery and want till he dies.

August 15th.

I daily inspect the workmen in St. James's Park, formerly only a sort of meadow for cows, and now converted into beautiful gardens, according to a plan of Mr. Nash's. The water is also much better distributed. I acquire a great deal of technical information here, and admire the judicious division and series of the work, the ingenious modes of transport, the moveable iron railways, &c.

It is characteristic, that while the laws which protect private property are so strict that a man who climbs over a wall into a garden runs the risk of being hanged, or otherwise grievously punished; that if it occurs in the night the proprietor may shoot him dead;—with the public, wherever they have the shadow of a claim, it is necessary to go to work as gingerly as you would with a raw egg. This park is the property of the Crown, but has been open to the public from remote ages; and Government does not dare to close it, even temporarily, notwithstanding the improvements which the King is now carrying on, (at the nation's cost, it is true). A board is put up on which is in-

scribed literally as follows :—"The public are most respectfully requested, during the operations which are designed for the increase of their own gratification, not to injure the carts and tools of the workmen, and to avoid as much as possible the part where the men are at work." Very little attention, however, is paid to this respectful and reasonable petition, and the carts and barrows which lie empty when the men leave work are often used by the boys to wheel each other about, and to play all sorts of tricks with. The girls see-saw on the long planks, and many little wretches amuse themselves with throwing stones in the water just at the very spot where ladies are standing, who are of course so splashed as to be obliged to hasten home. This brutal love of mischief is quite peculiar to the English people, and forms the sole apology for the grudging inhumanity with which the opulent classes shut up their charming pleasure-grounds. It is worth inquiring, however, whether the moroseness of the rich was not the cause, instead of the effect, of the mischievous temper of the poor. It is difficult for people on the Continent to imagine to what a pitch it goes.

The anxiety with which the rich English shut up their property from the profaning eyes of the

stranger is sometimes truly amusing, but may chance to be painful. I was riding one day in the neighbourhood of London,—and attracted by the sight of a fine house and grounds, I asked the porter who stood at the lodge, whether he would allow me to look at the gardens? He had many scruples, but at last he opened the gate, taking charge of my horse during the time. I might have walked about for a quarter of an hour, and was just looking at the neatly-kept pleasure-ground, when a somewhat fat personage in his shirt appeared at a window of the house; he seemed to be running about in great distress, but at last threw open the window with great vehemence, and, whilst I heard the violent ringing of a large bell, cried out to me with half-suppressed rage, “*Qui êtes-vous, Monsieur? que cherchez-vous ici?*” I thought it too ridiculous to shout back the answer from such a distance, and soon found it unnecessary; for a number of servants, alarmed by the ringing of the bell, flocked together from all directions, one of whom now repeated to me the question ‘*ex officio*’. In a few words I let the proprietor know by him that I was a foreigner who had been attracted by fondness for gardening; that I had not climbed over the wall, as he seemed to believe, but had entered

through the usual entrance, where my horse was still waiting ; that I was heartily sorry for having caused him such a shock in his illness, and only wished that it might have no serious consequences, at the same time assuring him of my best respects, and that I would immediately leave the forbidden garden. I soon reached my horse, and rode off laughing, for this was the gay side of the affair. About a fortnight after, I passed by chance near the same house : I approached the lodge again, and rang the bell ; another man appeared ; and in a mischievous fit I inquired after the health of his master, and whether I could be permitted to see the garden ? “ God forbid ! ” was the answer, “ on no account ! ” I now heard from the servant, to my sincere grief, that the poor fellow, his predecessor, had been dismissed with his wife and children, though he had been in the service of the family for many years, merely for having let a stranger enter without permission. Nevertheless this severe gentleman is one of the patent-liberals of England. What would an illiberal one have done ?

The walks and rides in the neighbourhood are now very inviting again, for autumn has set in early. The scorched grass has resumed its coat of bright green, and the trees hold their foliage

longer and fresher than with us, though they begin to change their colour earlier. Winter comes late, often not at all, to throw its broad white mantle over them. The mowing of the grass, and cleaning and sweeping of the gardens and grounds never cease; indeed, as autumn and winter are 'the season' in the country, that is just the time when most care is bestowed upon them.

London is deserted by the fashionables; and that with such affectation, that many who are obliged to remain on business positively conceal themselves. The streets in the west end of the town are like those of a deserted city. * *

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They are still infested with beggars, and with that most afflicting sort of beggars who ply their melancholy trade in the night. Not only English women, but foreigners here contract this shocking custom. I was really made almost desperate by a withered French woman, of whom I could not get rid, even by the usual shilling:—"Encore un moment," exclaimed she; "je ne demande rien, c'est seulement pour parler Français, pour avoir une conversation raisonnable, dont ces Anglais ne sont pas capables."

In the present solitude one has at least as much

time to one's-self as one likes ; one can work, and read the legion of newspapers at one's leisure. The absurdities which daily appear in them on foreign affairs are almost incredible. Today I found the following article : "The admiration of the Emperor Alexander for Napoleon was for a long time boundless. It is well known that at the theatre at Erfurth, when Talma uttered the words

‘L’amitié d’un grand homme est un bienfait des Dieux,’

Alexander leaned over to Napoleon and said, ‘Ces paroles ont été écrites pour moi.’—The following anecdote is probably less known. *We can vouch for the truth of it.* Alexander one day expressed to Duroc the intense desire he had to possess a pair of breeches of his great ally the Emperor Napoleon. Duroc sounded his master on this very extraordinary subject. Napoleon laughed heartily. ‘Oh’, cried he, ‘donnez lui tout ce qu’il veut, pourvu qu’il me reste une paire pour changer.’ *This is authentic.* We are also assured that Alexander, who was very superstitious, never wore any other breeches than Napoleon’s in the field, during the campaigns of 1812-13.”

The day ended very pleasantly for me with the arrival of my friend L——, for whom I now leave you, and close this letter (which is far enough

from being amusing or instructive in proportion to its dreadful length,) with the old assurance, which to you I know will want no charm of novelty, that, far or near, you are ever next to my heart.

Your faithful

L—.

LETTER III.

London, Aug. 20, 1827.

DEAR AND FAITHFUL FRIEND,

CURIOSITY led me again today to the Tunnel. I went in the diving-bell down to the bed of the river, and spent half an hour there, looking at the process of stopping the breach with sand-bags and earth. Excepting a rather violent pain in my ears, I found it more comfortable in our metal box, the deeper we sank. It has two thick glass windows at the top; and near them two leathern pipes which admit fresh air. The bell has no floor,—only a narrow board on which to set your feet, and two strong benches on the sides. It is lighted by lanterns. The workmen had capital water-boots, which resist the wet four-and-twenty hours; and I was particularly delighted at writing the address of the maker in my pocket-book among the fishes, “*auf des Stromes tiefunterstem Grunde.*”

After having escaped safe and sound from the water, I was near suffering a sad calamity from fire. I had gone for a minute into another room,

and a candle which had burned down in the socket set fire to the papers on my writing-table : before I could extinguish it, many things very interesting to me were destroyed. Copies of letters, prints and drawings, an unfinished novel, (what a pity !) numberless addresses, a part of my journal, —all became the prey of the flames. I could not help laughing when I saw that all the receipts were left untouched, while the unpaid bills were consumed to the last vestige. That 's what I call an obliging fire. The great packet of your letters is burnt round the edges, so that they look as if they were written on mourning paper :—right again, for letters between people who love each other, always mourn over the necessity for writing them. The Vienna courier you wot of, who came charged with a hundred thousand blessings, is turned negro ; but his life is happily saved, and his cinq-foil leaf is in full preservation. I send him back to you as a witness and a messenger of the fire.

August 21st.

There is such an extent and variety of 'terra incognita' in this illimitable London, that with no other guide than chance, one is sure to fall upon something new and interesting. In this way I found myself today in Lincoln's Inn Fields,

a noble square, almost a German mile from my lodging, surrounded with fine buildings, and adorned with lofty trees and beautiful turf. The most considerable edifice is that of the College of Surgeons, and contains a very interesting museum. One of the gentlemen showed me the establishment with great civility. The first thing which claimed my attention was a very pretty little mermaid which had been exhibited here for money some years ago, and was afterwards sold for a thousand pounds, when it was discovered that she was a deceptive contrivance made out of a small ourang-outang and a salmon, joined together in a most workmanlike manner. The existence of such creatures remains, therefore, as much a problem as ever. Near to it stood a real large ourang-outang, who lived here for a long time, and performed many domestic services in the house. Mr. C—— (so my informant was called) assured me that he must regard this animal as of a distinct genus, nearer to man than to the ape. He had long and attentively observed this individual, and had found in him the most certain proofs of reflection and combination, evidently far beyond the reach of instinct. Thus, he remarked that Mr. Dick (as he called him) felt in gentlemen's pockets, if he were permitted, for eatables ;

but if his search was unsuccessful, carefully replaced everything that did not answer his purpose, instead of throwing it away or letting it fall, as all other monkeys do. He was so sensitive to the slightest mark of displeasure, that he was depressed and unhappy for days after being unkindly spoken to. He was observed, too, to try of his own accord to assist the servants, if he saw them unusually oppressed with work.

There were some preparations exhibiting almost incredible cases of recoveries from wounds. The most extraordinary among them was the breast of a man (which Mr. C—— showed me, preserved in spirits,) who had been so completely spitted by the shaft of a carriage, that he could only be dragged from it by the efforts of several persons. The shaft had passed close to the heart and lungs, which, however, it only gently forced aside, without doing them the least injury, and had broken the ribs before and behind. After the man had been extricated from his horrible situation, he had strength enough left to walk up two flights of stairs, and to lie down on a bed. He lived fourteen years after the accident, sound and well; but the surgeons had kept their eye upon him, and got possession of his body as soon as he was dead. They have placed him in their museum, together with

the shaft, which had been kept in his family as a relic.

I was struck by a small, beautifully-formed greyhound, which was built up in a cellar, and was found, after the lapse of many years, perfectly dried. He looked as if carved out of gray sandstone, and presented an affecting image of resignation,—rolled up as if in sleep, and with such a mournful expression of his little head, that one could not look at it without pity. A cat, starved and dried in the same manner, looked on the contrary savage and fiendish. Thus, thought I, is gentleness beautiful even in suffering ! It was a picture of the good and the wicked in a like situation ; and yet how different the effects !

I must mention the skeleton of the Frenchman who was exhibited here as ‘the living skeleton,’ his bones being really covered with little more than skin. His stomach was smaller than that of a new-born child ; and the unhappy creature was condemned to a prolonged starvation, for he could not eat more than half a cup of broth a day. He was twenty years old,—died in London, and sold himself, while yet alive, to the museum.

As I was driving home, I had taken a quantity of small money in change at the turnpikes, and I amused myself in an odd humour by letting a

penny fall quietly out of the carriage every time I saw a poor, ragged person. Not one of them perceived it; all passed over it. And just so does Fortune with us! She drives continually through the world in her chariot, and throws out her gifts blindfold. How seldom do any of us see them, or stoop to pick them up! We are generally seeking elsewhere at the lucky moment.

On my return home, I found a real gift of fate, and a very precious one,—a long letter from you

* * * * *

Herr von S——, whom you mention as one of the recent arrivals at the baths, is an old acquaintance of mine, a strange original whom we all liked, and yet could not resist making a butt of, and who was continually meeting with adventures the most ludicrous and the most serious. You have seen what a caricature he looks, and that he is of all men the least formed to be a man ‘à bonnes fortunes’. When a young lieutenant, however, he was madly in love with one of the most beautiful women of her time, Baroness B——; and one evening, on her torturing him to the utmost by some biting jest, he ran a sword through his body before her eyes. The weapon went

through his lungs, so that a candle held to the wound was blown out. Nevertheless our tragic madman was cured, and Frau von B—— was so touched by this proof of passion, that she became less cruel to so desperate a lover. * * *

* * * * *

Salthill, August 25th.

I have at length left town with L——, who will accompany me for some days, after which I shall continue my travels alone. The first resting-place is a delightful inn, like a gentleman's villa, in the neighbourhood of Windsor. The prettiest veranda festooned with roses and all sorts of creepers, and adorned with a quantity of flowers in pots, covers the whole front; and a pleasure-ground and flower-garden, in exquisite order, stretch before my window. From hence I have a noble view of the gigantic Castle in the distance, which, set in a frame of two massy horse-chestnut-trees, gleamed like a fairy palace in the evening sun. The long rain had painted everything emerald-green, and the sweet fresh country has the most benign influence on my mind and spirits. I can talk of you too, my good Julia, to L——, whose society is very agreeable to me. Tomorrow we mean to see a multitude of things. This evening, as it was

late, we contented ourselves with a ramble in the fields.

August 26th.

Early in the morning we drove to Stoke Park, the residence of a grandson of the celebrated quaker, William Penn. In the house is preserved a bit of the tree under which he concluded the treaty with the Indian chiefs. The park is fine, and contains the greatest variety of deer either L—— or I had ever seen,—black, white, striped, mottled, black with white spots on the forehead, and brown with white feet. The park and garden, though beautiful, presented nothing remarkable.

This we found in Dropmore, the seat of Lord Grenville, where the most extraordinary trees and an enchanting flower-garden excited all our attention. It was more properly two or three gardens;—in richness of flowers, really unique; the beds partly cut in the turf, partly surrounded with gravel. Each bed contained only one sort of flower, which threw an indescribable richness of colour over the whole picture. Countless geraniums of every sort and colour, with many other flowers we hardly know, or of which we possess at most only single specimens, were arranged in large and splendid masses. The colours too were

so admirably grouped that the eye rested on them with extreme delight.

Yet a great part of the park consisted only of barren soil with heather,—just like that of our woods. The turf was dry and scorched, yet the high cultivation gave to the whole an air of great beauty, and confirmed me in my persuasion that with money and patience every soil may be overcome,—climate alone cannot.

After we had seen another park, which commanded some remarkably fine views, we drove to Windsor to see the new part of the Castle ‘en detail’. Unfortunately, almost at the same minute the King came up with his suite, in five phaetons drawn by poneys; so that we were obliged to wait more than an hour till he drove off again and we were permitted to enter.

In the interval we visited Eton College, an old establishment for education founded by Henry the Sixth. Its exterior is that of a vast and handsome gothic building with a church attached to it; its interior, of a simplicity hardly exceeded by our village schools. Bare white walls, wooden benches, carved with the names of the scholars who have studied here, (among which are those of Fox, Canning, and other celebrated men,) are all that distinguish the room in which the best-born youth

of England are educated. According to the rules of the foundation, the King's scholars have nothing day after day but mutton. What could the royal founder propose to himself by this singular law? The library is very handsomely decorated, and contains some interesting manuscripts.

On our return from Eton the King had driven away, and Mr. Wyatville his architect, under whose direction the new part of the Castle is erecting, had the kindness to give us detailed information about every part. It is a vast work, and the only one of its kind in England which is executed not only at a great cost and with technical skill, but with uncommon taste, nay genius. The grandeur and magnificence of the Castle, which, though not half finished, has cost three millions of our money, are truly worthy of a King of England. Situated on a hill above the town, and commanding a beautiful view, while it presents a noble object from every side, its position gives it an immense advantage. Its historical interest, its high antiquity, and its astonishing vastness and extent, unite to render it single in the world.

The magnificence of the interior corresponds with the exterior. Each of the separate panes of glass in the huge gothic windows cost twelve

pounds sterling, and the eye is dazzled with velvet, silk, and gilding. A high terrace on the side of the king's chamber, which forms hot-houses in the inside, and on the outside looks only like a high abrupt wall in the stern character of the rest of the building, incloses the most charming garden and pleasure-ground. The four great gates into the castle-yard are so admirably contrived, that each incloses one of the most interesting points of the landscape as in a frame.

All the recent additions are, as I have already mentioned, so perfectly executed, that they are hardly to be distinguished from the old part; and I cannot blame the architect for having faithfully imitated even the less tasteful details. On the other hand, I must confess that the internal decorations, spite of all their gorgeousness, appeared to me to leave much to wish for. They are enormously overloaded in parts, and are not always either in keeping with the character of the building, or calculated to produce an agreeable effect.

August 28th.

L—— left me yesterday,—sooner than he had intended. I am extremely sorry for it; for so agreeable and friendly a companion doubles every pleasure. I afterwards drove with an acquaint-

ance of the Guards to St. Leonard's Hill, belonging to Field-marshal Lord H——, to whom E—— had given me a letter.

The weather, which had been overcast and from time to time rainy, was splendid; scarcely a cloud in the sky. On no more beautiful day could I see a more beautiful place than St. Leonard's Hill. These giant trees; this fresh wood, full of variety; these enchanting views, both far and near; this delightful house, with the most lovely of all flower-gardens; this luxuriant vegetation, and this delicious retirement, from which, as from behind a curtain, you look out upon a world of diversified beauty lying in the valley beneath,—form a whole which has not its equal in England. The possessors are a very agreeable old couple, unfortunately without children to whom to transmit this paradise. The old lord seemed much pleased at my enthusiasm for the beauties of the place, and invited me to spend the following day, which I accepted with great pleasure. Today I was engaged to dine with my friend Captain B—— at the Guards' mess at Windsor, where I passed the evening, from six o'clock till midnight.

At an early hour in the morning I was summoned by Lord H——, who is Ranger of Windsor Park, and wished to show it me before the

King made his appearance. As soon as he rides out, the private part of the grounds is hermetically sealed to every one, without exception, who does not belong to his own invited company. I was rather late; the kind-hearted old lord scolded me a little, and made me instantly get into a landau drawn by four noble horses, in which we rolled rapidly through the high beech woods.

The King has had several roads cut, for his own special and peculiar use, through the most interesting parts of his immense park of Windsor. We drove along one of them; and in half an hour reached the royal stables, where the celebrated giraffe is kept. Here, unhappily, we heard that the King's carriages had been ordered, and indeed they stood already harnessed in the yard. There were seven, of various forms, but all with very low wheels, almost as light as children's carriages, and drawn by little ponies; the King's with four, which he drives himself,—the others with two: most of the ponies were of different colours. Lord H—— beheld these equipages with dismay. He was afraid the King might meet us, and feel '*mal à son aise*' at the sight of unexpected strangers—for the monarch's tastes are singular enough. It is unpleasant to him to see a strange face, or indeed a human being of any

kind whatsoever, within his domain; and the Park is consequently (with the exception of the high road which crosses it,) a perfect solitude. The King's favourite spots are, for further security, thickly surrounded by screens of wood, and plantations are daily laid out to add to the privacy and concealment. In many places, where the lay of the ground would enable you to get a glimpse of the sanctuary within, three stages of fence are planted one behind the other.

We hastened accordingly to secure a sight of the giraffe, which was led out before us by two Moors who had accompanied her from Africa. A wonderful creature indeed! You know her form; but nothing can give an idea of the beauty of her eyes. Imagine something midway between the eye of the finest Arab horse, and the loveliest Southern girl, with long and coal-black lashes, and the most exquisite beaming expression of tenderness and softness, united to volcanic fire. The giraffe is attached to man, and is extremely 'gentle' and good-natured. Her appetite is good, for she daily sucks the milk of three cows who were lying near her. She uses her long bright-blue tongue like a trunk, in which way she took from me my umbrella, which she liked so much that she would not give it up again. Her walk was

somewhat ungainly, from having sprained her leg on board ship; but the Africans assured us that when in perfect health she is very swift-footed. Lord H—— hurried off, for fear of the King; and after passing through a thickly-planted part of the pleasure-ground attached to the ‘Cottage’, which we only saw from a distance, we directed our course to Virginia Water, the King’s favourite haunt. It is a large, artificial, but very natural-looking lake, on which His Majesty almost daily fishes.

I was not a little surprised to see the whole country here assume a new character, and one very uncommon in England,—that of my beloved Fatherland:—fir- and pine-wood intermingled with oaks and alders; and under foot our heather, and even our sand, in which this year’s plantations were completely dry and withered. I could have given the King’s gardeners some useful hints about planting in sand, for I convinced myself that they do not at all understand the treatment of that sort of soil.—A little frigate lay rocking on the lake, on whose banks were various little devices,—Chinese and Moorish houses executed with taste and not caricatured. The haste with which we drove along rendered it only possible to see things in a transient, and for the most part distant

manner. I was, however, very glad to have gained at least a general idea of the whole.

My venerable host climbed up on the seat of the carriage, and stood there, supported by his wife and me, to look about whether the King might not be somewhere in sight; nor was he perfectly tranquil till the gate of the sanctuary closed upon us.

On our way back we saw the King's hunters—beautiful animals, as you may suppose,—and a peculiar breed of small elegant hounds, which are not to be met with out of England. We returned with good appetites to dinner, where I found several guests. Our hostess is a very agreeable woman, and as 'parkomane' as myself. All the noble trees in front of the house, between which glimpses of the distant landscape appear like separate pictures, were planted by herself forty years ago, and from that time to this only two have been removed. Every day convinces me more and more that the wide unbroken prospects which are here almost prohibited, destroy all illusion. With the exception of some few very old parks, you find hardly a house in England the view from which is not broken by scattered trees. Drawings deceive you, because the main object of the draftsman generally is to show the architecture and size of the building, and he consequently leaves out the trees.

A most useful contrivance in this garden was a gigantic umbrella as large as a little tent, with an iron spike at the bottom to stick into the ground. You could thus establish yourself in any spot shaded from the sun.

I gladly accepted an invitation from my friendly host for the following day, to meet the ladies of honour (*Hofdamen**) of the Queen of Würtemberg. After dinner we walked again, to see a cottage in the low ground of the park. Inclosed on every side by hill and wood, it forms a charming contrast to the handsome villa on the height. Rode home (B—— and I) by brilliant star-light.

August 29th.

After paying a visit to Mrs. C—— in Windsor, I returned to Lord H——'s, enjoying with new delight the noble oakwoods of his park, at the entrance of which, the prettiest lodge, tastefully built of trunks and branches of trees, and overgrown with roses, is a sort of index to the lovely character of the whole. I found a large party assembled;—the principal lady of honour (*Oberhofmeisterin*), two ladies in waiting (*Hofdamen*)*, and two equerries of the Queen of Wür-

* I do not know the exact equivalent of these titles. *Hofdamen*, literally is Court-ladies.—TRANSL.

temburg,—all German: le Marquis de H——, a Frenchman, with two sons and a daughter, (the latter a true ‘*Parisienne*’); an English clergyman, and another foreign nobleman.

The French party have judiciously put forward their cousinship with the childless Peer, are very kindly received, live in the cottage in the valley which I described yesterday, and have expectations of inheriting this noble property,—so that the little French girl is already regarded as ‘a good match’.

The most interesting person to me in the whole company, however, was the Countess herself. She is a most amiable old lady, full of dignified courtesy, united to a very agreeable turn of mind. She has seen much of life, and relates what she has seen in the most interesting manner. She told me many particulars concerning Lord Byron, who passed much of his boyish time in her house, and was then so untameable that she said she had had unspeakable trouble with the daring, mischievous boy. She did not think him base, but ill-tempered; for she observed that he always took a sort of pleasure in giving pain, especially to women; though when he chose to be amiable, she confessed that it was hardly possible to resist him. She added, that whatever were the

defects of his wife, he had certainly treated her very ill, and had exercised a refinement of torture towards her ; probably because she had formerly refused him, for which he swore never-ending vengeance even on the day of his marriage.

I did not put implicit faith in this account, in spite of my great respect for the narrator. The soul of a poet like Byron is hard to judge ;—the ordinary standard is quite inadequate to it, and very few people have any other to apply.

Where one is much pleased, one generally pleases ; and accordingly I was pressingly invited to spend a few days in this little paradise. My restlessness is, however, as you know full well, equal to my indolence ; and as I am difficult to move from a place where I have once fixed myself, ('*témoin*' my long unprofitable abode in London,) I find it equally difficult to bring myself to remain where the immediate interest is exhausted. I therefore gratefully declined the invitation, and returned to Salthill.

August 30th.

The terrace of Windsor Castle forms a delightful promenade for the people of the town, and is frequently enlivened by the band of the Guards. I walked there this morning with the pretty and

amiable Misses C——, and paid a visit with them to the 'châtelaine' of the Palace, an old unmarried lady.

It is impossible to have a more delightful residence. Every window commands a beautiful landscape. The venerable lady showed me a stone in the wall of her bed-room, on which was a decayed inscription. "This," said she, "was carved by a charming young knight who pined here in captivity, just before his death; he was suffocated under this very stone." "Good God!" said I, "are you not afraid to sleep here?—suppose the young knight's ghost should appear!" "Never fear!" exclaimed the sprightly old lady, "at my time of life one is not so timid; I am safe from all young knights, living or dead." We proceeded to the noble chapel, where divine service was going on. The banners, swords, and coronets of the Knights of the Garter proudly ranged around; the melancholy light of the coloured windows; the beautiful carvings in stone and wood; the reverential groups of hearers,—formed a fine picture, only defaced by some few objects: for instance, the ridiculous monument of the Princess Charlotte, in which the four subordinate figures turn their backs completely on the spectator; while on the other hand

the Princess appears in a twofold character,—extended as a corpse, and ascending to heaven as an angel.

Lulled by the music, I gave myself up, in the quiet nook in which I had niched myself, to my fancies, and, absorbed in the kingdom of sound, soon forgot all around me. At last I thought myself dead, and yet I fancied myself a visitor of that Gothic chapel we wished to build, dear Julia, and standing before my own tomb. In the centre of the church, on a white marble sarcophagus, lay a figure wrapped in thick folds of drapery, with a wolf and a lamb at his feet. Another pedestal of the same form was vacant. I approached, and read the following inscriptions on the marble. On the end under the head of the recumbent figure were the following words,

In thy bosom, O God !
Rests his imperishable spirit;
For the eternal law of life
Is death and resurrection.

At the opposite end was written ;

His childhood was deprived of its greatest blessing,—
Loving education in the paternal house.
His youth was stormy, and vain, and foolish,
But never estranged from Nature and from God.

On the one side,

Serious and melancholy was his manhood ;—
It would have been shrouded in night,
Had not a loving woman,
Like the sun, with clear benign beams,
Oft changed the dark night into cheerful day.

On the other side,

Length of days was denied him :
What were his works and his deeds ?
They live and bloom around you.
What else he strove for, or attained, on earth,—
To others it availed much, to himself little.

And now I thought much of you, and of all I love, and I felt a sort of pious sorrow for myself ;—and as the sudden pause of the music awoke me from my dream, the silent tears were actually upon my cheek, so that I was almost ashamed to be seen.

August 31st.

One is well served in England, —that is certain. I was invited to dine at six at the Guards' mess which is very punctual, and sat writing till late. The barracks are three miles from my inn, which is, as usual, a post-house. I therefore told my servant to call for 'horses' instantly. In less than a minute they were harnessed before the door, and

in fifteen, driving like the wind, I was at table as the clock struck six.

The military profession is on a far more social footing here than with us, for the simple reason that the members of it are richer. Though the service is as far as possible from being neglected, there is not the slightest trace of pedantry; and, out of service, not the least distinction between the colonel and the youngest lieutenant. Every man takes as unrestrained a part in conversation as in any other society. In the country the officers are all in uniform at mess, but not in London,—with the exception of the officer ‘*du jour*’. After dinner, however, they all take their ease; and today I saw a young lieutenant sit down in dressing-gown and slippers to play whist with his colonel in uniform. These gentlemen have given me a general invitation to their table as long as I remain in the neighbourhood, and are extremely friendly and cordial to me.

I had passed the morning in seeing Frogmore, and the pictures in Windsor Castle. In the hall of the throne are several tolerable battle-pieces, by West: the subjects are the feats of Edward the Third and the Black Prince,—a throng of knights, snorting horses, ancient armour and caparisons,

lances, swords and banners, which form a very appropriate decoration for a royal hall. In another room I was struck by the very expressive portrait of the Duke of Savoy,—the true Ideal of a ruler. Luther and Erasmus, by Holbein, are excellently paired, and yet contrasted: the acute and sarcastic countenance of the latter looks as if he were just about to utter the words he wrote to the Pope, who reproached him with not keeping his fasts: “Holy Father, my soul is Catholic, but my stomach is Protestant.”

The beauties of the Court of Charles the Second, who adorn a whole wall, are well suited to lead a man into transgression of another kind. There is nothing remarkable at Frogmore.—The piece of water is now only a swamp for frogs, though surrounded by hedges of rose and yew. A complete encampment of light moveable tents on the turf had a pretty effect.

September 3rd.

I have been prevailed upon to devote some days to the enjoyment of a country life at the beautiful Lady G——’s, a relation of Canning.

At breakfast she told me that she was present some months ago when Canning took leave of his mother (both being then in perfect health) in these words: “Adieu, dear mother! in August we shall

meet again." In July the mother died suddenly, and in the beginning of August her son followed her.

Yesterday and the day before we drove to Egham races, which are held on a plain surrounded by hills. I met many persons I knew; was presented by the Duke of Clarence to the Queen of Würtemberg; betted successfully; and in the evening went to a pic-nic ball in the little town, which, as with us, was fruitful in country dandies and other amusing provincialisms.

Today I walked nearly the whole day long with some young ladies. Young Englishwomen are indefatigable walkers, through thick and thin, over hill and dale,—so that it requires some ambition to keep up with them.

In the park of a nabob we found an interesting curiosity; two dwarf trees, transplanted from China,—elms a hundred years old, with completely the shrivelled look of their age, and yet scarcely two feet high. The secret of rearing such trees is unknown in Europe.

At last the high-spirited girls climbed over a fence of Windsor Park, and disturbed the shades sacred to royal solitude with their merry laugh. By this means I saw several forbidden parts of the lovely scenery round Virginia Water, into which

the anxious Lord H—— had not ventured ;—had we been caught, it surely would not have gone very hard with us in such company.

Windsor, Sept. 5th.

During the four days of my stay we had become such cordial friends, that I felt almost sad at parting. The ladies accompanied me two or three miles before I got into the carriage. I drove away somewhat 'triste', and directed the post-boy to the barracks of the Guards, where I arrived just in time for dinner. With the aid of much champagne and claret, (for my long walk had made me thirsty,) I consoled myself for the parting with my fair friends as well as I could, and then drove with Captain B—— to a 'soirée' at Mrs. C——'s. After tea, at about eleven o'clock of a splendid night, in compliance with the wishes of the ladies, it was determined to take a walk in the Park, to see the gigantic Castle by moonlight from a peculiarly favourable point. The walk was certainly rather long, but it well rewarded us. The sky had flocks of sheep scattered over its deep blue fields, (one of the officers, with more exactness than poetry, compared it to curds and whey,) over which the light of the lustrous moon was beautifully

diffused. Our delight was soon rather rudely interrupted by two sentinels with muskets, who challenged and prepared to arrest us as trespassers and breakers of the peace. (N.B. A company of twenty persons, principally ladies, and at least seven officers of the Guards in full uniform!) At last they consented to be satisfied with two officers, whom they immediately took into custody. How different from our manners! With us, officers would have felt themselves dishonoured by the hard words the sentinels used, and perhaps have thought it their duty to run them through on the spot. Here, it appeared quite in order, and not the slightest attempt at resistance was made. The rest of us went home; and in about an hour the two prisoners returned, having had to encounter many delays before they could obtain their release. One of them, Captain F——, laughed heartily while he told us that the gamekeeper had reproved him severely, and said “it was a shame that officers, who were bound by their profession to repress all disorders, should not have abstained from committing a trespass,” and so forth. “The man was not so much in the wrong,” added he; “but ladies’ wishes must always be complied with, ‘quand même’.”

On returning to my inn I found my old B——, who came to receive my orders in person before his final departure. I am very well pleased with the Englishman whose character I investigated craniologically, and therefore shall not miss my old countryman so much.

He is the bearer of a large plan of a garden, on which I lay outstretched for an hour before I went to bed, to finish it; as Napoleon used to lie on his maps and plans. He, however, with his rough pencil drew blood; I, only water and flower-beds;—he fortifications, I summer-houses;—he soldiers, and I trees.

In the sight of the All-seeing it may be the same whether his children play with cannon-balls or with nuts; but to men the difference is considerable:—in their opinion, he who causes them to be shot by thousands is far greater than he who only labours to promote their enjoyment.

A long index will illustrate my plan. Go hard to work to execute what I lay before you, and gladden my return with the realization of all my garden-dreams which have your approbation.

My intention is now to return to London for a few days, for the purpose of seeing my horses embarked, and then to set out on my long tour in the country. The Journal will therefore have a

long time to swell before I can send it you. Do not think, however, that I grow negligent; for, as the illustrious and brilliant prince says, "There are few things I enjoy more than writing to you."

Your L——.

LETTER IV.

London, Sept. 7th, 1827.

DEAR FRIEND,

I AM, as you know, not strong in remembering anniversaries and the like; but I know full well that tomorrow is the day on which I left my poor Julia alone in B——. A year has rolled over us, and we insects are still creeping on in the old track. But we love each other as much as ever, and that is the main thing. We shall work our way in time through those great heaps under which we are now forced to toil so wearily; and perhaps reach the fresh grass and the beautiful flowers on which the morning has scattered her diamonds, and the gay sunbeams dance glittering in the wet crystal. ‘Soyez tranquille, nous doublerons encore un jour le Cap de bonne espérance.’

For some days I have written nothing about my sayings and doings, because they amounted only to this,—that I worked and wrote daily with B——, dined with L—— at the Travellers’ Club, and went to bed. Yesterday we had the company of

another German at dinner, Count ——, who is come to buy horses. He seems to have a good deal of money, and is young enough to enjoy it; 'au reste', the perfect picture of a good-natured country gentleman (*Landjunker*),—of a truth, a most happy sort of man :—I only wish I were one.

As to your opinion about parks, I must remark that the extent of them, especially when properly rounded, can never be great enough. Windsor Park is the only one which has fully satisfied me as a whole, and the reason for that is its enormous size. It realizes all I would have ;—a pleasant tract of country, within the bounds of which you can live and do what you like, without privation or constraint ; hunt, fish, ride, drive, without ever feeling cramped ; in which you never see a point, except just at the entrance-gates, at which you remark, Here is a boundary ; and to which all the beauties of the surrounding country to the remotest distance have been rendered tributary by a cultivated taste.

In other respects you are right : one must not throw away good and bad together ; and it is better to conceal many defects and limitations of the ground by skilfully-planned paths and plantations, than to make disproportionate sacrifices to them.

My horses are safe on board, and sail today ; though the beautiful Hyperion behaved like mad, dashed the box in which he was inclosed into pieces like glass, and burst all the halters and straps that confined him. He was within an inch of falling into the river, and will probably give them a good deal of trouble on the passage, though we have bound him like a wild-beast. One can't blame the poor animal for being frightened when the crane, like a giant's arm, seized him and bore him into the air. Many, however, take it very quietly, for even among horses there are Stoics.

There is nothing which needs really detain me now in London ; but Lady —— is still here in the solitude,—and she is so attractive. To quit such a friend were a sin,—the more so, as I have not the least idea of falling in love with her. But is not the true unmixed friendship of a charming woman something very sweet ? I have often remarked how men destroy all friendship with women, because they always think it incumbent on them to play the adorer ; they thus alarm their delicacy, and check at once that unsuspecting confidence and ease which might otherwise subsist between them. I am well contented with the mere friendship of an amiable woman, especially when I can read it in her soft blue eyes, hear it from a

mouth of pearl and coral, and feel it in the kind pressure of a velvet hand. To this portrait you have only to add the innocent look of a dove, long dark-brown curling hair, a slender form, and the most beautiful English complexion,—and you have Lady —— before your eyes.

Doncaster, Sept. 16th.

I might almost have dated from London, so rapidly have I skimmed over these hundred and eighty miles; and yet I have had time to get a sight of two celebrated houses of the time of Elizabeth, though a transient one.

The first, Hatfield, which belonged to herself, and which she frequently inhabited, is less magnificent than the second, Burleigh House, which was built by her great minister Cecil. Hatfield is built of brick; only the eyebrows of the windows, the corners, &c. are of stone. The proportions are good and grand. There is nothing remarkable in the park and garden, but a fine avenue of oaks, which are reported to have been planted by the Queen herself.

I could only see the outside of Burleigh House; for though the family were all absent, the 'châtelaine' was in no way to be moved to desecrate the sabbath by showing the house to a foreigner.

I regretted this the more, because there is a fine collection of pictures. The ancient park is full of the finest trees ; but the water, both here and at Hatfield, stagnant and muddy. The house itself is in a confused style, gothic below, and with chimneys like Corinthian pillars. The great statesman must have had a very corrupt taste in art.

York, Sept. 17th.

Doncaster races are the most frequented in England, and the course is far preferable to any in the country for elegance, fitness, and commodious sight of the whole. The view of the race is more agreeable, and less brief and transient ; for from the lofty and elegant stand you distinctly overlook the whole course from beginning to end. The horses run in a circle, and the same point serves as starting-post and goal. The concourse of people, of handsome women and fashionable company, was extraordinary. All the great neighbouring nobility came in their gala equipages,—a very interesting sight to me, because I thus learned one sort of state observed here in the country, which is very different from that in town. The most distinguished equipage was that of the Duke of Devonshire, and I describe his train to you as a notice for M——. The Duke's

party were seated in a full-bodied carriage drawn by six horses, the harness and hammercloth of moderate richness, and the coachman in intermediate livery, flaxen wig, and boots. The carriage was escorted by twelve outriders ; namely, four grooms mounted on horses of different colours, with light saddles and bridles, four postilions on carriage-horses exactly like those in the carriage, with harness-reins, and postilions' saddles ; lastly, four footmen in morning jackets, leathern breeches and top-boots, with saddle-cloths and holsters embroidered with the Duke's arms. The order of the train was as follows : first, two grooms ; then two postilions ; then the carriage with its six beautiful horses which the coachman drove from the box, a postilion riding the leader. On the left rode a footman ; another somewhat further back on the right ; behind the carriage two more postilions, then two grooms, and lastly, two more footmen. The little fellow who rode the leader was the only one in full state livery,—yellow, blue, black and silver, with a powdered wig,—rather a theatrical dress, with the arms embroidered on his left sleeve.

The St. Leger race, which took place today, has probably caused many a sleepless night, for enormous sums have been lost. A little mare,

which was so lightly esteemed that the bets were fifteen to one against her, was in first of twenty-six horses that ran. An acquaintance of mine won nine thousand pounds, and had he been unsuccessful, would have lost hardly as many hundreds. Another is said to have lost nearly everything he had, and, as it is asserted, through the trickery of the owner of one of the horses.

Immediately after the races, which with their animated crowd and thousand equipages afforded me a most striking exhibition of English wealth, I drove further north, towards some object yet unknown to myself, and arrived at one o'clock in the morning at this city of York. During the whole ride I read by my lamp Madame de Maintenon's Letters to the Princesse des Ursins, which entertained me extremely. Many passages are remarkably illustrative of the manners of her age. The incognito Queen of course understands court-life to the very bottom; and often reminded me strongly of a good friend of yours, especially by her manner of affecting complete ignorance of all that was passing, and of undervaluing her own influence. She however shows great mildness and prudence, and such extraordinary tact and good-breeding in all she says and does, that one is constrained to think her more amiable than

history represents her. It is indeed always a bad thing to let an old woman govern, whether in petticoats or breeches; but it was easier then than now, for all ranks of people were obviously far more like great 'naïfs' children. They even made war in that spirit. Nay, they regarded Almighty God as a Louis the Fourteenth in the highest '*potenz*'; and, like true courtiers, when they were 'in articulo mortis', they left their earthly king in a moment,—taking no further notice of him,—to devote themselves exclusively to that mightier Ruler, whom they had hitherto neglected as too distant. One can distinctly perceive in these old 'Mémoires', that those who had been tolerably successful at Court went out of the world with considerable confidence in their '*savoir faire*' in heaven; while those who were in disgrace, suffered much greater fear of death, and severer stings of conscience. It is quite impossible, now, to represent to oneself such a Court or such an existence, faithfully; but perhaps, for our particular class, it was not such a bad state of things. I fell into many reflections on this eternal change in human affairs; and at length breathed upon by that invisible spirit which pervades the Whole, turned with loving greetings to the brilliant star of eve, which from endless years had looked down

upon all this struggle with pitying tolerance and untroubled peace.

September 19th.

There are certainly some talents in me which it
is a pity to think of

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Now all this is lost and thrown away (for one always serves oneself badly), like many better things:—for example, a wondrously beautiful tree in some American wilderness, which every spring decks itself in vain with the richest foliage and the most fragrant blossoms, where no human being can gladden his senses and his spirit by its sweetness. Such an existence we call useless. What amiable egotism!—and under its unjust sentence I too must suffer, for those above-mentioned virtues of mine are just as useless;—nay, my whole person would probably be so, were I not of substantial use to the post-boys and waiters, who take my money; and valuable to you, my kind friend, (*‘je m’en flatte au moins’*), on other grounds. So that I do not live in the world absolutely and utterly for nothing; and, as on the other hand I hurt nobody, my account stands tolerably fair after striking a balance.

This whole day I have been wandering about

the town. I began with the cathedral, which may be compared to that of Milan for the richness of its ornaments as well as for its size. The founder was Archbishop Scrope, (one of Shakspeare's personages,) whom Henry the Fourth beheaded as a rebel in 1405. He lies buried in the church; and in the chapter-house is a table covered with a piece of tapestry belonging to him, and embroidered with his arms. It is still in tolerable preservation. The windows in the church are chiefly of old stained glass, only here and there repaired with new. The carving in stone is everywhere admirable, and has all the delicacy and elegance of carved wood, representing all sorts of foliage, animals, angels, &c. One of the great windows is not less than seventy-five feet high and thirty-two broad. That at the other end represents, by its strange stone ramifications, the veins of the human heart, and, with its blood-red glass, produces a curious effect. One of the side-windows is remarkable for being painted in imitation of embroidery; it is like a gay carpet. In the choir is an old chair in which several Kings of England were crowned. I sat down in it, and found it, for stone, very comfortable; I dare say I should have thought it still more so if it had been the preparation for a throne.

Near the church is a very pretty gothic library, the arrangements of which appeared to me very well contrived. Every book has three numbers on the back. At the top, that of the shelf, then that of the compartment, and below, its own number; so that it can be found in a moment. The numbers are on pretty little labels, and do not at all deform the books. In one corner is a very light and convenient staircase leading to the gallery, which runs about midway round the room.

The alphabetical catalogue is arranged as follows :

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Form.	Letter C.	Edition.	Shelf.	Compartment.	Number.
8vo	Cosmo, &c.	Verona 1591	II.	7	189—192
4to	Cavendish	London 1802	I.	5	52—55
Folio	Colley	London 1760	XI.	3	1080—1082
12mo	Corneille ...	Paris 1820	X.	6	920—930

This will suffice to make it clear to you; and as I know by experience what a difficult matter the arranging of a library is, and how many are the ways of doing it, I send you this scheme, as very well suited to a small collection of books.

I could not get a sight of any of the rare books or manuscripts kept here, as the librarian was

absent. In a corner I found a very curious drawing of the procession at the great Marlborough's funeral. It is almost incredible how totally the dresses and customs have altered even since that time. The aged clerk who conducted me about, said he remembered when a boy to have seen soldiers with long bag-wigs like those in the picture.

About three quarters of a mile from the Minster, on a hill near to the town, are the romantic ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, overgrown with trees and ivy. The people here have the not very praiseworthy project of erecting a public building on the same hill: they have even begun to dig the foundation; in doing which they have come upon some most beautiful remains of the old abbey, as perfect as if executed yesterday. I saw several exquisite capitals still in the earth, and, in a neighbouring house, admirable bas-reliefs which have been deposited there while the work is going on. We crossed the river Ouse in a boat, and continued our walk along the top of the old city wall, —a picturesque but rather impracticable way. The surrounding country is very fresh and green; and the numerous gothic towers of the town give great diversity and beauty to the prospect. After a quarter of an hour's walk we reached the Micklegate, from which the old barbican has been pulled

down, but which has otherwise retained its original form. The gorgeous arms of York and England glittered upon it with knightly splendour.

In an adjoining field a Roman tomb was discovered fifteen years ago, and the owner who found it, now exhibits it in his cellar. The arch, of Roman brick, is perfectly fresh; the skeleton, lying in a stone coffin beneath, is pronounced by anatomists to be that of a young woman; and, (which is saying a good deal at the end of two thousand years,) she has still '*des beaux restes*',—splendid teeth, and a beautifully formed skull. I examined the organs carefully, and found all the most desirable qualities;—to such a degree, indeed, that I could not help regretting making her acquaintance two thousand years too late, or I should certainly have married her. A better organized cranium I shall never find—that's certain. She does not seem to have been rich, for nothing was found in her coffin but two glass bottles,—very curious things in themselves, more perfect and more like our glass than any I ever saw, except at Pompeii. It is distinguishable from ours only by its silvery shine, and exhibits no mark of having been blown, though no means have been discovered of concealing such marks in any of our uncut glass. The British Museum has offered the possessor a

large sum for these glasses. He finds it, however, more advantageous to show the curiosities himself, at a 'thaler' of our money a-head.

We returned to the Micklegate, and proceeded with still more difficulty along the crumbling wall, till, after half an hour's scrambling, we came to a beautiful ruin called Clifford's Tower. This ancient fortress plays a part in English history. On one occasion a thousand Jews were burnt alive in it,—having no Rothschild then to save them. At last, about a century ago, being used as a magazine for gunpowder, it was blown up, and has ever since been abandoned to the eating tooth of Time. But time not only destroys, but builds up; and thus as the ruins decayed, ivy, in which thousands of sparrows nestle, curled itself around them like thick tresses; and in the centre of the tower is a large nut-tree, which overtops the roofless walls. The hill or mound on which the ruin stands was constructed by the Romans; and a man who lately dug to a considerable depth in search of treasure, found almost the whole foundation of it composed of bones of men and horses. Such is the earth—the universal grave and cradle.

From ruins and death I proceeded to the living dead, who pine at the foot of the hill—the poor prisoners in the county jail. Externally their

dwelling appears a palace. The interior has a very different aspect ; and my heart ached for the poor devils who were to sit the whole winter through till March, in cells, which are clean, it is true, but chill and damp, only *on suspicion* ; with the pleasant prospect, perhaps, of being hanged at the end. If they are acquitted, they have no indemnification to expect. In the court in which the debtors were allowed to walk were two horses, a she-goat, and an ass. In all the rooms and cells I visited, I observed the greatest cleanliness and order. But the strangest peculiarity of this prison was a sort of thieves' wardrobe, arranged with real elegance, like the wardrobe of a theatre. A jailor, whose head was considerably overloaded with drink, stammered out the following explanation :

“ Here you see the wigs of the famous Granby, which disguised him so, that for ten years he could never be caught. He was hanged here in 1786.—Here is the stake with which George Nayler was knocked down two years ago on the road to Doncaster. He was hanged here last spring.—Here is Stephens's ‘ knock-down ’, with which he killed six people at once. He was hanged here likewise two years ago.—Here are the enormous iron leg-bolts, the only things that would hold Fitzpatrick. He escaped seven times

out of the strongest prisons : but these leg-bolts, which I fastened on him myself, were a little too heavy for him. (They were complete beams of iron, which a horse could hardly have dragged along.) He did not wear them long, for two months afterwards, on the first of May,—a beautiful morning 'twas,—he was sent to another world.—Here are the machines with which Cook coined false money. He was quite the gentleman—hanged in 1810.”

“Pray,” interrupted I, “what sort of a weapon is this immense wooden mallet?”

“Oh!” grinned the old fellow, “that’s innocent enough; that’s only what I break sugar with when I make negus, He, he, he!—only I put it here ready.”

The wardrobe was immediately adjoining his room, and seemed an amateur collection, which owed its rise entirely to his own taste and zeal. How various are the hobby-horses of men!

I am afraid you are already tired of this long walk, dear Julia; but you must follow me a little further; nay, you must even consent to climb from the depth to the highest height. I wished to see the whole panorama of my walk at a glance, and selected for that purpose a gothic tower of the finest proportions. It is of the most beautiful, elaborate architecture from top to bottom; and

behind the transparent tracery I had espied from a distance, with the aid of my opera-glass, ladders which extremely tempted me to mount.

After a stout walk,—in the course of which we came to another old gate, called the Nobles' Gate, which was built up fifty years ago and is now reopened to serve as a passage to the new cattle-market,—we at length reached the desired tower, a part of the oldest church in York. I had some trouble in finding the clerk, a black man, more like a coal-heaver than a servant of the Church,—but full of goodwill. I asked him if one could get up to the fine galleries at the top. "That I don't know," replied he, "for I never went up, though I have been clerk these ten years. There are only old ladders, and some are broken at the top, so that I don't think it possible." This was enough to fire my adventurous soul; and I hastened up the worst, darkest, narrowest, and most decayed winding staircase you can imagine. We soon reached the ladders; we climbed them without halting, and came to the first landing-place. But here the clerk and the 'laquais de place' hesitated to proceed. A high and certainly very frail-looking ladder, wanting many staves, led to a small square hole at the top (where, for a space of about six feet, the staves were entirely gone); through this

you reached the roof. I was determined not to go back 're infectâ', so I scrambled up, reached the edge of the opening with my hands, and swung myself up with some little difficulty. The view was indeed magnificent, and I exactly attained my chief end,—to see the noble Minster, (which is so miserably encumbered by houses below,) perfectly free in all its colossal majesty, like a line-of-battle ship among boats. The wind, however, blew so terribly around my elevated post, and all seemed in such a decaying state, that I could almost fancy the whole tower rocked in the blast. By degrees I grew uncomfortable in this continued storm. I began my descent, but found that far more difficult than the ascent, as is generally the case in such places. But one must not stay to think, if one begins to feel what the English call 'nervous'. Holding fast by my hands, therefore, I let my feet drop like feelers in search of the highest stave, and very glad was I when I found it. On my arrival at the bottom I was as black as the clerk.

Meanwhile it was the time of evening service in the Minster, where a fine organ and well-selected music in so noble a building, promised me a delightful resting-place. I hastened thither, and dreamed away a delicious half-hour under the influence of sweet sounds and melancholy; while

this vast organ,—the tyrant of music, as Heinze calls it,—rolled pealing through the immense aisles, and the sweet voices of children, like the breath of spring, lulled the awe-struck soul again to peace.

Almost in the twilight I visited the town-hall, where the Lord Mayor (only London and York have *Lord* Mayors) holds his court three times a week, and where the sessions are held every three months. It is an old and handsome gothic building. Near it are two rooms for the barristers and attorneys (*obern und untern Advocaten*). In the upper room the Lord Mayor's arms are emblazoned in modern painted glass,—for every tradesman has arms here. One can generally discover from them what is the calling of the possessor. The mottos, however, are less business-like, and seem to me to affect too noble an air.

I have now established the proper balance, that is to say, my hands are as tired of writing as my feet of walking. It is time to give the stomach some work to do. If I were Walter Scott, I would give you the bill of fare; but as it is, I don't venture. Instead of it I shall subjoin a word upon my after-dinner reading, which will be furnished again by Madame de Maintenon.

It really touched me to see how vividly the

poor woman paints the melancholy uniformity, the bitter 'gêne' of her life; and how often and heartily she longs, with a force and a sincerity that cannot be mistaken, for her dismissal from this stage, which, as she says, "worse than all others, *lasts from morning till night.*" Amidst all her power and splendour, she still seems to regard death as the most desirable of things; and indeed, after the long endless void,—after the sacrifice of every personal feeling and inclination year after year, one can imagine the mortal weariness of the spirit, longing for its release. This explains the religious mania that took possession of her, which was also characteristic of the childishness of the age. Had a woman of Madame de Maintenon's talents lived at a later period, Moliuistes and Jansenistes would hardly have succeeded in extorting a smile of contempt from her; but in her time it was otherwise. Still she is in her way a great woman, as Louis the Fourteenth is, in his, a great king,—in a little age. It was precisely because it *was* little that it formed little things,—Court, society, &c.—to far greater perfection than ours; and thence to the imaginative mind, which contemplates with pleasure the Perfect in everything, great or small, must ever present an attractive picture.

Sept. 20th.

• This morning I devoted to the gleanings, and visited the ancient church of All Saints, where I found some admirable painted glass, though in very bad preservation. There was a Virgin and Child, of a beauty and sweetness of expression of which Raphael would not have needed to be ashamed. I then went to another old church, St. Mary's, where there is a strange gateway on which a number of hieroglyphics and the signs of the zodiac are beautifully carved in stone. As I had been introduced to the Archbishop of York in London, I wrote him a note yesterday, and begged to be allowed to pay my respects to him. He returned a most polite answer, begging me to pass some days at his house. I however declined his invitation to more than a dinner, and drove to his country-house at five o'clock. I found a beautifully kept, luxuriant pleasure-ground, and stately old gothic structure in a peculiar style, which pleased me much. It was not very large, but perfectly elegant; and at the four corners of the flat roof stood four colossal eagles with outstretched wings. Instead of the heavy battlements, which have a good effect only in enormous masses, a beautiful sort of open-work ornament in stone, at once rich and light, ran round

the roof as a parapet. That the interior corresponded in magnificence with the exterior you may conclude from the ecclesiastical rank and wealth of the possessor. The venerable Archbishop, still a very hale active man, conducted me about, and showed me his kitchen-gardens and hot-houses, which are remarkably fine. They were as neat as the most elegant drawing-room,—a thing which it would be impossible to make our gardeners understand. Not a trace of disorder or dirt, of boards and tools lying about, dunghills near the paths, or the like. On the walls were the choicest fruit-trees arranged in symmetrical lines; among them currant-bushes which had attained to such a growth by the removal of all the small under-branches, that they were twelve feet high, and loaded to excess with bunches like small grapes. In the hot-houses, in which pines and grenadillas (a West-Indian fruit in the form of a little melon, and with a flavour like that of a pomegranate,) grew luxuriantly, was a different sort of vine in every window: all were thick-hung with fruit. The fruit-trees on the walls were covered with nets, and at a later season are matted, so that one may pluck ripe fruit till January. One part of the garden was full of ripe strawberries of a peculiar kind, and His Grace assured me he had them in

the open air till January. He pointed out to me the Norman cress as a new vegetable of remarkably fine flavour, and told me it might be cut in the snow.

The multitude of flowers still in blossom which edged the beds of the kitchen-garden was striking. I know that this climate is favourable to gardeners, nevertheless they must excel ours in the management of flowers.

In the pleasure-ground I saw larches not only of enormous size, but as thick in foliage as pines, and their pendent branches extending twenty feet over the turf. I heard here, for the first time, that it is thought very beneficial to trees of this tribe* to touch the moist earth with their branches, for that they draw great nourishment in that way.

A dinner worthy of an Archbishop closed this agreeable evening. I have told you that the wives of English Bishops do not share their husbands' titles. The wife of the Archbishop of York is, however, a 'Lady in her own right'; and what is more, a very agreeable woman. She has ten sons and three daughters.

Scarborough, Sept. 21st.

I forgot to tell you a droll story that was related

* *Nadelholz*: a generic word including all trees with leaves like a needle,—pine, fir, larch, &c.—TRANSL.

yesterday ; the strongest instance of 'distraction' (except that of the self-decapitating Irishman,) you ever heard. Lord Seaford said, that his uncle, the old Earl of Warwick, who was famous for fits of absence, travelled up to London one evening from Warwick Castle on important business, which he settled to his satisfaction the following day, and returned again in the night. He had hardly reached home, when he fainted. All the family were alarmed, and asked his valet if his Lord had been ill in London. "No," replied the man, "he has been very well; but I really believe that he has forgotten to eat ever since he was away." This was actually the case, and a plate of soup soon restored His Lordship to his accustomed health.

I write to you from a sea bathing place that has the reputation of being very beautiful. As yet I know nothing about it, for it was pitch dark when I arrived. In the morning I hope to enjoy the best possible view, for I am lodged in the fourth story, the house being choke-full.

On my journey I visited Castle Howard, the seat of Lord Carlisle. It is one of the English 'show places', but does not please me in the least. It was built by Vanbrugh, an architect of the time of Louis the Fourteenth, who built Blenheim in the same bad French taste. That, however,

imposes by its mass, but Castle Howard neither imposes nor pleases. The whole park, too, has something to the last degree melancholy, stiff, and desolate. On a hill is a large temple, the burial-place of the family. The coffins are placed around in cells, most of which are still empty; so that the whole looks like a bee-hive, only indeed more silent and tranquil. In the castle are some fine pictures and antiques. Among the former, the celebrated *Three Marys* of Annibal Caracci is particularly remarkable. This picture represents the dead Christ, behind whom his mother has sunk fainting; the elder Mary hastens to her with a gesture of lamentation, while Mary Magdalene throws herself despairingly on the body. The gradation from actual death to fainting, thence to the subdued grief of age, and lastly, to the living despair of youth, is given with inimitable truth. Every limb in the body of Christ appears truly dead: you see that the vital spirit has utterly quitted this form, so motionless, cold, and stiff. On the contrary, all is life and motion in the beautiful Magdalene, even to the very hair; all is the vigour and fullness of life, excited by the bitterest grief.—Opposite hangs Annibal's portrait by himself. It has very striking features, but looks more like a 'highwayman' than an

artist. You, dear Julia, would have been most attracted by a collection of drawings of the Lords and Ladies of the Court of Francis the First,—fifty or sixty portraits: they were painted memoirs. Among the antiques I was amused by a Goose of the Capitol in bronze, which you fancy you hear cackling with its outstretched wings and open bill. A picture of Henry the Eighth, by Holbein, in admirable preservation, is worth mention;—otherwise nothing particularly struck me. The well-known St. John by Domenichino is here, and given out to be an original. If I mistake not, the real one is in Germany.

The park, planted in large stiff masses, is remarkably rich in arch-ways: I passed through about seven before I reached the house. Over a muddy pond, not far from the Castle, is a stone bridge of five or six arches, and over this bridge—no passage. It is only an ‘object’; and that it may answer this description thoroughly, there is not a tree or a bush near it or before it. It seems that the whole grounds are just as they were laid out a hundred and twenty years ago. Obelisks and pyramids are as thick as hops, and every view ends with one, as a staring termination. One pyramid is, however, of use, for it is an inn.

Sept. 22nd.

If colds and consumptions are frequent in England, it is more to be attributed to the habits of the people than to the climate. They have a peculiar predilection for walks on the wet grass ; and in every public room there are open windows, so that it is hardly possible to bear the drafts. Even when they are shut the wind whistles through them ; for they are seldom substantial, and never double. The climate too, however favourable to vegetation, is dreadful for men. This morning, at nine o'clock, I rode out on a hired horse, in beautiful weather and a cloudless sky, and before I had been out an hour the most soaking rain wetted me through and through. At last I reached a village, where, in despair at not finding even a gate-way under which to take shelter, I sprang from my horse, and seeing a cottage door open, went in, and found two old women cooking something over a fire. In England, everything domestic is held so sacred and inviolable, that a man who enters a room without having cautiously announced himself and begged pardon, instantly excites alarm and displeasure. Although the cause of my intrusion ran in pretty obvious streams from my hat and clothes, I was not very cordially received by the old ladies. But what was the rage and

horror of my hostesses 'malgré elles', when my steed, whose sagacity would have done honour to Nestor himself, walked in at the door, and before anything could be done to stop him, took his station in the most quiet and decorous manner before the chimney-piece, and with a look of sly, affected stupidity, began to dry his dripping ears at the fire. I thought the women would have died of rage, and I of laughing. I had such compassion for my poor comrade in misfortune, that I did not like to turn him out by force; and so,—they scolding and storming, I trying to appease them with gentle words, and the more approved eloquence of other silver sounds,—we staid, half by force, half by entreaty, till the storm was a little over, and we were a little dried. The drying, however, was of small avail; for, at the entrance to the romantic Forge Valley, storm and rain began afresh. I surrendered myself to my fate, though wholly without defence, and consoled myself with the beauties of the surrounding spot,—a deep, narrow valley, clothed with rich wood, through which a rapid, foaming streamlet took its way. By the side of the brook was a good road. I remarked a pretty and simple way of inclosing a spring between two large blocks of stone set upright, and a third laid across. Through this

rude portal the water gushed forth, and bounded on its course.

To avoid catching cold, if possible, I took a warm salt bath as soon as I arrived, and then proceeded to the 'Sands',—that is, the part of the beach left by the tide; a very singular promenade. Saddle-horses, and carriages of all kinds, stand in numbers for hire; and you may ride for miles on the very brink of the waves, over ground like velvet. The old Castle of Scarborough on the one side, and a fine iron bridge connecting two hills on the other, increase the picturesque character of the scene. I rode by the light of the evening sun up to the Castle, from which the view is magnificent, and which is itself an imposing object.

On the highest point of the ruin is an iron machine like a kibble, which serves as a beacon. A large tar-barrel is placed in it and set on fire. It burns like a flaming torch the night through. The Castle stands on a projecting rock, which rises to the height of a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet perpendicular from the sea. Around the Castle its summit is like a bowling-green.

Sept. 23rd.

Today I rode along the sea-coast to Filey,

where there is a celebrated bridge of rocks built into the sea by the hand of Nature. The sea was blue, and covered with sails. At Filey I took a guide. We passed along many strangely-shaped rocks, and came at length to this bridge, which is in fact only a broad reef, running out about three quarters of a mile into the sea. The detached blocks were thrown about in fantastic groups, and it was necessary to take some care not to slip over their smooth-washed sides. The tide was coming in, and already covered a part of the reefs. After satisfying my curiosity I scrambled back, and took my way through a pleasant field to the nearest inn.

Flamborough Head, Sept. 24th:—Evening.

Distances are calculated quite otherwise here than with us. My respectable old mare, a hired one, brought me here very well, five German miles in two hours. As soon as I arrived, I hired another horse to ride a mile and a half (German) further, to see the light-house and cavern which render Flamborough Head remarkable. The weather was most brilliant, with a good deal of wind, so that I hoped this time to escape a wetting; but I was deceived; for I had scarcely reached the cliffs when I was regaled not only

with the ‘obligato’ drenching rain, but also with the accompaniment of a violent tempest. This, however, was an agreeable variety; for thunder and lightning beheld from beetling cliffs overhanging a foaming sea are worth encountering some inconvenience for. The custom-house officer who accompanied me, very civilly brought me an umbrella, seeing the lightness of my dress; but the storm, and the slippery and perilous path at the edge of the precipice rendered it useless. The sea has washed away the rocks in such a manner that many stand like solitary towers or columns in the waves. They looked like huge sea-spirits,—their whiteness rendered more glaring by the inky sky. There are many caverns, to which there is access at low water. It was now high-tide, however, and I was obliged to hire a fishing-boat to take me to the largest of them. Inspired by the fresh breeze, I took an oar for the first time in my life, and rowed heartily: I find the exercise so pleasant that I shall certainly take it as often as possible. The sea was so rough that I could not help thinking we were in some danger, and expressed as much to my companion. He answered me very poetically; “O Sir! do you think life is not as sweet to me as it is to you, because I am only a poor fisherman? As far as the

mouth of the cavern there is no danger, but we can't go in today.' I was therefore obliged to content myself with casting a glance into the huge arch-way, whence the foam flew up like smoke, amid the howling and bellowing of the waves. As the fisherman assured me that sea-water never gave cold, I mounted my horse, still dripping from the salt wave, and rode to the light-house. This was the more interesting to me, as I had till now but a very imperfect conception of the construction of these buildings*.

An opportunity, which has presented itself, of sending this letter safely to the Embassy, enables me to share my travels with you thus far.

I therefore close it for the present,—always with Scheherezade's condition of beginning again tomorrow.

'Sans adieu' therefore,

Your L——.

* The minute description of the arrangements of the light-house is omitted, as most English readers are acquainted with them.—TRANSL.

LETTER V.

Whitby, Sept. 25th.

DEAR JULIA,

I SLEPT rather late after my yesterday's fatigues, and did not leave Scarborough till two o'clock. The road to Whitby is very hilly, and the aspect of the country singular. As far as the eye can reach, neither tree, house, wall, nor hedge;—nothing but an endless sea of wavy hills, often of a strange regularity of form, like heaps of rubbish shot down, thickly overgrown with heather, which at a near view presents the most beautiful shades of purple and red, but at a distance sheds one uniform dingy brown over the whole landscape, promising a rich harvest to grouse-shooters. Nothing breaks the uniformity but a number of white spots moving slowly here and there—the down sheep, with their black faces and fine wool. About three miles from Whitby, as you descend from the hilly country, the scene gradually changes, and near the town becomes very romantic. Meanwhile English cleanliness and elegance sensibly diminish. Whitby is exactly like an old German town;

without 'trottoirs', equally dirty, and with as narrow streets.

Probably few strangers of any 'apparence' visit this miserable place; or whether they took me for somebody else I know not,—but so it was, that they besieged me like some strange animal, and did not let me depart without an escort of at least a hundred people, who crowded round me, very good-naturedly indeed, but rather too pressingly, and examined me from head to foot. I could not help thinking of a droll anecdote the Duke of Leeds told me. This nobleman was very affable with his tenants and people; one of them came up to him one day when he was riding, and told him he had a great favour to beg of him. The Duke asked him what it was. The man replied, after some hesitation, that he had a little boy who plagued him day and night to let him see the Duke, and that as His Grace was now close to his cottage, he would perhaps do him the great favour to let his son look at him. The Duke readily consented, and rode laughing to the cottage, where the delighted father ran in and fetched his child. The boy stood amazed, looking at the middle-aged gentleman of not very commanding exterior before him, of whose greatness and power he had heard so much; gazed at him a long time; then touched

him ; and suddenly asked, "Can you swim?" "No, my good boy," said the Duke. "Can you fly?" "No, I can't fly, neither." "Then I like father's drake better, for he can do both."

Whitby has a harbour shut in between very picturesque rocks, with a handsome granite pier stretching far into the sea, from which you have a fine view of the town. The ruins of the celebrated abbey, standing on an abrupt crag, are peculiarly beautiful. It was founded by a King of Northumberland in the sixth century, and is now the property of some private individual, who does nothing for the preservation of this sublime memorial of ancient greatness. His cattle feed among its mouldering walls, which are so choked with dirt and rubbish that I could hardly approach to see them. I alighted by the light of the young moon, and was enchanted by the romantic effect,—lofty columns, darting up into the air like the slender trunks of pines ; long rows of windows in good preservation, and many finely executed ornaments about them, still as perfect as if the wind of the first autumn now played among their ample arches. Other parts were quite altered and decayed, and many a frightful face lay scattered about, grinning at me in the moonlight. Near the abbey is a very ancient church, which is still

used, and is surrounded by hundreds of moss-grown gravestones.

I am lodged in a humble but very comfortable country inn, kept by two sisters, whose civility is of that sort which springs from real good-nature and zeal, and not from regard to self alone. As I asked for a book, they brought me the Chronicle of Whitby, which I turned over, while the wind roared as loudly without, as it does round our good castle of M——. In this Chronicle is a valuation of lands in the seventh century, in which Whitby, with its appurtenances, is rated at sixty shillings!

I find from it, that the vast and magnificent abbey has been destroyed neither by fire nor by violence, but was delivered over by more silent tyranny to the tooth of time. Henry the Eighth confiscated this with the rest, and sold it, even to the stones of the building. Fortunately, after several houses in the town had been built of the materials, an ancestor of the present possessor bought what remained, which has ever since been left 'in statu quo'.

Guisborough :—Evening.

I had written a note to Lord Mulgrave, the proprietor of a great alum-work, and of a beautiful house and park on the sea-shore, begging permission to see them. He sent me a very polite

answer, and a groom on horseback to conduct me. This aggravated the yesterday's misery; and the chief magistrate of the little town now thought fit to becompliment me by the mission of two of his colleagues, who were also secretaries of the Museum, which they proposed to show me. As it contains many very curious fossils found in this neighbourhood, I accepted their offer. Half the town was collected again, and followed us, with an 'arrière garde' of a very noisy 'jeunesse'. In the Museum I found a number of the members assembled, and a blooming company of ladies, from whose attractive faces I was continually forced to turn away my eyes to look at a crocodile or a petrified fish. The two secretaries had divided the duties between them:—one did the honours of the fish and amphibia; the other of the quadrupeds, birds, and minerals: and both were so zealous that I should see everything in their respective departments, while some dilettanti were no less eager to show me other things, that I had need of the hundred eyes of Argus to take in all. The thing which interested me the most was an Esquimaux canoe with the fishing apparatus complete, presented by Captain Parry. It is made entirely of whalebone and seal-skins, and so light that one can scarcely conceive how it can encounter the sea. It is

tolerably long; but in the centre, at its greatest breadth, scarcely a foot across; the whole is inclosed like a box, with the exception of a round hole in the middle, in which the Esquimaux sits and balances his little bark with a double oar. The petrifications of all kinds, as well of existing as of antediluvian animals and plants, are extremely numerous and fine, and the large crocodile, almost perfect, is certainly 'unique' in its kind. The gentlemen insisted on accompanying me back to my inn, whither we were attended by the usual 'cortège'. As I drove off, a dreadful hurrah resounded, and several of the children of both sexes did not quit me till they found it impossible to keep pace with the horses.

I now drove slowly along the beach, conducted by Lord Mulgrave's servant. I alighted to walk, and amused myself with picking up little stones of the most brilliant colours which covered the beach. In an hour we reached the alum-work, which lies in the most romantic situation, between the abrupt cliffs overhanging the sea. I examined it all very minutely, as you will see by the accompanying letter to the A—— D——.

I had to go back along a path which seemed fit only for goats, and of the inconveniences of which the overseer had advertised me. Some-

times it was scarcely a foot broad, and at its side rose a smooth alum rock of two hundred feet perpendicular height. Along such paths, many of which intersect the rocks, the men work, and hew away the alum ore which lies near the surface. This affords the strangest spectacle you can imagine: the men appear to hang to the wall of rock like swallows, and are often obliged to be pulled up by ropes. Below, in the valley, are large cars for carrying away the ore, which is incessantly heard clattering down the rocks. It took me two hours to see all; and I then drove to the house, where Lord Mulgrave's son (the earl himself being ill of the gout) regaled me very hospitably with an excellent luncheon, and conducted me about the park. It is indebted for its greatest beauties to Nature, to whose rocks, brooks, and wooded glens, you have access through very judiciously-cut roads, some German miles in length. From the house you look from under high oaks and beeches along a velvet turf, upon the sea, covered with a hundred sails. One of the greatest ornaments of the park is the old castle,—a ruin believed to have been originally a Roman fort, and afterwards the castle of the Saxon prince Wanda. At a later period it was given to the ancestor of the present family by King John, as a reward for the

murder of the young prince, so touchingly described by Shakspeare. The view from the old battlements is wild and picturesque. In the new castle, which was built fifty years ago in the gothic style, I was much struck with the portrait of a female ancestor of the present earl, who must have been very lovely and no less original; for she is painted in deep mourning, and yet she sits smiling at a window with this inscription in old English: "Since my husband's love was but a jest, so is my mourning but a jest."

Young Mr. Phipps told me that a strange accident occurred on a ridge of slate-rocks which run into the sea near the house.—Two girls were sitting on a cliff with their backs to the sea; a sharp fragment of the slate split off from the rock high above them, and falling with increasing velocity cut off the head of one of them, (who was earnestly talking to the other,) so clean, that it rolled to a distance on the sand, while the trunk remained unmoved. The parents are still living in the village.

Ripon, Sept. 27th.

I slept through the night very well in my carriage, breakfasted in the garden of a pretty inn, and then hastened to Studley Park, which contains the famous ruins of Fountain's Abbey, esteemed

the largest and most beautiful in England. They far exceeded my expectation, as did the park.—I must describe them to you as I saw them.

The way leads through a majestic wood, first to a steep hill, and then, at an abrupt turn, to a green valley about three or four hundred feet wide, in the centre of which is a little river broken into various natural waterfalls. On one side of the valley is a considerable chain of hills, overgrown with venerable ashes, beeches, and oaks; on the other, an abrupt wall of rock overhung with trailing plants, and also crowned with old trees. The whole end of the valley is closed by the ruins and the lofty towers of the abbey. You will easily form some conception of the vastness of these ruins, when I tell you that the buildings belonging to the abbey, when entire covered fifteen acres of ground, and that the ruins now cover four. The nave of the church, great part of the walls of which are still standing, is three hundred and fifty-one feet in length, the oriel window fifty feet high, and the tower, though partly fallen down, a hundred and sixty-six feet high. The architecture is of the best period—the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—as simple as it is grand. A gateway leads from the church to the cloister, three hundred feet long and forty-two wide; a second to

the cloister garden, which is cultivated as a flower-garden by its present possessor, and surrounded by various picturesque ruins,—the library, court and chapter-house. The vaulted ceiling of the latter, like the Römer in Marienburg, is supported by a single pillar in the centre. The groined roof of the kitchen is constructed, with consummate skill, without any support. Near it is the magnificent confectory, a hundred and eight feet long and forty-five wide:—this was, of course, the crown and glory of the abbey, which was famed for its luxury and dissoluteness. In the church are many monuments—one of Lord Mowbray in full chain armour, carved in stone; further on, several abbots; and lastly, a stone coffin, which contained the mortal remains of Harry Percy. Above it is an angel, in good preservation, and beneath it the date 1283, very distinct. At the top of the tower is a Latin inscription in gigantic gothic letters, which proclaims from on high these beautiful and appropriate words, “Glory and praise to God alone through all ages!” The whole ruin is hung with draperies of ivy and creeping plants, and majestic trees here and there wave their tops above it. The river winds by, and a few steps further on, turns the old abbey-mill, which is still in use; as if to teach the lesson, that when power

and magnificence pass away, the useful retains its modest existence. At a short distance behind the abbey stands the old dwelling of the proprietor, which was built out of the fallen stones of the ruins in the sixteenth century. This, too, is highly picturesque, though of course in a far less noble style. Its walled gardens with their high-cut yew hedges, and regular, trim flower-beds ; and the mixture of objects comparatively modern, yet now fast acquiring a claim to antiquity, give the fancy an agreeable and spacious field to expatiate in. Here are perhaps the oldest yews in England. One, which is thought to be a thousand years old, is thirty feet in circumference in the thickest part of its stem. Among the carvings in the house are those of two old knights taken from the abbey, with the inscription, probably modern, ‘*Sic transit gloria mundi.*’ The decay of Fountain’s Abbey, too, is to be attributed to the suppression of monasteries under Henry the Eighth.

Leaving the abbey, in half an hour you reach a beautiful and finely kept pleasure-ground, which is rendered peculiarly delightful by its diversity of hill and vale, noble trees, and well-placed clumps ; though rather encumbered with a multitude of old-fashioned summer-houses, temples, and worthless leaden statues. In one of these

temples, dedicated to the Gods of antiquity, stands a bust of—Nero! But these slight defects might easily be removed, while such a combination of natural beauty can rarely be met with. At the end of the deer-park stands the house of the proprietress, an elderly single lady of large fortune. I met her in the garden, and was invited by her to luncheon, which I gladly accepted, as my long walk had made me very hungry.

To return to the ruin.—Giving way to my critical vein, I must add one thing,—which is, that while too little care is bestowed upon Whitby, too much is bestowed upon this. Not a loose stone lies on the ground, which is mowed as smooth as a carpet. The old cloister garden is laid out in a too modern taste; and were this poetic structure mine, I would immediately set about creating a little more artificial wildness about it; for the whole ought to partake of that air of half-decayed grandeur which has the greatest power over the imagination.

After my return to Ripon I visited the church there—another beautiful remnant of antiquity, with a choir full of the richest carvings. There is a subterranean arched room—a sort of catacomb adorned with skulls and bones,—in which I busied myself a long while with my favourite craniologi-

cal researches. Among these human ruins was a skull so strikingly like my own, that it even struck the clerk. What may the old boy have been?—perhaps myself in another garment? Nobody could give me any account of this house of bone. There was the genuine French skull of an emigrant priest, which the clerk himself had smuggled in. He looked so polite and so talkative, that I fancied he would have said, ‘*Monsieur, j’ai l’honneur de vous présenter mes respects ; vous êtes trop poli de venir nous rendre visite. Nous avons si rarement l’occasion de causer ici !*’ It was a well-bred skull—that you saw at the first glance ; my portait, on the other hand, looked very thoughtful and silent. It would be odd enough if one thus stood over one’s own old bones.

Harrowgate, Sept. 28th.

This bathing-place is much after the fashion of ours, and more social than most of the English ones. People meet at ‘*table d’hôte*’, at tea, and at the waters, and thus easily become acquainted. The place consists of two villages, both pretty and cheerful, and situated in a beautiful fertile country. Unfortunately, the weather is now dreadful : it rains incessantly ; and the sulphureous water I

drank today has made me so ill that I cannot leave my room.

September 29th.

These waters do not agree with me at all; nevertheless, I made my way today to the World's End, a short walk here,—‘The World's End’ being only a neighbouring village, with a pretty view into—the world's beginning; for as it is round, you may make it begin and end where you will. At ‘table d’hôte’ I met about seventy other persons. Though the season is nearly over, there are still about a thousand visitors, most of them of the middle classes; for Harrowgate is not one of the fashionable watering-places, though it seems to me far more pleasant than the most fashionable Brighton.

An old General of eighty, who was my neighbour at dinner, interested me extremely. He had met with Frederic the Great, Kaunitz, the Emperor Joseph, Mirabeau, and Napoleon, on various occasions of his life, and told me many interesting particulars about them. He had likewise been Governor of Surinam and of the Isle of France; had commanded for a long time in India, and was now what we call General of Infantry, (next rank to a Field-Marshal). All this would give him a high

station with us :—here, no such thing ; and this he remarked himself. “Here,” said he, “the aristocracy is everything : without family influence, without connexion, without some person of rank by whom a man may be pushed, he may indeed attain a high rank in the army ; but, except under some very peculiar circumstances, this gives him no consideration. I am only a baronet,” added he ; “yet that empty and trifling hereditary title gives me more consideration than my long services or my high military rank ; and I am not called General,—or, as I should be with you, ‘*Euer Excellenz*’,—but Sir Charles.”

After dinner the company re-assembled to tea, which ended with a little dance.

Leeds, Oct. 1st.

I remained in Harrowgate so long, chiefly in expectation of letters from you, as I had given L—— that address. Today, then, I found one on my return from my walk : you can think the joy it gave me.

I have accompanied you in thought to Dresden, and drunk your health before the illuminated letters of your name. It is one of my strange peculiarities, that though I was four years in garrison at D——, I never saw either Pillnitz or

Moritzburg; so that your description of the latter, with the old Landvoigt, was very interesting to me.

You reproach me with liking better to write than to speak upon certain subjects. You are right on the whole. But this affair,—and indeed all sorts of petitioning,—is so contrary to my nature, that I speak awkwardly and ill, and do better if I write. Besides, failure is not so disagreeable. —But back to my journey.

The magnificent seats in England are really almost countless. One must confine oneself to the most remarkable. Ten miles from Harrowgate I found Harewood Park, a delightful residence;—fine natural wood, with glens, rocks, a copious mountain stream, the ruin of an old castle on a hill,—all situated in the richest country, and with distant views of the Cumberland mountains.

The scene was enlivened in a striking manner. Just as I drove past the house, I saw the possessor, Lord Harewood, with his pack of a hundred hounds, his red-coated huntsmen, and a number of high-mettled horses coming down a hill, on their return from a fox-hunt. I could not avoid going up to him, to explain the cause of my being here. I found a tall handsome man, of remarkably winning air, in appearance and manner young

and active, in years (which one must be assured of to believe it,) sixty-five. He received me with singular courtesy, said he had had the pleasure of seeing me several times in London, ('je n'en savais pas un mot',) and begged me to allow him to show me his park. I entreated him not to give himself the trouble, after the toils of the chase (in which men generally ride five or six German miles full gallop, and leap fifty or sixty hedges and ditches): but all my entreaties were vain; and this fine old man accompanied me, up hill and down dale, over the whole of his princely domain. What interested me most, as being new to me, was the kennel. Here I saw a hundred and fifty dogs in two perfectly clean rooms, each containing a large bed for seventy-five dogs, and each having its own inclosure in front. There was not the slightest offensive smell, nor the least dirt. In each yard was a tub with running water, and a man armed with a broom, whose whole business it is to keep the ground continually washed, for which purpose he can let the water flow over it at pleasure. The dogs are accustomed to perfect obedience, and keep their bed and room very clean. It is a great art to feed them properly; for to sustain their great exertions, they must be kept very lean, and yet their flesh ought to be as firm as iron. This was perfectly

accomplished here; and there could not be a more beautiful sight than these slender, obedient, and happy-looking animals, half of whom were just returned from the chase, and yet seemed quite unwearied. They all lay however on their huge common bed, and looked at us affectionately, wagging their tails; while the other half sprang eagerly and wildly forward, into their court. The stables too, built in a quadrangle at a little distance from the house, were very fine, and contained about thirty noble horses. My carriage had followed, and Lord Harewood now gave the postilion instructions which way to drive through the park, that I might see the most beautiful points, and then sauntered home accompanied by two great water-dogs and a jet-black spaniel. He was in fox-hunting costume,—a scarlet coat that looks like a livery.

I forgot to say that we had first made a tour through the house, which is richly and handsomely furnished, and contains family pictures by Vandyk, Reynolds, and Lawrence, the three best painters of England in their several centuries. There was one work of art in the principal apartment quite peculiar,—red curtains painted on wood, so admirably executed that Rauch himself would have been astounded at the flow of the drapery.

Though I was told what they were, I could scarcely believe it till I convinced myself by the touch, so completely deceptive was the imitation of the silken stuff. Another uncommon decoration consisted in having the ceilings of all the rooms of the same designs as the carpets; a very expensive thing, if, as I imagine, the carpets were all woven after the pattern of the ceilings.

The long drive through the park, a good league, was very delightful. The road lay at first along the lake, with a majestic view of the house, and then through the wood to the river, which forms various cascades and little lakes. The wood itself was full of variety,—now thick and almost impervious to the view; then grove-like; then open patches with a dense inclosure; or young copse from which deer were peeping out; or anon a long and narrow vista to the distant mountains.

A nobleman thus situated is a dignified representative of his class; and it is very natural that, thus favoured by nature and by fortune, he should appear kind, benevolent, respectable, and happy, like this noble Earl, whose image will always afford me as delightful and refreshing a subject of recollection, as the beautiful landscape it graces.

Very different from the impression of the day, and yet not less agreeable, was that of the evening.

I reached the great manufacturing town of Leeds just in the twilight. A transparent cloud of smoke was diffused over the whole space which it occupies, on and between several hills; a hundred red fires shot upwards into the sky, and as many towering chimneys poured forth columns of black smoke.

The huge manufactories, five stories high, in which every window was illuminated, had a grand and striking effect. Here the toiling artisan labours far into the night. And that some romantic features might not be wanting in the whirl of business and the illumination of industry, two ancient gothic churches reared their heads above the mass of houses, and the moon poured her silver light upon their towers, and seemed to damp the hard glare of the busy crowd below, with her serene majesty.

Leeds has near 120,000 inhabitants, and yet no representatives in parliament,—because it is a new town: while, as is well known, many a wretched ruined village sends two members, who are, of course, the creatures of the proprietor. Glaring and monstrous as is this nuisance, the statesmen of England have not yet dared to abate it; perhaps because they fear that any change in so complicated a piece of machinery may be a dan-

gerous operation, to which recourse should be had only in extreme necessity.

Late in the Evening.

I have adapted myself to many English customs,—among others, to cold dinners. As a change they are sometimes wholesome, and, being completely national, are almost always of excellent quality. Today my solitary table was covered with no less than the following varieties; a cold ham, an awful ‘roast beef’, a leg of mutton, a piece of roast veal, a hare pie, a partridge, three sorts of pickle, cauliflowers cooked in water, potatoes, butter, and cheese. That this would have been meat enough to feed a whole party of German burghers, ‘saute aux yeux’.

October 2nd.

The first thing I saw this morning before my windows was the refined contrivance of a grocer, who had not been satisfied with exhibiting, like most of his brethren, a number of Chinese tea-chests, mandarins and vases, but had put a piece of clockwork in his window,—a stately automaton Turk diligently grinding coffee. From hence I proceeded on my further tour. First I visited the Market-hall, a beautiful building, in which the

market is held under a glass roof; then the Cloth-hall, an immense room entirely filled with cloth of all sorts and colours; and lastly, the largest cloth manufactory of the place, which is worked by three steam-engines. Here you begin with the raw material (the sorting of the wool), and finish with the perfect cloth; so that if you took a tailor with you, you might bring your wool into the manufactory in the morning, and come out with a coat made of it in the evening. Our friend R—— actually performed this feat, and wore the coat for a long time with great predilection. The various machines are ingenious in the highest degree; but the stench and the unwholesome air, as well as the dust in many of the operations, must be very unhealthy to the poor workmen, who moreover were all of a dark blue colour. The young man who showed me the manufactory said, however, that the cotton manufactories were much more unhealthy, from the fine and subtile dust; that in them a workman seldom reached his fiftieth year, whereas here there were instances of men of sixty. The gothic churches which yesterday produced such an effect at a distance, presented nothing remarkable on a nearer inspection; and the town itself, enveloped in an

everlasting fog produced by the smoke, which never ceases day nor night, is the most disagreeable place you can imagine.

Rotherham :—Evening.

Continuing my journey, I made the first halt at Templenewsome, a house of Elizabeth's time, belonging to the Dowager Marchioness of Hertford. This edifice has a great singularity; instead of battlements, a stone gallery surrounds the roof, consisting of letters which compose a sentence from the Bible. The park is melancholy, and the furniture of the house old-fashioned, without being interesting. I found nothing remarkable in the picture-gallery, but in the other rooms there were some interesting portraits: both the Guises, the uncles of Mary of Scotland; General Monk, who is strikingly like our old friend Thielemann; and Lord Darnley (Mary's husband), to whom this castle belonged; it hangs in the room in which he was born. I had a very bad headache; for which reason, perhaps, a second park, Stainbrook, appeared to me dreary and uncomfortable, nor could I admire the pictures. The road then led me through a series of manufacturing places, which looked like burning towns and villages. Rotherham itself, where I now am, is celebrated

for its great iron-works, and I intend to see some of them tomorrow, if my illness goes off.

October 3rd.

After having walked half a German mile to the largest iron-work, I unluckily found the engine stopped, in consequence of the furnace having received some damage yesterday. I could therefore see but little, and went a mile further on to the steel-works. Here the steam-engine had just got out of order, and the operations were likewise suspended. So I wandered on again to the thread and linen manufactory; and my own astonishment, as well as that of my guide, was not small, when we perceived no signs of working here also, and heard that the great spindle had been broken in the morning. With this extraordinary 'guignon' ended my useless efforts to instruct myself for today; indeed there was no time to make any more.

Sheffield :—Evening.

I rode from Rotherham to Wentworth House, the seat of Lord Fitzwilliam, another truly regal domain, for extent, richness, and splendour; but (like many English parks) melancholy and monotonous; the immense tracts of grass, with a few scattered trees, and the tame sheep-like deer

grazing upon them, in time become intolerable. Certainly, it is a most tasteless custom to have these green deserts extend on one side up to the very houses ; it makes them look like enchanted palaces, inhabited by deer instead of men. It is the easier to give oneself up to this notion since there is seldom a human being to be seen outside the house which is usually shut up, so that you are often obliged to ring at the door for a quarter of an hour before you can get admittance, or the Lady 'Châtelaine' appears to play the cicerone, and receive her fee. Wentworth House is adorned with many valuable statues and pictures. Amongst others, a beautiful picture by Vandyk, representing the builder of the castle, Lord Strafford, just as sentence of death has been announced to him : he is holding the fatal scroll in his hand, and dictating to his secretary his last will. Another picture represents his son, a beautiful boy of sixteen, in a most becoming mourning dress,—black with rich lace, fawn-coloured boots, a tight enamelled collar, a short cloak, a rich sword, and a scarf 'en bandoulière'.

The picture of a race-horse as large as life, painted on gray linen, and placed in a niche without a frame, really deceived me ; I thought it alive. This horse won so much, that the for-

mer lord built a quadrangle of magnificent stables, the most complete I have seen in this country, with the money. In these stables, which contain also a riding-school, stand sixty beautiful and picked horses.

An excellent portrait of the vain and ambitious Cardinal Wolsey, and one of the fickle Duke of Buckingham, are very interesting. The house-keeper, pointing to the portrait of Harvey, said: "This is the man who invented the circulation of the blood." One would like to make that man's acquaintance:

In the flower-gardens I found some beautiful parts; amongst others, an inclosure made of wire-fence, running along the gay parterres, peopled with foreign birds, a clear brook flowing through it, and planted with evergreens, on which the feathered inhabitants could sport at pleasure.

Several black swans, which have already reared four young ones, were swimming on a small pond near it. They seem to be completely accustomed to this climate. I was struck by a common beech on the banks of the water, which, by early polling, had completely changed its character. It was very low, but its branches stretched out on all sides, so as to cover an immense space, and form a regular leafy tent of unequalled beauty. A fir, polled in

the same manner, had attained a beauty far greater than that of its natural growth.

I arrived in good time at Sheffield, where, from the quantity of smoke, the sun appeared shorn of his beams. I looked at the astonishing productions in cutlery; as, for instance, a knife with a hundred and eighty blades; scissars which cut perfectly and can be used, though hardly visible with the naked eye; &c. &c. In defiance of superstition, I bought you needles and scissars enough for your whole life, with some other newly-invented trifles, which I am sure will please you.

Nottingham, Oct. 4th.

I rode the whole night, and saw only from a distance, and by moonlight, Newstead Abbey, Lord Byron's birth-place and family seat, now much neglected.

Besides the gothic church (of which nearly every English town possesses one, more or less beautiful), there is not much to be seen in Nottingham; a remarkable manufactory of net excepted, where the steam-engines do all the work, and only a single man stands by the machinery to take care that nothing goes wrong.

It is most strange to see the iron monsters begin to work, as if moved by invisible hands, and

the most beautiful lace, stretched in a frame, comes slowly forth at the top, neat and finished; while the spindles, with the raw thread wound round them, keep on their perpetual motion below; the whole unaided, as I have said, by a single human hand.

It was just the time of the Fair, which had drawn together a great number of curiosities; among others, a beautiful collection of wild beasts. Two Bengal tigers, of an enormous size, were so perfectly tame, that even ladies and children were allowed to enter their cage, or the animals were let out in the riding-school where the collection was exhibited. No dog could be more gentle; but I doubt whether our police would have suffered such experiments. A remarkable animal was the horned horse, or Nyl Ghau, from the Himalaya mountains,—handsome and fleet, and in some respects very strangely formed. The beautiful wild ass of Persia, which they say is swifter and more untireable than a horse, and can live for weeks without food, was new to me. There were also here, as in the collection of animals on the Pfaueninsel near Berlin, a giant and a dwarf.

London, Oct. 6th.

Before I left Nottingham I visited the neighbouring seat of Lord Middleton, which is worth

seeing. The park offered little remarkable. There was a curious old picture—a faithful portrait of the house and gardens as they existed two hundred years ago. It is very interesting; the more so, as you see the family in the strangest dresses, with a great company and numerous attendants, walking in the garden, and as the noble owner therein represented is the same who is so often mentioned in connection with the celebrated ghost story. Every one ought to have pictures of this kind painted for his successors; the comparisons they suggest are always amusing, and sometimes instructive.

I reached St. Albans in the night, and saw the celebrated Abbey by the light of the moon and of lanterns. The clerk was quickly awakened, and conducted me thither. I first admired the exterior of the building, built by the Saxons, in the eighth century, of indestructible Roman bricks, and then entered the imposing interior. The nave of the church is doubtless one of the largest in the world; it is more than six hundred feet long. There are many beautiful stone carvings; and although little could be distinctly seen by so feeble a light, the general effect by this strange and uncertain illumination, with our dark figures

in the middle, and the sounds of the midnight bell from the tower, was most romantic and awful.

This was still more the case when we descended into the vault where, in an open leaden coffin, lies the skeleton of the Duke of Gloucester who was poisoned six hundred years ago by Cardinal Beaufort. Time has rendered it as brown and smooth as polished mahogany; and curious antiquarians have already robbed it of several bones. The clerk, who was an Irishman, seized one of the leg-bones without ceremony, and brandishing it in the air like a cudgel, he remarked that this bone had become so beautiful and hard with time, that it would make an excellent shillelah. What would the haughty Duke have said, if he could have known how his remains would be treated by such ignoble hands? The magnificent oak ceiling, more than 1000 years old, is a glorious proof of the solid architecture of those times. It is still as beautiful and perfect as if there were no cyphers after the unit. The painted windows, with the golden tomb of St. Alban, were unhappily almost entirely destroyed in Cromwell's time.

I reached London early enough to repose half the night; and my first business in the morning was to finish this letter, already swollen to a

packet. In a few hours I hope it will be on its way.

Do not be impatient therefore ; and receive this letter with the same affectionate indulgence as its numerous predecessors.

Your faithful

L—.

LETTER VI.

London, Nov. 1st, 1827.

A FRENCHMAN says; “L’illusion fut inventée pour le bonheur des mortels; elle leur fait presque autant de bien que l’espérance.” If this is true, happy man is my dole, for I am never at a loss for illusions or hopes.

Some of these have certainly been thrown to the winds by your letter; but be of good courage, there is already a fresh crop of new ones springing up as fast as mushrooms.—More of them anon.

Concerning the intolerable, sleepy President, I cannot possibly write from hence. Besides, as a dandy would say, the man is not ‘fashionable’ enough. And indeed you manage all these affairs so admirably, that it were a shame not to leave them entirely to you. This is selfishness on my part, but of a pardonable sort, since it is advantageous to us both

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During the last few days I have made a little excursion to Brighton, taking a circuitous route

back. Arundel Castle, the seat of the Duke of Norfolk, was one of the objects of my curiosity. It has some points of resemblance to Warwick, but is far inferior to it, though of equal antiquity. Here also is an artificial mound and keep, at the eastern end. The view from the top of the round ruined tower must be magnificent, but today the fog rendered it impossible to see it; indeed I could not even distinguish the terrace gardens surrounding the castle: I therefore consoled myself in the company of a dozen large tame horned-owls, which inhabit what was once the warder's room. One of them has been here these fifty years, is very amiable, and barked when he wanted anything, exactly like a dog. The English are great lovers of animals,—a taste in which I entirely sympathize. Thus, in many parks you find colonies of rooks, which hover round the house or castle in vast flights, and are in very good keeping with an ancient castle and its towering trees; though their cawing is not the most agreeable music in the world. The interior of Arundel Castle has nothing very distinguished. The numerous painted windows are modern; and among the family pictures only one struck me,—that of the accomplished Lord Surrey, put to death by Henry the Eighth, the costume of which was very singular.

The library is small, but very magnificent; wainscoted with cedar, and ornamented with beautiful carving and painting; in short, it wanted nothing but books, of which there were not more than a few hundreds.

A very large but very simple hall, called the Barons' Hall, has a great number of painted windows, the merit of which is not remarkable.

In the apartments there was a quantity of old furniture, preserved with great care to prevent its falling to pieces, in its frail condition. This fashion is now general in England. Things which we should throw away as old-fashioned and worm-eaten, here fetch high prices, and new ones are often made after the old patterns. In venerable mansions, when not destructive of convenience, they have a very good effect. In modern buildings they are ludicrous.

The old part of the castle is said to have been a Roman fort, and many Roman bricks are found in the walls. In later times it was still a place of defence, and sustained several sieges. The modern part, in the style of the ancient, was built by the predecessor of the present duke, and cost, as I was told, eight hundred thousand pounds. The same thing might certainly have been done in Germany for three hundred thousand reichs-

thalers. The garden appeared to me diversified and extensive, and the park is said to be very noble and picturesque, but the horrid weather hindered me from seeing it. In the evening I drove to Petworth, where there is another fine house. I write from the inn, where I was settled in a few minutes as if at home, for my travelling arrangements and conveniences have been greatly perfected since my residence in England.

Petworth House, Oct. 26.

Colonel C—— came to my inn early this morning, and reproached me with not driving straight to the house of his father-in-law, Lord E——, the owner of Petworth House. He pressed me so kindly to spend at least a day there, that I could not refuse. My luggage was soon transported thither, and I as quickly installed in my room. It is a fine modern palace, with a noble collection of pictures and antiques, and a large park which contains a celebrated stud. I was peculiarly struck with three of the pictures,—Henry the Eighth, a full-length, by Holbein, remarkable for the exquisite painting of the dress and ornaments, and the fresh, masterly colouring: a portrait of the immortal Newton, which is far less distinguished for its expression of intelligence, than for its pre-eminently elegant and gentlemanly air; and

one of Maurice of Orange, so like our poet Houwald, that it might pass for him. The mixture of statues and pictures which is common here, is disadvantageous to both.

Among the curiosities is a family relic,—the great sword of Harry Percy, an ancestor of Lord E——'s. The library served, as usual, as drawing-room,—a very rational and agreeable plan. It was fitted up according to your taste,—only the best modern books, in elegant bindings ; for all others there was another room upstairs.

The freedom in this house was perfect, which rendered it doubly agreeable to me. One really feels not the slightest 'gêne'. There were many guests of both sexes. The host himself is a learned and accomplished connoisseur in art, and at the same time a very conspicuous and successful man 'on the turf'. In his stud I saw a horse about thirty years old, (Whalebone,) who was obliged to be supported by several grooms when he attempted to walk, and whose foals, still unborn, fetch enormous sums. That's what I call a glorious old age. 'Au reste', the regulations of the stud are very different here from ours. With all your appetite for knowledge, however, this 'thema' might interest you little, so that I shall go on to other matters.

On the following day, arrived the Duchess of

St. A——, a woman whose ever ascending fortunes have been remarkable enough. The earliest recollections of her infancy are those of a deserted, starving, shivering child, in a solitary barn in an English village. Thence she was taken by a band of gipsies ;—quitting them, she entered a strolling company of players. By her agreeable person, high spirits, and original humour, she gained some reputation in her new profession, gradually secured patronage and friends, and lived in long and undisturbed connection with a rich banker, who at length married her, and at his death left her seventy thousand a-year. This enormous fortune afterwards promoted her to be the wife of the third English Duke, and (by a curious coincidence) the descendant of the celebrated actress Nell Gwynne, to whose charms the Duke owes his title, in the same manner as his wife has acquired hers.

She is a very good-natured woman, who is not ashamed to speak of the past,—on the contrary, alludes to it perhaps rather too much.

* * * * *

After an agreeable visit of three days, I returned hither, and now celebrate my birthday in the profoundest solitude, with closed doors. Three

fourths of my melancholy fits I may certainly ascribe to the month in which I first saw the light. May-children are far more cheerful: I never saw a hypochondriacal son of the Spring. A song called *Prognostica* once fell into my hands: I am very sorry I did not keep it; for it told a man's fortune according to the month of his birth. I only remember that those born in October were to have a melancholy temper, and that the prophecy began thus:—

“Ein Junge geboren im Monat October
Wird ein Critiker, und das ein recht grober *.”

I leave you now for a great dinner at Prince E——'s, for I will not devote the whole day to solitude; I am too superstitious for that. Adieu!

Nov. 4th.

In my quality of Chevalier de St. Louis, I was invited today to a great dinner at Prince P——'s, in commemoration of the Saint's day, or the 'jour de fête' of the King of France,—I really don't know which. After it, I went to see the *Continuation* of Don Juan at Drury Lane. 'Of course' the

* A boy born in the month of October
Will be a critic, and a right surly one.—TRANSL.

first act was laid in hell, where Don Juan immediately seduces the Furies, and at last even the devil's grandmother, for which offence he is forcibly ejected by His Satanic Majesty. Just as he reaches the picturesque shores of the fire-rolling Styx, Charon is in the act of ferrying over three female souls from London. While they are landing, Don Juan occupies the old ferryman's attention with changing a bank-note (for paper money is current in the infernal regions), seizes the moment to make off with them from the shore, and conducts them back to earth. Arrived in London, he has his usual adventures,—duels, elopements, &c.: the equestrian statue at Charing Cross invites him to tea; but his creditors carry him off to the King's Bench, whence he is delivered by marrying a rich wife, in whom he at length finds that full punishment for all his sins which hell could not afford. Madame Vestris as Don Juan is the prettiest and most seductive young fellow you can imagine, and, it is easy to see, does not want practice.

The piece amused me. Still more amusing was a new novel which I found on my table, the scene of which is laid in the year 2200,—not a very new idea, certainly.

It represents the religion of England as once

more Catholic, the government an absolute monarchy, and universal education so diffused, that learning is become the common property of the lower classes. Every artizan works upon mathematical or chemical principles. Footmen and cooks, with such names as Abelard and Heloisa, speak in the style of the *Jenaer Literaturzeitung*. On the other hand, it is the fashion among the higher classes, by way of distinguishing themselves from the 'plebs', to use the most vulgar language and expressions, and carefully to conceal any knowledge that goes beyond reading and writing. There is some wit in this idea, and perhaps it is prophetic. The habits of life of this class are also very simple. Few and homely dishes appear on all their tables, and luxury is to be met with only at those of the servants. That air-balloons are the common conveyances, and that steam governs the world, are matters of course.

A German professor, however, makes a discovery in galvanism, by which he is enabled to bring the dead to life ; and the mummy of King Cheops, recently found in a pyramid which had remained unopened, is the first person on whom this experiment is tried. How the living mummy comes to England, and how horribly he behaves there, you may read when the novel is translated into

German. ‘Au reste’, I often feel like a mummy myself,—bound hand and foot, and eagerly waiting my release.

Nov. 5th.

Such a fog covered the whole town this morning that I could not see to breakfast without candles. Going out till evening was not to be thought of. I was invited to dinner at ———; P—— was there too, to whom she generally shows great hostility, I know not why. Today, with his usual ‘étourderie’, he ruined himself for ever. The lady has, as you may remember, rather a red nose, which the malicious have ascribed to the custom with which General Pillet reproaches Englishwomen. P—— probably did not know this, and remarked that she mixed a dark liquid with her wine. In the innocence—or the wickedness—of his heart, he asked her whether she was so much of an Englishwoman as to mix her wine with Cognac. It was not till he remarked the redness diffuse itself over her whole face, and the embarrassment of those who sat near, that he was conscious of his ‘bévue’; for the innocent beverage was toast-and-water. This suggested to me the ludicrous directions given by a book of *Rules for good Behaviour*, written in our pedantic national manner. “When you go into a company,” says the author, “be sure to inform yourself accurately

beforehand concerning the persons you are likely to meet; their parentage, connections, foibles, faults, and peculiarities; so that you may not, on the one hand, say anything unknowingly which may touch a sore place, and on the other, may be able to flatter in an easy and appropriate manner."

Laughably expressed enough, and difficult to accomplish, but not a bad precept!

There was a great deal of political talk, particularly of this dashing commencement of a war, by the destruction of the Turkish fleet.

How inconsistent is the language of Englishmen on this subject! But ever since the fall of Napoleon the leading politicians do not seem to know rightly what they would be at. The miserable results of their Congresses do not satisfy even them; but yet there has appeared no original mind capable of making these meetings conduce to more important consequences; no master-will to guide them; and the fate of Europe depends no longer on its leaders, but on chance. Canning was but a transient vision; and how are his successors employed? The destruction of the fleet of an old and faithful ally, without a declaration of war, is the best proof; though, as man and Philhellene, I heartily rejoice at it.

But amid all these political abortions, this tottering and vacillating of all parts, we shall

certainly live to witness still more extraordinary things ;—perhaps combinations which have been hitherto deemed impossible. This is partly to be ascribed to Canning himself,—for his plans were not matured ; and a man of eminent genius is always detrimental to his successors when they are pygmies. The present Ministers have completely the air of wishing to lead England slowly into the pit which Canning dug for others.

Even the very storm which they have been gathering on the boundaries of Asia will perhaps burst most furiously over the centre of Europe. I hope however the God of the thunder will be with *us*. The future prospects of Prussia appear to my anticipations far higher and more glorious than any fate has yet granted her ; only let her never lose sight of her motto, “*Vorwärts.*”

On returning home I found your letter, which amused me much ; especially K——’s sallies, vainly bottled up in Paris to be let loose in S——, where they find so little success ; for indeed you are right,

“ Rien de plus triste qu’un bon mot
Qui se perd dans l’oreille d’une sot.”

And that he may experience often enough.

Oct. 29th.

As one has now time to go to the theatre, and

the best actors are playing, I devote many of my evenings to this æsthetic pastime. Last night I saw with renewed pleasure Kemble's artist-like representation of Falstaff, about which I once wrote to you. I must however mention, that his dress of white and red,—very 'recherché', though a little worn, combined with his handsome curling white hair and beard,—gave him a happy mixture of the gentleman and the droll, which in my opinion greatly heightened, and, so to say, refined the effect.

Generally speaking, the costume was excellent;—on the other hand it must be admitted to be an unpardonable destruction of all illusion, that as soon as Henry the Fourth with his splendid Court and his train of knights, brilliant in steel and gold, quit the stage, two servants in theatrical liveries, with shoes and red stockings, come on to take away the throne. I found it just as impossible to reconcile myself to hearing Lord Percy address the King, who was sitting at the back of the stage, for a quarter of an hour, during the whole of which time I never could catch sight of anything but his back. It is remarkable that the most celebrated actors here regularly affect this offensive practice; while with us they run into the contrary fault, and the 'primo amoroso' during the most

ardent declaration of love, turns his back on his mistress to ogle the audience. To hit the right medium is certainly difficult, and the stage arrangements ought to assist the actor.

Of the character of Percy, German actors generally make a sort of mad calf, who behaves both towards his wife and towards the King as if he had been bitten by a mad dog. These men don't know when to soften, and when to heighten the effects of the poet. Young understands this thoroughly, and knows perfectly how to unite the stormy vehemence of the youth with the dignity of the hero and the high bearing of the prince. He suffered the electric fire to dart in lightnings from the thunder-cloud, but not to degenerate into a pelting hail-storm. They appear to me, too, to act together here, better than on the German stage, and many of the scenic arrangements seemed to me judicious.

To give you one example:—you remember (for we once saw this play together at Berlin) the scene in which the King receives Percy's messengers. You thought it so indecorous that Falstaff should be continually pressing forward before, and up to, the King, and rudely interrupting him every moment with his jokes. The cause of

this was, that our actors think so much more of their persons than of their parts. Herr D—— feels himself ‘every inch a King’ in comparison with Herr M——; and forgets whom they severally represent at the moment. Here Shakspeare is better understood, and the scene more appropriately represented. The King stands with the ambassadors in the front of the stage; the Court is scattered in groups; and midway on one side are the Prince and Falstaff. The latter cracks his jokes, as a half-privileged buffoon; but rather addresses them in an under voice to the Prince than directly to the King: when addressed by him, he immediately assumes the respectful attitude suited to his station, and does not affect to fraternize with his sovereign as with an equal.

In this manner you can give in to the illusion of seeing a Court before you; in the other, you think yourself still in Eastcheap. The actors here live in better society, and have more tact.

Nov. 23rd.

It is curious enough that men regard that alone as a wonder which is at a distance from them, in time or space; the daily wonders near them they pass by unheeded. Yet we must be now living in

the days of the Arabian Nights, for I have seen a creature today far surpassing all the fantastic beings of that time.

Listen what are the monster's characteristics. In the first place, its food is the cheapest possible, for it eats nothing but wood or coals. When not actually at work, it requires none. It never sleeps, nor is weary; it is subject to no diseases, if well organized at first, and never refuses its work till it is become incapable by great length of service. It is equally active in all climates, and undertakes every kind of labour without a murmur. Here it is a miner, there a sailor, a cotton-spinner, a weaver, a smith, or a miller;—indeed it performs the business of each and all of them; and though a small creature, it draws ninety tons of goods, or a whole regiment of soldiers packed into carriages, with a swiftness exceeding that of the fleetest stage-coaches. At the same time it marks its own measured steps on a tablet fixed in front of it. It regulates, too, the degree of warmth necessary to its well-being: it has a strange power of oiling its inmost joints when they are stiff, and of removing at pleasure all injurious air which might find its way into its system;—but should anything become deranged in it, it immediately warns its master by the loud ringing of a bell. Lastly, it is so

docile, spite of its immense strength (nearly equal to that of six hundred horses), that a child of four years old is able in a moment to arrest its mighty labours, by the pressure of his little finger.

Would people formerly have believed that such a ministering spirit could be summoned by anything but Solomon's signet? or did ever a witch burnt for sorcery produce its equal?

Now a new wonder. Only magnetize five hundred gold pieces with a strong will to change them into such a creature, and, after a few preliminary ceremonies, you will see him established in your service. The spirit ascends in vapour, but never vanishes. He remains your lawful slave for life.—Such are the miracles of our times, which perhaps surpass many of the most extraordinary of former ages.

I spent the evening at the house of Lady C—— B——, who has just finished a new novel, called "Flirtation." I talked very frankly to her about it, for she is a clever and a good woman. * *

* * * * *

I don't know whether I told you that I lodge at the house of a dress-maker in Albemarle-street, who has collected around her a perfect garland of English, French, and Italian girls. All is decorum itself; but there are many talents among

them which can be turned to account—among others, that of a French girl, who has a genius for cooking, and has thus enabled me to entertain my kind friend L—— in my own little home. Dinner, concert (droll enough it was, for the performers were all ‘*couturières*’), a little dance for the young ladies, a great many artificial flowers, a great many lights, a very few intimate friends ;—in short, a sort of rural fête in this busy town. The poor girls were delighted, and it was almost morning before they went to bed, though the duenna kept faithful watch and ward to the last moment. I was greatly praised and thanked by all; though in their hearts they no doubt liked my young friend L—— much better.

Nov. 28th.

A great actor,—a true master of his art, certainly stands very high. What knowledge and power he must have! How much genius must he unite with corporeal grace and address!—how much creative power, with the most perfect knowledge of wearisome ‘routine’!

This evening, for the first time since my residence here, I saw Macbeth,—perhaps the most sublime and perfect of Shakspeare’s tragedies. Macready, who is lately returned from America,

played the part admirably. The passages in which he appeared to me peculiarly true and powerful, were, first, the night-scene in which he comes on the stage after the murder of Duncan, with the bloody dagger, and tells his wife that he has done the deed. He carried on the whole conversation in a low voice, as the nature of the incident requires ; —like a whisper in the dark,—yet so distinctly, and with such a fearful expression, that all the terrors of night and crime pass with the sound into the hearer's very soul. Not less excellent was the difficult part with Banquo's ghost. The fine passage—

“ What man dare, I dare.

Approach, then, like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tiger ;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, terrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence !” &c.

with great judgement he began with all the vehemence of desperation ; then, overcome by terror, dropped his voice lower and lower, till the last words were tremulous and inarticulate. Then, uttering a subdued cry of mortal horror, he suddenly cast his mantle over his face and sank back

half-lifeless on his seat. He thus produced the most appalling effect. As man, you felt tremblingly with him, that our most daring courage can oppose nothing to the terrors of another world ;—you saw no trace of the stage-hero, who troubles himself little about nature ; and, playing only to produce effect on the galleries, seeks his highest triumph in an ascending scale of noise and fury. Macready was admirable, too, in the last act ; in which conscience and fear are equally deadened and exhausted, and rigid apathy has taken the place of both ; when the last judgment breaks over the head of the sinner in three rapidly succeeding strokes,—the death of the Queen, the fulfilment of the delusive predictions of the witches, and Macduff's terrific declaration that he is not born of woman.

What had previously tortured Macbeth's spirit—had made him murmur at his condition, or struggle against the goadings of his conscience,—can now only strike him with momentary terror, like a lightning flash. He is weary of himself and of existence ; and fighting, as he says in bitter scorn, ' bear-like,' he falls at length, a great criminal—but withal a king and a hero.

Equally masterly was the combat with Macduff, in which inferior actors commonly fail ;—nothing

hurried, yet all the fire, nay, all the horror, of *the end*,—of the final rage and despair.

I shall never forget the ludicrous effect of this scene at the first performance of Spiker's translation at Berlin. Macbeth and his antagonist set upon each other in such a manner, that, without intending it, they got behind the scenes before their dialogue was at an end; whence the words "Hold—enough!" (what went before them being inaudible,) sounded as if Macbeth was run down, and had cried, (holding out his sword and deprecating any further fighting,) "Leave off—hold—enough!"

Lady Macbeth, though played by a second-rate actress,—for, alas! since the departure of Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil there is no first-rate—pleased me better in her feeble delineation of the character, than many would-be-great 'artistes' of our fatherland, whose affected manner is suited to no single character in Shakspeare.

I do not, however, entirely participate in Tieck's well-known view of this character. I would fain go still deeper into it. Scarcely any man understands how the love of a woman sees *everything* solely as it regards or affects the beloved object; and thence, for a time at least, knows virtue or vice only with relation to him.

Lady Macbeth, represented as a furious Megæra who uses her husband only as an instrument of her own ambition, is wanting in all inward truth, and, still more, in all interest. Such a woman would be incapable of that profound feeling of her own crime and misery so fearfully expressed in the sleeping scene; it is only in the presence of her husband, and in order to give *him* courage, that she always seems the stronger; that she shows neither fear nor remorse; that she jests at them in him, and seeks to deafen herself to their voice in her own heart.

She is certainly not a gentle, feminine character; but womanly love to her husband is nevertheless the leading motive of her actions.

As the poet reveals to us her secret agonies in that night-scene, so likewise does he suffer us to perceive that Macbeth had long ago betrayed to her those ambitious wishes lurking in his breast, which he had scarcely confessed to himself: and thus it is that the witches choose Macbeth as their own,—as worms and moths attack what is already diseased and decaying,—only because they find him ripe for their purpose. She knows, then, the inmost desires of his heart; *to satisfy him*, she hurries with passionate vehemence to his aid, and, with all the devoted impetuosity of a woman,

far outstrips even his thoughts. The more Macbeth falters and draws back—half acting a part with himself and with her,—the more is her zeal quickened; she represents herself, to herself and to him, more cruel, more hard-hearted than she is; and works herself up by artificial excitements, only that she may inspire him with the courage and determination necessary to accomplish his ends. To him she is ready to sacrifice not only all that stands between Macbeth and his wishes, but *herself*; the peace of her own conscience—nay, all womanly thoughts and feelings towards others; and to call the powers of darkness to aid and strengthen her.

It is only when viewed in this manner that her character appears to me dramatic, or the progress of the piece psychologically true. Viewed in the other light, we find nothing in it but a caricature—a thing impossible to Shakspeare's creative spirit, which always paints possible men, and not unnatural monsters or demons of the fancy.

And thus do they mutually urge each down the precipice; for neither, singly, would have fallen so far;—Macbeth, however, manifestly with greater selfishness; and therefore is his end, like his torment, the more painful.

It is a great advantage to the performance of

this piece when the part of Macbeth, and not that of the Lady, falls to the actor of genius. Of that I was strongly convinced to-day. If Lady Macbeth, by superiority of acting, is converted into the principal character, the whole tragedy is contemplated in a false point of view. It is something quite other than the real one, and loses the greatest part of its interest, when we see a ferocious amazon, and a hero under her slipper who suffers himself to be used as a mere tool of her projects. No,—in *him* lies the germ of the sin from the beginning; his wife does but help him: he is by no means a man of originally noble temper, who, seduced by the witches, becomes a monster;—but, as in *Romeo and Juliet* the passion of love is led from the innocent childishness of its first budding, in a mind too susceptible of its power, through all the stages of delight, to despair and death,—so in *Macbeth* the subject of the picture is self-seeking ambition fostered by powers of evil, passing from an innocence that was but apparent, and the fame of an honoured hero, to the blood-thirstiness of the tiger, and to the end of a hunted wild beast. Nevertheless, the man in whose soul the poison works is gifted with so many lofty qualities, that we can follow the struggle and the development with sympathy. What an inconceivable enjoyment

would it be to see such a work of genius represented by great actors throughout, where none were a mere subordinate ! This however could be accomplished only by spirits, as in Hofmann's ghostly representation of Don Juan.

You will perhaps find much that is incongruous in these views ; but recollect that great poets work like Nature herself. To every man they assume the garb and colour of his own mind, and thence admit of various interpretations. They are so rich, that they distribute their gifts among a thousand poor, and yet have abundance in reserve.

Many of the stage arrangements were very praiseworthy. For instance, the two murderers whom Macbeth hires to murder Banquo, are not, as on our stage, ragged ruffians,—by the side of whom the King, in his regal ornaments and the immediate vicinity of his Court, exhibits a ridiculous contrast, and who could never find access to a palace in such a dress ; but of decent appearance and behaviour,—villains, but not beggars.

The old Scottish costume is thoroughly handsome, and is probably more true to the times, certainly more picturesque, than with us. The apparition of Banquo, as well as the whole disposition of the table, was infinitely better. In this the Berlin manager made a ludicrous 'bévus'. When the

King questions the murderers concerning Banquo's death, one of them answers.

“My lord, his throat is cut.”

This was taken so literally, that a most disgusting pasteboard figure appears at table with the throat cut from ear to ear. The ascent and descent of this monster is so near akin to a puppet-show, that, with all the good-will in the world to keep one's countenance, one can hardly manage it. Here the entrance of the ghost is so cleverly concealed by the bustle of the guests taking their seats at several tables, that it is not till the King prepares to sit down that the dreadful form seated in his place, is suddenly visible to him and to the audience. Two bloody wounds deface his pale countenance (of course it is the actor himself who played Banquo), without rendering it ludicrous by nearly severing the head from the body; and when he looks up fixedly at the King from the festive tables, surrounded by the busy tumult of the guests, then nods to him, and slowly sinks into the earth, the illusion is as perfect as the effect is fearful and thrilling.

But, to be just, I must mention one ridiculous thing that occurred here. After the murder of the King, when there is a knocking at the door, Lady Macbeth says to her husband—

“Hark, more knocking !
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.”

Now ‘nightgown’ does indeed mean dressing-gown; but yet I could scarcely believe my eyes, when Macready entered in a fashionable flowered chintz dressing-gown, (perhaps the one he usually wears,) loosely thrown over his steel armour, which was seen glittering at every movement of his body, and in this curious costume drew his sword to kill the chamberlains who were sleeping near the King.

I did not observe that this struck anybody; indeed the interest was generally so slight, the noise and mischief so incessant, that it is difficult to understand how such distinguished artists can form themselves, with so brutal, indifferent, and ignorant an audience as they have almost always before them. As I told you, the English theatre is not fashionable, and is scarcely ever visited by what is called ‘good company’. The only advantage in this state of things is, that actors are not spoiled by that indulgence which is so ruinous to them in Germany.

The Freischütz was performed the same evening—after Macbeth. Weber, like Mozart, must be content to be ‘travaillé’ by Mr. Bishop, with his abridgements and additions. It is a positive afflic-

tion and misery to hear them : and not only the music, but the fable, is robbed of all its character. It is not Agatha's lover, but the successful marksman, who comes to the wolf's glen and sings Caspar's favourite song. The devil, in long red drapery, dances a regular shawl-dance before he carries off Caspar to hell, which is very pleasingly represented by cascades of fire, scarlet 'coulisses', and heaps of skeletons.

Here then the comparison with Germany is as much to our advantage as it is the contrary in tragedy. I wish however the matter were reversed.

Dec. 2nd.

I wrote you word lately, that I was better ; since that time I have been almost constantly unwell. One ought never to boast of anything, as the old women say; for, adds Walter Scott, "it is unlucky to announce things which are not yet certain." This indeed I have often experienced. As to my health, it is as unintelligible as all the rest of me.

You doubtless wonder that I remain in London in this thankless season ; but I have still friends here—besides, I have settled into this quiet life, which is only interrupted by the noise and clatter of the little troop of 'couturières' in the house ; the theatre too has begun to interest me, and the

serenity of this seclusion refreshes me after the former tumult. It is indeed so quiet and solitary, that, like the celebrated prisoner in the Bastille, I have formed a 'liaison' with a mouse,—a darling little creature, and doubtless an enchanted 'lady': when I am at work, she glides timidly out of her hole, looks at me from a distance with her little eyes twinkling like stars, becomes tamer every day; and enticed by bits of cake which I regularly deposit six inches from her residence, in the right corner of my room....At this moment she is eating one with great grace—and now she frisks about the room quite at her ease. But what do I hear? an incessant loud cry in the street! Mousey has fled in terror to her corner.

"What is the matter?" said I; "what an infernal noise!" "War is proclaimed—a second edition of *The Times* is cried about the streets." "War, with whom?" "I don't know.' This is one branch of trade among the poor devils in London: when they can contrive nothing else, they cry some 'great news', and sell an old paper to the curious for sixpence; you seize it in a hurry, you understand nothing clearly, you look at the date, and laugh at finding you have been taken in.

As is always the case when I live alone, I have unfortunately so completely turned day into night,

that I seldom breakfast before four in the afternoon, dine at ten or eleven after the play, and walk or ride in the night. It is generally not only finer but (‘*mirabile dictu*’) brighter in the night. The days are so foggy that even if there are lamps and candles you can’t see them a yard off; but in the night the gas-lights sparkle like diamonds, and the moon shines as bright as in Italy. As I galloped home last night through the wide and quiet streets, white and coal-black clouds coursed each other swiftly over her face, and afforded a singularly wild and enchanting spectacle. The air was serene and mild; for the late cold has been succeeded by almost spring weather.

Except L—— and the standing dishes at the clubs, I see few persons but Prince P——, who is accused here of great haughtiness and *brusquerie*. They likewise whisper that he is a very Blue Beard to his poor wife, and that he shut her up for six years in a solitary castle in a wood, so that at last, wearied by ill treatment, she was obliged to consent to a separation. What say you, good Julia, to this unhappy fate of your best friend?

How strangely, however, do rumours and calumnies sometimes arise! How little can we foresee the inconceivably heterogeneous consequences of human actions! What quite unexpected rocks peril

our course! Nay, in the moral as in the physical world, we often see tares arise where wheat was sown, while beautiful flowers and fragrant herbs spring out of the dunghill.

I have received your long letter, and give you my heartiest thanks for it. Do not be displeased that I so seldom answer in detail, but in some sort pay off the sum of the passages, the neglect of which you reproach me with. Be assured that not a word is lost upon me. Remember that one gives no other answer to the rose for its precious fragrance, than to inhale it with delight. To dissect it would not enhance our pleasure. 'Au reste', I regret that I have now neither the materials nor the disposition to send you such roses in return. The wall is as bare before me as a white sheet—no kind of 'ombre Chinoise' will appear upon it.

Woolmers, Dec. 11th.

Sir G—— O——, formerly English ambassador to Persia, had invited me to his country house, whither I drove this morning.

I arrived late, in darkness and rain, and was obliged to dress instantly to go to a ball at Hatfield, which Lady Salisbury gives on a certain day of the week to the neighbourhood, during the whole time of her residence in the country. The

going there is therefore received as a sort of call, and no invitations are sent. Sir G—— took his whole party, among whom was Lord Strangford, the well-known ambassador to Constantinople.

You remember that on my return from my northern excursion I saw Hatfield 'en passant'. I found the interior as imposing and respectable, from its air of antiquity, as the exterior. You enter a hall hung with banners and armour; then climb a singular staircase, with carved figures of apes, dogs, monks, &c., and reach a long and rather narrow gallery, in which the dancing was going on. The walls are of old oak 'boiserie', with curious old-fashioned silver chandeliers fixed to them. At one end of this gallery is a library, and at the other a splendid room with deep metal ornaments depending from the panels of the ceiling, and an enormously high chimney-piece surmounted by a statue of King James. The 'local' was very beautiful, but the ball dull enough, and the company rather too rural. At two o'clock all was over, and I very glad; for, weary and 'ennuyé', I longed for rest.

The next morning I delighted myself with a review of the various Persian curiosities which decorated the rooms. I was particularly struck by a splendid manuscript, with miniatures, which

excelled all the illuminations of the middle ages in Europe, and were often more correct in drawing. The subject of the book is the history of Tamerlane's family, and is said to have cost two thousand pounds in Persia. It is a present from the Shah. Doors inlaid with precious metals; sofas and carpets of curious velvet, embroidered with gold and silver; above all, a golden dish splendidly enamelled, and many finely-worked 'bijoux', show that if the Persians are behind us in many things, they surpass us in some.

The weather has cleared a little, and enticed me to a solitary walk. Noble trees, a little river, and a grove, under whose thick shade a remarkably copious spring gushes forth as if from the centre of the earth, are the chief beauties of the park. When I returned, it was two o'clock, the hour of luncheon; after which Sir Gore showed me his Arabian horses, and some of them were quickly saddled for a ride. The groom had little else to do than to jump off and on his horse to open the gates which interrupted our course every minute. This is the case in most English parks, and still more in fields, which makes riding, except on the high roads, somewhat troublesome. In the afternoon we had music. The daughter of the house and Mrs. F—— distinguished themselves as ad-

mirable pianistes. The hearers were, however, perfectly unconstrained; they went and came, talked or listened, just as they felt inclined.

When the ladies had retired to dress, Sir Gore and Lord Strangford told us many anecdotes of the East—a theme of which I never tire. Both these gentlemen are great partisans of the Turks, and Lord Strangford spoke of the Sultan as a very enlightened man. He was probably, he said, the first ambassador from any Christian power who had had several private conferences with the Grand Signior. At these a singular etiquette was observed: the Sultan received him in the garden of the Seraglio, in the dress of an officer of his body-guard, and in that character always addressed Lord Strangford with the greatest deference in the third person; Lord Strangford did not venture to let it appear that he recognised him. He declared that the Sultan was better informed about Russia than a great many European politicians, and knew perfectly well what he was undertaking*.

After dinner, at which we had some Oriental dishes, and I drank genuine Schiraz for the first time in my life, (no very pleasant wine, by the

* Judging from the results, he must have seen cause to alter his opinion.—EDITOR.

by, for it tastes of the goat-skins,) we had music again, and 'des petits jeux'. As these latter were not remarkably successful, the whole party went to bed in good time.

Dec. 12th.

I have bought a coal-black horse, a thing as wild as a roe, of my host's Arab breed; and to give him a longer trial, we rode over to pay a visit to Lady Cowper, who lives in the neighbourhood. The park and house of Pansanger are well worth seeing, especially the picture-gallery, which contains two of Raphael's early Madonnas; and a singularly fine portrait of Marshal Turenne on horseback, by Rembrandt. Lady Cowper received us in her boudoir, which led immediately into a beautiful garden, even now gay with flowers, on the other side of which are green-houses, and a dairy in the form of a temple.

Pansanger is celebrated for the largest oak in England. It is nineteen feet and a half in circumference six feet from the ground, and is at the same time very straight and lofty, though its branches reach to a great extent on all sides. We have larger oaks than this in Germany.

To reconnoitre the country still more fully, we afterwards made a second visit to Hatfield, which I viewed more accurately.

The whole house, including kitchen and wash-house, is heated by one steam-engine. The Dowager Marchioness, the most active woman in England of her age, did the honours herself, and led us about into every hole and corner. The chapel contains some admirable old painted glass,—buried in Cromwell's time, to which it is indebted for its escape when the frantic iconoclasts destroyed all the church windows. In one of the rooms was a fine portrait of Charles the Twelfth,—that 'Don Quixote en grand', who, but for Pultawa, would perhaps have become a second Alexander. In the present stables (formerly the house,) Elizabeth lived a captive during the reign of her sister Mary. The Queen ordered a very lofty pointed chimney, surmounted with an iron rod, to be built on a gable opposite to her sister's window, and caused it to be insinuated to her that this rod was destined to receive her head. So the Marchioness told us. The chimney is still standing, and is thickly overgrown with ivy; but Elizabeth, to feast on the delightful contrast in after years, when she could contemplate the threatening pinnacle with more agreeable feelings, built the new palace close to it. The house is poor in works of art, and the park rich only in large avenues of oaks and in rooks; otherwise dreary, and

without water, except a nasty green standing pool near the house.

Dec. 13th.

In my host's house is a singular picture-gallery, —a Persian one, which contains some very curious things. The portraits of the present Shah, and of his son Abbas, are the most interesting. The yellow dress of the former, covered with precious stones of every kind, and his enormous black beard, form a very characteristic picture of this Son of the Sky and of the Sun. *His* son, however, excels him in beauty of feature; but he is almost too simply dressed, and the pointed sheepskin cap is not becoming. The late Persian ambassador to England completes the trio. He was a very handsome man, and fell into European manners and customs with such ease, that the English speak of him as a perfect Lovelace. On his return home he proved himself nowise 'discret', but compromised several English ladies of rank in a shameful manner.

Some large dressed dolls gave a faithful idea of the fair sex in Persia, with long hair painted red or blue, arched and painted eyebrows, large languishing eyes of fire, pretty gauze pantaloons, and gold rings round the ankles.

Lady O—— told us many amusing details of

the Harem, which I reserve till we meet, that I may not exhaust all my resources.

Many things in Persia seem to be very agreeable, many the very reverse ; among them the scorpions and insects.

These things we are free from in our temperate climates. Let us all therefore be contented in them ; a wish which I cordially form for you and me.

Your L——.

LETTER VI.

London, Dec. 16, 1827.

DEAR JULIA,

AFTER writing some verses in the W—— album, in which Arabian steeds, Timour's magnificence, Cecil, Elizabeth, and the fair beauties of Teheran, met in agreeable confusion, I took leave of my kind hosts, and returned to London. The same evening L—— took me to a singular exhibition.

In a suburb, a good German mile from my lodging, we entered a sort of barn; dirty, with no other ceiling than the rough roof, through which the moon peeped here and there. In the middle was a boarded place, about twelve feet square, surrounded by a strong wooden breast-work: round this was a gallery filled with the lowest vulgar and with perilous-looking faces of both sexes. A ladder led up to a higher gallery, for the patrician part of the spectators, which was let out at three shillings a seat. There was a strange contrast between the 'local' and a crystal lustre hanging from one of the balks of the roof lighted with thick wax candles; as well as between the

‘fashionables’ and the populace among whom they were scattered, who—the latter I mean—were continually offering and taking bets of from twenty to fifty pounds. The subject of these was a fine terrier, the illustrious Billy, who pledged himself to the public to kill a hundred rats in ten minutes. As yet the arena was empty, and there was an anxious, fearful pause; while in the lower gallery huge pots of beer circulated from mouth to mouth, and tobacco-smoke ascended in dense clouds. At length appeared a strong man, bearing a sack looking like a sack of potatoes, but in fact containing the hundred live rats. These he set at liberty in one moment by untying the knot, scattered them about the place, and rapidly made his retreat into a corner. At a given signal Billy rushed in, and set about his murderous work with incredible fury. As soon as a rat lay lifeless, Billy’s faithful esquire picked him up and put him in the sack; among these some might be only senseless, or perhaps there might be some old practitioners who feigned themselves dead at the first bite. However, be that as it may, Billy won in nine minutes and a quarter, according to all the watches; in which time a hundred dead, or apparently dead, rats were replaced in their old quarters—the sack. This was the first act. In the

second, the heroic Billy, (who was greeted with the continual shouts of an enraptured audience,) fought with a badger. Each of the combatants had a second, who held him by the tail. Only one bite or gripe was allowed ; then they were separated, and immediately let loose again. Billy had always the best of it, and the poor badger's ears streamed with blood. In this combat, too, Billy was bound to seize the badger fast in a certain number of minutes,—I don't recollect how many. This he accomplished in brilliant style, but retired at last greatly exhausted.

The *amusements* ended with bear-baiting, in which the bear treated some dogs extremely ill, and seemed to suffer little himself. It was evident through the whole, that the managers were too chary of their animals to expose them in earnest ; I therefore, as I said, suspected from the beginning some hidden talents for representation—even in the rats.

In a few months, cock-fights will be held in the same place. I shall send you a description of them.

Dec. 21st.

There are unquestionably three natures in man,—a vegetable one, which is content merely to exist : an animal, which destroys ; and an intel-

lectual, which creates. Many are satisfied with the first, most lay claim to the second, and a few to the third. I must confess, alas ! that my life here belongs to Class I., at which I am often discontented enough : ‘ but I can’t help it.’

You have heard of the English Roscius. A new little wonder of this kind has appeared, and the maturity of his early talent is really astonishing. Master Burke (so this little fellow is called) acts at the Surrey Theatre. Though only ten years old, he played five or six very different parts, with a humour, apparent familiarity with the stage, ‘aplomb,’ volubility of utterance, accurate memory, and suppleness and power over his little person, which are perfectly amazing. What struck me the most, however, was, that in a little interlude he acted his own natural part,—a boy of ten years old,—with such uncommon truth that the genuine ‘naïveté’ of childhood he represented, could be nothing but the inspiration of genius,—it is impossible it could be the result of reflection in such a child. He began with the part of an Italian music-master, in which he displayed extraordinary mastery of the violin, and that not only in acquired dexterity, but in the good taste of his playing, and a fullness and beauty of tone seldom equalled. You perceived in his

whole performance that he was born a musician. Next followed a learned pedant ; then a rough captain of a ship ; and so on ;—every part admirably filled, and the by-play, in which so many fail, peculiarly easy, clever, and appropriate. His last character was Napoleon,—the only one in which he failed ; and this failure was exactly the thing that put the crown to my admiration. It is characteristic of true genius, that in the meagre, absurd, and foolish, it appears foolish too ; and this part was the quintessence of bad taste and stupidity. It is the same in life. Turn Lessing into a courtier, for instance, or Napoleon into a R— Lieutenant, and you will see how miserably each will fill his part.

Generally speaking, the important thing is that every man should be in his right place. If he is, some excellence will scarcely ever fail to be developed in him. Thus, for instance, my genius consists in a fancy, so to say, practically applicable ; I have nothing to do but to wind it up like a watch, not only to find myself immediately at home in every actual situation, but, employing it as a stimulus, to throw myself headlong down any conceivable precipice. If I get hurt in the fall, I can use it again as a restorative, by the unexpected discovery of some wonderful

piece of luck or other. Now is this the consequence of an accidental physical organization, or of an acquired power,—acquired perhaps through a hundred preceding generations? Had this spiritual individual whom I call *myself*, any previous existence connected with another form? and does it endure independent, or does it lose itself again in the universal Whole, after the bursting of that bubble which the eternal fermentation of the universe throws up?

Is—as many will have it—the history of the world (or what passes in time), as well as of nature (or what passes in space), predetermined through its whole course, according to the immutable laws of a guiding will? and does it end like a drama in the victory of good over evil?—or does the free power of the spirit fashion its own future, uncertain in all its incidents, and only subject to the conditions necessary to its existence?—‘That is the question!’ Meantime, thus much appears to me clear;—that, by the adoption of the former hypothesis,—turn it which way we will,—we are all, more or less, mere finely-constructed puppets: it is only according to the second, that we remain free spirits. I will not deny that there is in me an unconquerable, instinctive feeling, like the

deepest consciousness of *self*, which impels me to the latter belief. This may possibly be an inspiration of the devil ! Yet he does not lead me so far astray, as that I do not, with profound humility and gratitude, ascribe this, our mysterious being, to that great incomprehensible Creator, the object of my highest and deepest love. But forasmuch as our origin is godlike, we must live on, independently, in God. Hear what Angelus Silesius, the pious Catholic, says on this subject.

“ Soll ich mein letztes End, und ersten Anfang finden,
So muss ich mich in Gott und Gott in mir ergründen;
Und werden das, war er, ich muss ein Schein im Schein,
Ich muss ein Wort im Wort, ein Gott im Gotte seyn*.

For this very reason is the doctrine intolerable to me, that man was formerly in a more exalted and perfect state than now; but has gradually degenerated, and must labour up again, through sin and misery, till he reach his pristine perfection. How much more accordant with all the laws of nature,—how much more consistent with the character of an eternal, most high, all-pervading, all-

* I make no attempt to translate this, because the mere words would convey no idea to English readers; and I have no inclination to write, nor probably they to read, a commentary.—TRANSL.

ruling Love and Justice, is it, to imagine that the human race (which I regard as one) advances, from a beginning necessarily imperfect, onward and onward towards perfection, by its own energy; although indeed the germ of that energy be implanted by the love of the Most Highest! The golden age of mankind, says the Duke de St. Simon, very justly, is not behind, but before us. Our age might be called (rather for the will than the power) the mystic age. True mysticism is indeed rare; but it must be confessed that it is a most skilful and profitable invention of the worldly-wise, to throw a cloak of titular mysticism over absurdity itself. Behind this curtain, unhappily, lurk many things,—even that original sin which our modern mystics dwell upon so much.

Some years ago I was in a very intelligent party, though small in number,—consisting only of a lady and two gentlemen. An argument arose concerning original sin. The lady and I declared ourselves against the doctrine,—the two gentlemen, for it, though perhaps, more for the sake of letting off some intellectual fireworks than from conviction. “Yes,” said our antagonists at length, “the doctrine of original sin is doubtless true: like the new French Charter, it was the impulse towards knowledge forcing its way. With the

gratification of this impulse came evil into the world; which, however, was also necessary to our purification,—to our *own* merit,—the only thing truly meritorious.” “On this interpretation,” replied I, turning to my ally, “we may be content to admit it; for this is only our own meaning in other words,—a schooling—the necessary transition from bad to better, by the help of our own experience and acquired wisdom.” “Certainly,” added the lady; “only then you ought not to call it *hereditary sin*.*” “‘Gnädige Frau,’” answered one of our antagonists, “we will not quarrel about the name; if you like it better, we will call it *hereditary nobility* for the future.”

After all these profound and subtle reflections, I made the discovery today that the most frivolous people of the world do actually reflect on their own minds and characters. An Austrian of rank who has been here some time, did me the favour to give me the following counsels of practical philosophy, which I must record literally for the sake of their originality.

“I hold nothing to be more silly,” said he,

* The Germans do not say *original sin*, but *hereditary sin* (*Erbsünde*).—*Erbadel* (hereditary nobility) being formed exactly in the same manner, there is a sort of *jeu de mots*, which the words in use here will not represent.—TRANSL.

“than to annoy oneself about the future. Look ye,—when I came here it was just summer, and the season was over. Now another man would have been annoyed at having arrived just at such a bad time; but I thought it would pass over, and—just so—you see we ’re got to November. In the mean time Esterhazy took me into the country, where I enjoyed myself amazingly; and now there is one more month bad, and then ’twill be full again: the balls and the routs will begin,—and what can I wish better? Should not I have been a perfect fool, now, to distress myself without a cause? Am I not right? We must live in the world just like a H——, and never think too much of the future.”*

* For the curious in Austrian philosophy and philology I subjoin the original of the above, which loses, unhappily, its zest in plain English, as it would in good German.—
TRANSL.

“Nix is halt dümmer,” sagte er, “als sich um de Zukunft gräme! Schaun’s, als i hierher kam, war’s grade Sommer, und die Season schon vorbei. Nu hatt’ en Andrer sich gegrämt, grad in so schlechter Zeit herkommen zu seyn; aber i dacht, ’s wird sich schon hinziehen, und richtig, ’s hat sich bis zum November hingezogen! Unterdessen hat mich der Esterhazy ufs Land genommen, wo i mich gar herrlich amüsirt hab, und nu is noch a Monat schlecht, dann wird’s wieder full, die Bälle und die Routs gehn an, und i kann’s nie mehr besser wünschen! Wär’ i nu nich a rechter

I admit, indeed, that this practical gentleman and I are of very different natures; and doubtless many a philosopher by profession must regard my lucubrations with about as much pity as I do the Austrian's. And yet the result is, alas! the same with all: the only uncertainty is, which is the majority. Probably they who think themselves the cleverest.

Dec. 28th.

I have received the unpleasant intelligence that the vessel on board which I sent you all the seeds and flowers I had bought, has been wrecked off Heligoland, and but few of the hands saved. Friend L—— has also lost a great part of his effects. This is the only vessel that has been lost in those seas this year, and has doubtless the folly of sailing on a Friday to thank for it. You laugh; but that day has a peculiar quality, and I too have a dread of it; for in the inexplicable embodied picture of the days of the week which my fancy has involuntarily painted, that is the only one coal-black. Perhaps you'd like to know, now I am upon the subject, the colours of the others. It is a mystical sort of secret. Well

Narr gewesen, mi zu gräme ohne Noth? hab i ni recht;
Man muss in der Welt grad wie ne H—— leben und nimmer
zuviel an die Zukunft denken."

then; Sunday is yellow, Monday blue, Tuesday brown, Wednesday and Saturday brick-red, Thursday ash-gray. All these day-persons have also an extraordinary and appropriate spiritual body,—that is, transparent, without any determinate form or size.

But to return to Friday.—The American Secretary of Legation lately told me what follows.

“The superstition that Friday is an unlucky day,” said he, “is firmly rooted in the minds of our seamen to this hour. An enlightened merchant in Connecticut conceived the wish, a few years ago, to do his utmost to weaken an impression which has often very inconvenient results. He therefore had a new ship laid on the stocks on a Friday: on a Friday she was launched; he named her Friday; and by his orders she sailed on her first voyage on a Friday. Unhappily for the effect of his well-meant experiment, nothing was ever heard of vessel or crew from that day to this.”

Yesterday I received your letter.

That your jewel, as you affectionately call him, should be not only overlooked by many in the world, but with great satisfaction trodden underfoot, arises naturally enough from this,—that he is polished only on some few sides; and if one of these does not happen to strike the eye of the

passer-by, he is, 'comme de raison', regarded as a mere common pebble; and, if it happens that one of his sharp points gives pain, is trodden down as much as possible. He is valued only by here and there a connoisseur, and by the possessor,—who overvalues him.

Your description of the English family in B—— made me laugh; the originals for such portraits are common enough in the world of London. The 'tournure' of the ladies, with few exceptions, is indeed as awkward as what you have seen in B——; but long-enjoyed and boundless wealth, old historic names, and stately invincible reserve, give to the aristocratical society of England something imposing,—especially to a North-German nobleman, who is so small a personage. Do not take to heart the little disaster you tell me of. What are these but insignificant clouds, so long as the sun of the mind shines clear in our inward heaven? You should seek more amusement. Go to W——, to H——, to L——. We ought not to visit people only when we stand in need of them; if we do, they cannot believe that we love and value them, but only that we use them;—and yet could these three but see our hearts, they would learn to know and to love us better, than by words or visits. As to the park, I'm

afraid you have murdered venerable age in cold blood, like a cruel tyrant as you are. So then, limes that had seen three centuries fell unwilling martyrs to a clear view. That is certainly in the spirit of the age. Henceforward, however, I give you my instructions only to plant; plant as much as you like, but remove nothing that is there. By-and-by I shall come myself and sever the tares from the wheat.

Dec. 31st.

Don Miguel of Portugal is arrived, and I was presented to him this morning. Nobody was present but the 'corps diplomatique' and a few foreigners. The young Prince is not ill-looking, and indeed resembles Napoleon; but his manner was rather embarrassed. He wore seven stars, and seven great orders over his coat. His complexion is like the olive of his fatherland, and the expression of his countenance rather melancholy than otherwise.

Jan. 1st, 1828.

My best wishes and a hearty kiss at the beginning of a new year. Perhaps this is the good year which we have been so long expecting, like the Jews their Messiah, in vain. I ushered it in at least very cheerfully. We spent yesterday at Sir L—— M——'s, who had invited five or six

very pretty girls, and at midnight we drank a toast to the new year. L—— and I took occasion to introduce the German mode of saluting the ladies, to which, after the prescribed quantity of resistance, they consented.

Today I ate part of a Hanoverian roe (there are none in England) at Count Münster's country-house. Somebody, by way of Christmas present, fired a blunderbuss into the large window of his sitting-room at the very moment the Countess was distributing her Christmas gifts to her children*. The shot had pierced the looking-glasses like paste-board, in a hundred little holes, without breaking one of them. Fortunately the Christmas presents were placed so far from the window that the shot did not reach the spot. Nobody can guess who was the perpetrator of this horrid act.

Don Miguel's arrival makes London alive. To-night there was a soirée at the Duke of Clarence's, and tomorrow there will be a great ball at Lady K——'s. The Prince seems to be a universal favourite; and now that he is more at home here, has something very calm and gentlemanlike in

* '*Ihren Kindern den heiligen Christ bescheerte.*' The presents which it is the universal custom in Germany to make to children on a Christmas eve, are given in the name of the infant Christ;—the *Christkindchen* so dear to all German children.—TRANSL.

his 'tournure'; though it strikes me that in the back-ground, behind his great affability, lurks more than one 'arrière pensée'. Portuguese etiquette is so rigorous, that our good Marquis P—— is obliged to kneel down every morning when he first sees the Prince.

Jan. 3rd.

I pass over yesterday's fête at Prince E——'s to tell you about this evening's pantomime, which Don Miguel honoured with his presence. He was in a more awkward predicament than the late Elector of Hessen Cassel at Berlin, when, at the opening chorus of "Long life to the Amazon Queen," he got up and returned thanks.

The people here, to whom Don Miguel had been represented as a ferocious tyrant, and who saw the formidable monster appear in the shape of a pretty young fellow, have passed from aversion to fondness, and receive the Prince everywhere with enthusiasm. So it happened today in the theatre: Don Miguel immediately rose with his Portuguese and English suite, and returned thanks most courteously. Shortly after the curtain drew up, and now arose a fresh violent clapping at the beautiful scenery. Again Don Miguel rose and bowed his thanks: surprised and somewhat perplexed, the audience, however, overlooked the mistake,

and greeted him with fresh cheers. But now appeared the favourite buffoon, in the person of a great ourang-outang, with all the suppleness of Mazurier. Louder than ever resounded the enthusiastic applause ; and again Don Miguel arose and bowed his thanks. This time, however, the compliment was only answered by a hearty laugh ; and one of his English attendants, Lord M——C——, without ceremony seized the Infant by the arm and motioned to him to resume his seat. No doubt, however, Don Miguel and the favourite actor will long remain involuntarily associated in the public mind.

Jan. 6th.

We float in a sea of fêtes. Yesterday the beautiful Marchioness gave her's ; today was the admired Princess L——'s, which lasted till six o'clock. People are busied from morning till night in amusing the Prince. It is agreeable enough to be this privileged sort of person, whom the highest and the lowest, the wisest and the silliest, are all doing their utmost to please.

In the midst of this 'trouble' I received another letter from you through L——, and rejoiced in the hundred-thousandth assurance of your love, an assurance of which I shall certainly not be tired before the millionth, and shall then exclaim,

‘L’appetit vient en mangeant’! Just as little tired, it seems, are people here with these fêtes. While the dark clouds are gathering heavier and heavier around their horizon, our diplomates dance and dine, and meet the threatening storm with jests and laughter; and the great and the elevated are mingled with the vulgar and the common-place, as in Shakspeare’s faithful mirrors of life.

My own spirits are favourably excited by all this, and my mind is in a healthy and vigorous state. My masculine soul (for I have a feminine one of my own, besides yours, which belongs to me) is just now ‘du jour’; and when that is the case, I always feel more free and independent, and less sensitive to external influences. This state of mind is quite the right one for a residence here, for Englishmen are like their flints,—cold, angular, and furnished with cutting edges; but the steel succeeds in striking live sparks out of them, thus producing light by a friendly antagonism.

Generally speaking, I am too indolent, or rather, too little excited by them, to be either willing or able to act as steel to any of the individuals who surround me; but I have, at least, opposed to their pride still greater pride, and thus softened some and repulsed others. Both were just what I wished; for the craniologist said of me very truly,

that I was endowed with a strong tendency to creativeness ; and such minds can only love those which act with the same elective affinities as themselves ; or those which, in a subordinate station, are useful instruments on which to play the melodies of their own composition. All others are either opposite to, or remote from them.

Jan. 11th.

The last party given in honour of Don Miguel took place tonight at the Dutch Ambassador's, to which little incident one might hang all sorts of interesting historical reminiscences. Both Portugal and Holland, though so small in territorial extent, were once great powers. The one took the road of freedom, the other that of slavery, and yet both are become equally insignificant ; nor does their internal prosperity and happiness seem very greatly to differ. But I will leave these considerations, and substitute for them a few words in praise of the amiable Ambassadors, whose French vivacity has not yet given place to the melancholy, ponderous follies of English fashion. Her house, too, is one of the few which one may visit in an evening in the Continental fashion, uninvited, and be sure to find *conversation*. When Madame de F—— was living in Tournay before her marriage,

my beloved 'chef', the old Grand Duke of W——, lived in her parents' house for some time during the war of deliverance*, and used jestingly to call the charming daughter his favourite aide-de-camp. As I had filled that post, I had to plead a sort of comradeship, an honour I am the less disposed to forgo my claim to, as her husband is a very agreeable man, equally distinguished for the goodness of his heart and the soundness of his head.

I ate a German dinner today at Count Münster's who from time to time regales us with a wild Hanoverian. Today it was a noble boar, with that royal sauce invented by George the Fourth, of which it is written in the *Almanac des Gourmands*, 'qu'avec une telle sauce on mangérait son père.' Over and above this delicacy, we were treated with a good anecdote by Sir Walter Scott. He said he one day met an Irish beggar in the street, who asked him for sixpence; Sir Walter could not find one, and at last gave him a shilling, saying, with a laugh, "But mind now, you owe me sixpence." "Och, sure enough!" said the beggar, "and God grant you may live till I pay you."

Before I went to bed I read over your last letter

* *Befreiungskrieg*. The war against Napoleon is commonly known by that name in Germany.—TRANSL.

again. You have entered completely into my view of the character of Macbeth, and the few words you say about it and about the performance of our actors are masterly. It is strange, but true, that acting is everywhere degenerated. Surely this lies in the selfish, mechanical, unpoetical spirit of our times.

Equally true is your remark on the high society of B——; that the wit, and even the learning, which display themselves so ostentatiously there, have nothing of that good-humoured attaching character which is necessary to give to both the true social charm. The warm heart's pulse is wanting in that arid soil;—the people can't help it;—and when they hunt after Fancy, she always appears to them, as she did to Hofmann, in the form of a horrible lay-figure, or of a spectre. Your friend, who does not fare much better, was also, unhappily, born in the sand: but I think the metallic exhalations which issued from the shafts, the flaming breath of the gnomes from beneath, the dark solitude of the pine-forests above, and the whisper of the Dryads from amid their thick branches, surrounded his cradle, and shed over the poor child some foreign and beneficent influences.

The 'parforce' members of the new Parforce

hunt* made me laugh heartily. They are the best contrast to the volunteers of the Landwehr. I am myself a sincere advocate of the latter, because I love our King from my heart; and to serve him is not only a duty, but a real enjoyment, in my estimation. When I return, therefore, I shall very willingly suffer 'une douce violence', and accompany the 'parforce' hunt, were it only from respect and attachment to the elegant and amiable Prince who is the leader of it. The field horsemanship, almost forgotten among us, will thus be revived; and England daily teaches me, that habit and amusements connected with danger and hardship have a very favourable effect on the youth of a nation, and consequently on its whole character.

Jan. 14th.

I drove into the City this morning with Count B—— and a son of the celebrated Madame Tallien, to see the India House, where there are many remarkable curiosities. Among them is Tippoo Saib's dream-book, in which he daily wrote his dreams and their interpretation with his own hand,

* A *parforce jagd* is, in one word, a hunt; for *jagd*, like *chasse*, includes shooting and other field-sports; but, as will be seen, I could not leave out the *parforce* without destroying the sentence.—TRANSL.

and to which he, like Wallenstein, might mainly ascribe his fall. His armour, a part of his golden throne, and an odd sort of barrel-organ, are also preserved here. The latter is concealed in the belly of a very well-represented metal tiger, of natural colours and size. Under the tiger lies an Englishman in scarlet uniform, whom he is tearing to pieces ; and by turning the handle, the cries and moans of a man in the agonies of death, terrifically interspersed with the roaring and growling of the tiger, are imitated with great truth. This is a highly characteristic instrument, and greatly assists our judgement of that formidable foe of the English, who took the stripes of the tiger as his coat of arms, and was wont to say that he would rather live one day as a tiger going out to seek his prey, than a century as a quiet grazing sheep.

Daniel's magnificent work on the celebrated temple of Ellora, hewn in the solid rock, interested me uncommonly. The age of these majestic remains is completely unknown. It is highly curious, and in full conformity with Merkel's hypothesis, that the most ancient civilization of the earth originated with the negro races, that the statue of the deity in the sanctuary of the oldest temple of Buddha, distinctly exhibits the

peculiar features and woolly hair of a negro. A large stone from the ruins of Persepolis, entirely covered with the yet-undecyphered arrow-writing; large Chinese paintings; huge Chinese lanterns; a very large plan of the city of Calcutta, and some beautiful Persian illuminated manuscripts, are among the greatest curiosities of this collection. We then visited the warehouses, where you may buy all sorts of Indian goods uncommonly cheap, provided you ship them immediately for the Continent, in which case they pay no duty to the Government. Shawls, which with us would cost at least a hundred louis d'ors, are here to be bought in abundance for forty. The most beautiful I ever saw, and of a fineness and magnificence which would make it a most enviable possession in the eyes of our ladies, was only a hundred and fifty guineas: but shawls are not much worn in England, and are thought little of; so that nearly all these are sent abroad.

Jan. 16th.

The new steam-carriage is completed, and goes five miles in half an hour on trial in the Regent's Park. But there was something to repair every moment. I was one of the first of the curious who tried it; but found the smell of oiled iron, which makes steam-boats so unpleasant, far more

insufferable here. Stranger still is another vehicle to which I yesterday entrusted my person. It is nothing less than a carriage drawn by a kite,—and what's more, a paper kite very like those which children fly. This is the invention of a schoolmaster, who is so skilful in the guidance of his vehicle, that he can get on very fairly with a half wind, but with a completely fair one and on good road, he goes an English mile in three quarters of a minute. The sensation is very agreeable, for you glide over the little unevennesses of the road as if carried over them. The inventor proposes to traverse the African deserts in this manner, and with this view has contrived a place behind, in which a poney stands like a footman, and in case of a calm can be harnessed in ! What is to be done for forage, indeed, is not thoroughly clear, but the schoolmaster reckons upon regular trade winds in those regions. As a country diversion, the invention is, at all events, greatly to be recommended ; and I therefore send you herewith a 'brochure' announcing it, with explanatory plates, after which you can commission some amateur among your own schoolmasters to make a similar attempt.

I devoted the evening to a pantomime, the strange extravagance of which was sustained by

such admirable scenery and machinery, that you could think yourself in fairy-land, without any great effort. Such pretty nonsense is delightful. For instance, an immeasurable rushy bog in the kingdom of the Frogs, the inhabitants of which are most accurately represented by clever actors ; and a temple of glow-worms, which in wildness of fancy, and wonderful brilliancy, surpasses any Chinese firework.

Brighton, Jan. 23rd.

Fashion is a great tyrant ; and however clearly I see this, I suffer myself to be ruled by her as others are. She led me hither a few days ago, to the agreeable Miss J——, the discreet Lady L——, the charming F——, &c. &c.

I am already wearied again with balls and dinners, and have resumed my coquetry with the sea, the only poetical object in this prosaic place. I walked just now, after leaving a 'rout' at the further end of the town, for half an hour on its shore, amid the thundering and foaming of the coming tide. The stars looked down in all their brightness ; eternal repose reigned above ; and wild tumult and ceaseless agitation below ;—heaven and earth in their truest emblems. How beautiful, how beneficent, how fearful, how perturbing,

is this universe!—this universe, whose beginning and end we know not; whose extent is illimitable; before whose infinite series, on every side, even Fancy sinks to earth, veiling herself with reverential awe. Ah, my dear Julia! Love alone finds an exit from this labyrinth. Does not Göthe, too, say,

“Glücklich allein ist die Seele die liebt!”

Jan. 24th.

We have had a fine day's hunting here. The weather was remarkably clear and sunny, and at least a hundred red coats took the field. Such a sight is certainly full of interest; the many fine horses; the elegantly dressed huntsmen; fifty or sixty beautiful hounds following Reynard over stock and stone; the wild mounted troop behind; the rapid change of wood and hill and valley; the cries and shouts—it is a miniature war.

The country here is very hilly, and at one time the hounds ran up so steep and long a hill, that most of the horses were unable to follow them, and those that did, panted like the bellows of a smithy. But when we had once reached the top, the ‘*coup d'œil*’ was glorious; you looked down upon the whole, from the fox to the last straggler, all in full movement, with one glance; and besides

that, over a rich valley to the left, which extends to London, and to the right over the sea gleaming like a mirror beneath the bright sun.

The first fox we took ; the second reached Malapartus* in safety, and thus escaped his pursuers. Almost all these hunts are maintained by subscription. The pack here, for instance, consisting of eighty dogs and three huntsmen, with their nine horses, costs 1,050*l.* a-year, which is divided among five-and-twenty subscribers. Any man who has a mind may ride with them. Thus it costs each subscriber not more than forty-two pounds a-year. The shares, however, are by no means equally divided. The rich give much, the poor little, according to their means. Some give as much as two hundred a-year, some not above ten ; and I think this scheme would be a very good one to introduce into Germany, especially for poor men. The most striking thing, however, in the whole business, to German eyes, is the sight of the black-coated parsons, flying over hedge and ditch. I am told they often go to the church, ready booted and spurred, with the hunting-whip in their hands, throw on the surplice, marry, christen, or bury, with all conceivable ve-

* This refers to the ancient fable of *Reinecke Fuchs*.—
TRANSL.

locity, jump on their horses at the church-door, and off—tally-ho! They told me of a famous clerical fox-hunter, who always carried a tame fox in his pocket, that if they did not happen to find one, they might be sure of a run. The animal was so well trained that he amused the hounds for a time ; and when he was tired of running, took refuge in his inviolable retreat—which was no other than the altar of the parish church. There was a hole broken for him in the church-wall, and a comfortable bed made under the steps. This is right English religion.

Feb. 6th.

I caught a cold which brought on a violent nervous fever. This has confined me to my bed for a fortnight, and weakened me to an extraordinary degree. It has not been wholly unattended with danger ; but my physician assures me that is quite past ; therefore do not be alarmed. Strange that, in a complaint so exhausting, one should be so indifferent to the thought of death ! It appears to us only like rest and slumber ; and I fervently wish myself such a slow and gradual approach of my dissolution from the body, whenever my time comes. As one that delights in observing, I would fain, so to say, see and feel myself die, as far as that is possible ; that is, watch my own sensations

and thoughts with full possession of my faculties, and thus taste existence up to the very last moment. A sudden death appears to me something vulgar,—animal; a slow one alone, with perfect consciousness of its approach, refined, noble,—human. I hope moreover to die very tranquilly; for although I have never attained to sanctity of life, I have held fast to the Loving and the Good, and have loved mankind, though not perhaps many individual men. Thus, though not yet ripe for heaven, I wish extremely, according to my doctrine of metempsychosis, to become once more an inhabitant of this beloved earth. The planet is beautiful and interesting enough to like to rove about in it in ever-renewed human shape. But if it be ordered otherwise, I am content. From God and his universe we cannot be cut off; and it is not probable that we shall become more foolish or more wicked; but rather, wiser and better.

The sting of death to me would be the thought of your sorrow; and yet, perhaps, without the certainty of your love I could not die so happy and resigned:—it is so sweet a feeling in death, that we leave some one behind who will cherish our memory with tenderness, and in and with whom we shall still live, so long as his eyes remain open to the light. Is this selfishness?

As we are talking of dying, I must mention a melancholy incident. Do you remember a Scottish chieftain, of whom I told you during my last visit to Brighton?—a somewhat fantastic, but powerful and original Highlander. In the full pride of manly strength he has ceased to live. He was on board a steam-boat with his two daughters, and shortly before landing received such a blow on the head from one of the yards, that he fell into a fit of delirium on the spot, sprang into the sea, and swam to shore, where he soon after expired. This end has a certain kindred tragic character with the history of an ancestor he told me of with such pride, to which he traced the origin of his arms—a bloody hand on a field azure.—This is the tradition :

Two brothers who were engaged in an expedition against some Scottish island had entered into an agreement, that he who should first touch the land with flesh and blood (a Scotch expression), should remain undisputed lord of it. Approaching the shore with all the force with which they could ply their oars, they came to a part where the projecting rocks barred all nearer approach ; and both brothers, with their followers, dashed into the sea to swim to the island. As the elder saw that the younger was getting before him, he drew his short

sword, laid his left hand on a point of rock, cut it off with one stroke, took it up by the fingers and threw it bleeding, past his brother, on the shore : “ God is my witness,” cried he, “ that my flesh and blood have first touched this land.” And thus was he king of the island, which his descendants ruled for centuries with unlimited sway.

Feb. 8th.

The doctor finds me very patient—Good God ! I have been taught patience—and to be just, adversity is an admirable school for the spirit. Adversity, however, if we look deep enough, arises only from those faults in us, which are corrected by it ; and we may unconditionally affirm, that if men began and persevered in an undeviating course of reasonable and virtuous conduct, they would scarcely know suffering :—but their pleasures must then become so subtle and ethereal, that they would set but little value on anything earthly. No more dinners,—at which to get indigestions. No more fame,—which they hunt after with such delighted vanity : no more of love’s sweet and perilous risks ; no pomp or show for the sake of surpassing others : it would be at last—God forgive me for saying so !—a very humdrum life—a dead calm, under an outward show of perfection. The

essence of life, on the contrary, is motion and contrast. It would therefore be the greatest derangement and annoyance if we were all to become perfectly reasonable. But I don't think the danger very pressing.—You see my illness has not altered me : I should not have told you anything about it, but that this letter must go before I am quite recovered. You may, however, read it with perfect tranquillity of mind, and be assured that I mean to enjoy everything that a benevolent Creator has bestowed upon us, to my very last breath ; whether halfpence, or guineas ; houses of cards, or palaces ; soap-bubbles, or rank and dignities,—as time and circumstance present them ;—and at last even death itself, and whatever here or elsewhere may follow it. The severer virtues just show their beautiful roots. Thus, for instance, I really enjoy my present temperance ; I feel an ethereal lightness from it, and am more elevated than usual above all that is animal. Other *égarements* are wholly out of the question ; and all this gives me a foretaste of that purer pleasure to come—old age. For in certain things—let us but confess it frankly and freely—the wicked Frenchman is half in the right :—‘ *que c'est le vice qui nous quitte, et bien rarement nous qui quittons le vice.*’

Feb. 9th.

I never had a physician who was so kind—to the apothecary;—two doses a day. I live upon nothing else; but, as I am unhappily ill in earnest, I take what is sent me with great resignation. I miss terribly such a nurse as you are; and my dry, hard landlady, who has frequently offered her services very civilly, would be a poor substitute. Meanwhile I read a great deal, and am in very good spirits. If I were disposed to give myself up to melancholy self-tormentings, I could find negative as well as positive grounds for them. Now that I am confined to the house, the weather is uniformly most beautiful: but as I have set the hands of my spiritual watch in a quite other direction, I am on the contrary very thankful to see the bright sun daily;—very thankful that, spite of his glory and majesty, he disdains not to warm my room from early morning; to greet me all day with friendly beams, which clothe everything in a robe of gold; and in the evening, that he takes the trouble to paint the wildest pictures in the clouds that hang over the sea, deep blue, flaming amber, or purple,—for me, poor invalid! who sit wrapt up at a large window: and at length, when taking leave, shows himself in such splendour, that the remembrance of it long afterwards robs the dusky

shades of night of that gloomy impression which they are wont to leave on the spirit of the solitary and the suffering. And thus has everything two sides. There is nothing at which the fool may not fall into despair, or the wise man feel satisfaction and enjoyment.

Feb. 10th.

A letter from you always causes me the greatest delight, as you know ; but how much more in my present state ! Judge, therefore, with what delight yours was received to-day.

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F—— is very wrong to refuse what was offered to him. It were madness for a shipwrecked man, struggling with the waves and nearly exhausted, to disdain a fishing-boat which presented itself to save him, that he might wait for a three-decker. It is certainly possible that such an one is already coming round that point ; and at the moment when the boat has borne him away to some meaner destination, may heave in sight with all her canvas set. But we are not omniscient ; we must treat the chances which the concatenation of events offers us, according to probability, not to possibility.

My presents please you, then ? Now God bless

them ! Little pleasures are as good as great ones ; and we ought diligently to study the art of creating to ourselves such, far oftener than we do ; there is abundance of cheap materials for the purpose : but no superstition must intrude—like that which you express about the scissars. Good Julia, the scissars are not yet invented which can cut our love ;—they must be crab-like, and with a backward action cut away all memory of the past. Now I must scold you for another thing. To what end did I send you all that beautiful coloured ‘ blotting-paper,’ if you relapse into the horrid fashion of strewing sand on your paper, which is as unknown in England as sanded floors ? Several ounces of this ingredient in your correspondence flew in my face when I opened your letter. Will you, too, throw dust* in my eyes, dear Julia ? and has Jeremiah brought you a new serious sand-box for the purpose from B—— ?

I am very industrious, and employ my leisure in putting in order several volumes of my life-atlas. The whole day long I arrange, cut, write, (for you know there’s a commentary to every picture)—in short all that a poor sick man can do to pass

* The Germans say, “ *Sand in die Augen streuen*,” to scatter sand (not dust) in the eyes. Here, as in so many other cases, difference of idiom destroys a ‘ jeu de mots.’—TRANSL.

time. Behold, with your mind's eye, twenty folio volumes of the classic work standing in our library, and ourselves, grown old and bowed, sitting before them, rather doating, but still triumphing in the glorious old times. Young shot-up things are laughing by stealth behind our backs; flying out and in; and when one of them, asks "What are the old people about?" another answers, "O! they are sitting poring over their picture-bible, and have no eyes nor ears for anything else." Now this is what I should like to live to see, and it always seems to me as if it must come to this. What lies between, however—that indeed God only knows.

Bellows now cut a great figure in the newspapers. An ass, poisoned by way of experiment, was restored to life by continual blowing into his lungs; and the Houses of Parliament are going to be furnished with pure air during the whole session by means of a great pair of bellows. As an infallible remedy against suffocation, nothing more is necessary than to hold the patient by the nose, and blow common atmospheric air into his lungs, with the bellows out of the chimney corner. There will therefore be a greater number of puffed-up people in England now than ever.

Feb. 12th.

My illness has hindered me from going to Scotland, for which I had prepared everything, and received many invitations ; and now the expected arrival of W—— and the beginning of the season will keep me in London. Today for the first time my doctor let me go out : and I took my way to Stranmore Park, which is at no great distance, that I might enjoy fresh air and the pleasure of a romantic walk. I was, however, not permitted to enter the garden, though I sent in my card. We are more liberal, indeed,—but this stern repulsiveness has its advantages :—it gives more value both to the thing itself, and to the permission to see it, when you do obtain it. ‘A`propos’, this reminds me of your new steward. It is desirable for us to keep him; nevertheless I beg you to behave to him a little as the lady of Stranmore did to me. Don’t be too ‘*empresée*’ in your kindness ; that, if he deserves it, you may leave yourself the power of increasing it. Be kind, but with dignity ; always shading off the superior station which you must necessarily maintain with regard to him. Don’t try to attach him by indulgence or over-civil behaviour, but by confidence, which does him honour ; and also by substantial advantages, which in the end never fail to have their effect upon people, let

them say, or even think, as they will. But you must address yourself no less to his ambition: keep it always awake by discreet concessions, by gratitude for proofs of zeal, and no less by gentle reproof whenever you think it necessary; that he may see you have a *judgement*. As an honourable man, he will then not fail to conduct our affairs with the same interest as if they were his own. Lastly, take care not to fatigue him, in his province of supervision, with details: don't attempt to exercise control over him in every trifle, and keep vigilant watch to support his authority over those under him, no less than your own over himself;—in those cases only where you see reason to fear that something important is amiss, do not delay an instant to require a full explanation. In very weighty cases that admit of delay, you will of course consult me. Herewith does Polonius conclude his exhortations.

Feb. 15th.

The short flight was premature, for it did not agree with me. The charming weather, too, is become horrible. A snow-storm now flogs the sea under my windows, so that it foams and roars again for rage, and its billows dash over the high pier up to the houses.

In the midst of this thunder I yesterday began

to write my memoirs, and finished eight sheets, which I send you herewith.

I have also taken advantage of this time to go through Lesage's historical Atlas again; and I cannot say that during my whole illness I ever felt a moment's ennui. Indeed the perfect repose and passionless calm of such a period refreshes my soul. My body will soon be restored also; and then, as soon as the sky clears a little, I think to return once more to the haunts of men. A——*, to whom I sent your letter, desires her best love to you. From her great intimacy with the future Queen, she is treated quite like a 'Princesse du Sang'. She begins to feel her own importance a little; her former shy, timid 'tournure' is altered much to her advantage, and she has learned to assume a certain air without losing her affability. The sun of fortune and favour changes a human being, as the sun of heaven does a plant which faded in darkness, and now raises its drooping head in his bright beams, and penetrated by the genial warmth opens fragrant blossoms to the light. We, dear Julia, still lie in the cellar, like

* Adelaide, Princess Carolath, born Countess von Pappenheim; daughter of the Noble Lady to whom these Letters are addressed, by the Bavarian General-of-division Count von Pappenheim, and mentioned in a former part of the work under the name of Emily.—TRANSL.

hyacinth roots; but the gardener can place us in a more favourable soil and brighter sun in the spring—if it please him.

Feb. 20th.

I have been out—and behold everything is become strange wherever I went. My acquaintances were almost all gone, and in the houses and promenades new faces met me. The bare country alone I found in its former state, except that the green fields were manured—with oyster-shells. Miss ——, a not very young, but rich and ‘agreeable’ lady, told me that the papers here had spoken of me as lying at the point of death, while the London ‘Morning Post’ introduced me as dancing at Almack’s, which certainly looks rather spectral. This good-natured Miss —— is still full of acknowledgements for a ticket I once got her for Almack’s, and played and sang her thanks to me rather more than the weak state of my nerves could bear. I took my leave, but soon fell into the hands of two other Philomels who are also belated here.

As soon as my strength is quite restored I shall return to London, and can now, with a good conscience, and without fear of causing you anxiety, dispatch this long letter.

The short meaning of many words is ever the same—the hearty love of

Your L——.

LETTER VIII.

London, Feb. 28th, 1828.

I MUST go back to mention to you an acquaintance I made at Brighton, which in one point of view is interesting. You have no doubt heard that an ancestor of the Thelluson family made a will, according to which his property was to accumulate for a hundred and fifty years, interest upon interest, and the then existing young Thelluson to come into possession of the whole. In twenty years this term will expire; and I saw the present Mr. Thelluson, a man of forty, who has very little; and his son, a pretty boy of eight, who is probably destined in his twenty-eighth year to be master of twelve millions sterling,—ninety-four millions of our money. An Act of Parliament has prohibited all such wills for the future; but could not invalidate this, though great efforts were made to do so. So enormous a fortune certainly invests a private man with a very unnatural degree of power. However, I could not help heartily wishing good luck to the little fellow, with his splendid hopes. There is really something

grand in having such enormous wealth; for it cannot be denied that money is the representative of most things in the world. What marvellous objects might be attained by such a fortune well applied!

Next to this young Cræsus ‘in spe,’ I was interested by a man of very original character, Colonel C——, who was here some days. Lady M—— directed my attention to him, and told me as follows: “When I was young, the elegant middle-aged man you see there, was one of the most admired beaux of the metropolis. After he had run through all his fortune, with the exception of a few thousand pounds, chance one day led him before a map of America, and the thought suddenly struck him that he would go there and turn backwoodsman. He examined the map, and fixed on a solitary spot on Lake Erie, sold all his effects the same week, married his servant to a pretty young girl, embarked with them, and arrived in safety at the spot he had chosen in the primeval woods, where he lived for a few days by hunting, and slept under the leafy canopy: with the help of some backwoodsmen he soon built a log-house, which he still inhabits. He acquired a considerable influence over the settlers scattered around him, which he employed in encouraging them to their joint

labours, and rendered peculiarly agreeable to them by playing the part of cook, and preparing palatable food instead of the half-raw meat they used to eat. He sees an increasing and attached population spring up around him, is proprietor of a little principality in extent, calculates his income at ten thousand a year, and comes regularly every tenth year, for 'one season,' to England, where he lives, as formerly, with all the 'aisance' of a fashionable man of the world, and then returns to his woods.

My first visit in the metropolis was to Countess M——, who, '*malgré ses quarantes ans*', has added another child to her dozen during my absence. I dined there, and admired a beautiful present of plate from the King, the workmanship of which is finer here than anywhere, so that the cost of the labour is often ten times that of the metal. At dinner the Count told a curious anecdote, characteristic of the administration of justice in this country.

"A man whom I know," said he, "had his pocket-handkerchief stolen in the street. He seized the thief, and, being the stronger, held him fast, though not without receiving several violent blows; and at length gave him into the charge of a police officer who came up. The transaction

was perfectly clear, and passed in the presence of many witnesses ; and the delinquent, if prosecuted, would have been transported. His wife went to the gentleman, begged for mercy on her knees : the thief himself, who was not an uneducated man, wrote the most moving letters,—and who will wonder that he at length found pity ? On the appointed day the prosecutor staid away, and the criminal was accordingly acquitted.

“The gentleman paid dearly enough for his ill-timed compassion. A fortnight after this transaction, he was prosecuted, by the very man who picked his pocket, for an assault, which was proved on the testimony of several witnesses. The defendant replied, that it was certainly true that he had seized the man, but that he had done so only because he had caught him in the act of picking his pocket. But as the criminal had already been acquitted of this, and no man can be twice tried for the same offence, no notice was taken of the justification. In short, it cost the too generous sufferer about a hundred pounds, which he had to pay partly to the man who robbed him, and partly to the Court.” The whole company thought this sort of justice monstrous ; but an old Englishman defended it with great warmth and pertinacity. “I think,” exclaimed he earnestly, “that the incident

just related, exactly goes to illustrate the wisdom of our laws in the most striking manner. All laws and judicial authorities are instituted solely for the purpose of preventing crime. This is also the sole end of punishment. The receiver of stolen goods is therefore, in the eye of the law, nearly as guilty as the thief; and he who knowingly tries to rescue a criminal from the grasp of the law, is almost as pernicious to the community as the criminal himself. That man who, perhaps, began his career of crime with the stealing of this pocket-handkerchief, and therefore ought to have been withdrawn from society for penitence and amendment, now, emboldened by success, is probably planning a larger theft,—perhaps a murder. Who ought to bear the blame? This very gentleman,—who has been deservedly punished for his illegal pity. He who thrusts his hand uncalled for and inconsiderately between the wheels of a useful machine, must not wonder if he breaks his fingers.’’

The English are, it must be confessed, most skilful sophists, whenever their usages are called in question. The most distinguished man among them, however, Brougham, lately made a speech of six hours long, which treated entirely of the defects and abuses of English law. The most

stupendous of these seemed to be, that there is now in 'the Court of Chancery' the enormous sum of fifty millions sterling, which has no actual determined owner. A suit in this Court is become proverbial for something interminable; and there is a very diverting caricature, which bears the inscription, 'A Chancery Suit'. At first a young man handsomely dressed, and in high blooming health, fills the hat of a starved skeleton of a lawyer with guineas, by way of retaining fee. A long, long procession of men and things follows; and at last we see the young man as a ragged broken-down beggar, asking alms of the lawyer, now grown as fat as a tun, which the latter scornfully refuses. 'Hélas, c'est encore tout comme chez nous,' only in more corpulent proportions.

On many things, however, which appear to foreigners most exasperating, they ought to take care not to form too hasty a judgement, since abuses and even obvious original defects are often only the inevitable shadows of a far greater light:—as, for instance, bribery at elections,—perhaps even the 'rotten boroughs', and the acknowledged dependence of a considerable portion of the members of parliament on Government, by means of 'patronage,' and so forth. It seems to be quite a question whether any Ministry could stand with-

out these means, apparently so pernicious. It is, however, something gained, that a Government should not have that conceded in theory (as it is in despotic states) which nevertheless, perhaps, they cannot quite dispense with in practice ;—as the preacher's life never quite comes up to his doctrine. We must not forget that an approach to perfection is all that can be expected from human things ; and therefore reformers ought carefully to keep in mind '*que le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*'. Nevertheless, I think I see many indications that England is advancing towards a reform ; and indeed, that it is, from various causes, quite inevitable. Whether it will end advantageously for her, or not, is another question. Perhaps the very necessity is a proof that she has outlived her highest greatness, and is already declining.

In the evening I visited the Adelphi Theatre, where a juggler exhibited his feats of art in a very new manner, under the title of '*Conversazioni*'. He stood surrounded by various tables and machines on the stage, and began with a history of his journey in the Diligence : into this he introduced various characters and anecdotes, sang songs, and interspersed his narrative with tricks, or optical deceptions, or phantasmagoria, as appropriate incidents,—a good idea enough,

which increases the interest of such exhibitions. His dexterity and certainty as a juggler were moreover as remarkable as his good dramatic acting and his memory. He concluded with playing on the musical glasses ; not only in the harmonica style, but waltzes and the like ; and even introduced long shakes, which he executed admirably.

March 9th.

The season already asserts its prerogative. The streets swarm with elegant equipages ; the shops spread forth fresh treasures ; all the houses are full, and all prices raised doubly and trebly. Mr. Peel the Minister gave a brilliant soirée this evening to the Duchess of Clarence. His house is decorated with many fine pictures, among which is Rubens' famous 'Chapeau de paille.' Mr. Peel gave fifteen thousand reichsthalers for this picture—a half-length.

I went with Prince E—— yesterday to see the small private collection of a clergyman (Mr. Carr), which consists of not above thirty pictures, has cost him twenty thousand pounds, and is quite worth it. There are as many master-pieces as pictures,—the only true sort of collection for a private man, who does not use his gallery for instruction in the art, but for enjoyment.

Here is a Garoffolo, of such unearthly transparency and brightness, of so holy and deep a poetry, that you think you behold a picture of Eden, not of this earth ; and a large Claude, also of the highest order of beauty, in which the smallness of the means employed are as wonderful as the extraordinary effects produced. In an adjoining room were some beautiful landscapes by Domenichino and Annibal Caracci. The richness of composition, the deepness and freshness of invention, were adorned with such a fantastic charm and such variety of details, that I could have lost myself all day long in these strange regions, with their broad watery mirrors ; their islands, groves and pretty huts ; their deep blue mountains, and forests of spectral darkness. In a third room you reach the crown of the whole collection, a picture by Leonardo da Vinci, in which he has represented, in the three persons of the Saviour, Peter and John, the Ideal of youth, manhood, and old age ; all of a beauty, truth and perfection, which leaves nothing to desire. It is the only head of Christ, of all I ever saw, which fully satisfies me : it is as strikingly expressive of grandeur and force of mind, as of purity and meekness ; while at the same time it unites this speaking expression with perfect ideal beauty. The

grouping of the whole, too, is so satisfactory to the eye; the colouring so brilliant and so fresh; the execution, down to the smallest details, so masterly, —that one feels a fullness of delight such as few works of art bestow*. But nothing remains of the exquisite pleasure of contemplating such a work, save a cold dissection of it by words. I will therefore quit the subject; only I wish to make connoisseurs better acquainted with this choice collection.

There is an exhibition of battles by General Lejeune, which he first fought, and then painted. They show great talent and power. In the battle of the Moskwa, the theatrical Murat and his suite form the principal group; he, streaming with feathers, ringlets, fringe, and embroidery,—standing, with his self-satisfied air, under a fire of musketry: he is in the act of giving the order to the French and Saxon cuirassiers for that murderous attack, and the storming of a battery of forty guns, which cost so many their lives, and among them my beloved friend H——. The

* A learned antiquarian once told me that the old painters generally painted on a ground of chalk, and used preparations for fixing their colours, whence they are so permanent, fresh, and brilliant. Strange that people don't give themselves the trouble to try this experiment!

King is just about to put himself at the head of them. Who could then have predicted that he would so soon be ignominiously beaten by a mob, and shot as a criminal?

Deeply affecting, though too horrible for art, is the figure of an Austrian staff-officer at the battle of Marengo, who has been shot through the belly, so that the bowels are lying on the ground. The unfortunate wretch, to escape from his insufferable torture, has entreated a French 'gens d'arme' to lend him his pistol, which he is putting to his mouth with a look of despair, while the owner of the weapon turns away shuddering.

In another picture is the onslaught of a party of Spanish guerillas on a French detachment. You see a most romantic pass in the mountains of Catalonia, remarkable for four stone oxen, the erection of which is ascribed to Hannibal. At their feet lie two or three skeletons of French cuirassiers, still in full armour. Not a soul escaped this slaughter except General Lejeune himself, and this only by a half-miracle;—three of the guns aimed at him missed, which the Empecinado superstitiously took for a warning, and commanded the men not to fire at him again. You see General Lejeune stripped naked; one murderer has caught him by the hair, another is

treading on his body, and the arms of the others are pointed against him ; while his servants and a soldier, pierced through and through by pikes and swords, breathe their last at his side.

The battle of the Nile,—where the Mamelukes, in half-frantic flight, spur their noble Arabian horses from a high hill down into the river, whence but a few reach the opposite bank,—has also a very romantic effect.

March 13th.

I forgot to tell you that about a fortnight ago the elegant little Brunswick Theatre, scarcely finished, fell in during the rehearsal of a new piece, and destroyed a great many lives. I went to look at the ruins yesterday ; the carcasses of two cart-horses, which had been crushed in the street, were still lying under the rubbish. It was a fearful sight. Only one single box remained standing ; in this, Farren the actor saved himself, by his coolness in not stirring from the spot. Thence he saw the whole horrible catastrophe, —only too real and unexpected a tragedy.

In the whirl of the season it's all forgotten. Yet this tumultuous life furnishes far less stuff for thought than might be imagined ; and what it does furnish, is soon forgotten in the confusion.

A family dinner at the great R——'s, who has been likened to the Sultan, because the one is the Ruler of all Believers, and the other the Believer in all Rulers, occurred as a variety. This man has really something very original about him. He was peculiarly merry today; ordered the servant to bring his new Austrian consular uniform, which "his friend M——ch," as he said, had sent him from Vienna; showed it to us, and even suffered himself to be persuaded to try it on before the looking-glass, and to walk about in it. And, as virtuosi when they have once begun never know when to stop, he now sent for other magnificent Court dresses, and changed his toilette several times, as if he had been on the stage;—and that with such child-like good-nature and naïveté, that I could only compare such a golden hero with Henry the Fourth, found by the foreign ambassadors acting as horse to his little son.

It was, 'au reste', rather droll to see how this otherwise serious tradesman-like man tried to assume the various bendings and bowings, and the light and gracious air, of a courtier; and, not in the least disconcerted by our laughing, assured us, with as much confidence as joviality, that

N—— M—— R——, if he liked, could act any part; and, with the help of five or six glasses of wine extra, could make as good a figure at Court as the best of them.

An acquaintance I made a few days ago had a very different sort of interest for me,—I mean that of General Mina. You have seen several portraits of him, all of which represent him with huge mustachios and wild features, like a ferocious captain of brigands. Think then of my astonishment at seeing, in the hero of Spain, a mild, simple, and singularly modest man, without the slightest trace of what is called a military ‘*tournure*’; on the contrary, like a country school-master or farmer, with an open good-natured countenance, and blushing at every compliment paid him, like a girl. When he grew animated with conversation, I, however, remarked a change in his features and a lightning of his dark eye, which betrayed the spirit within.

He is in very good preservation, and has scarcely the air of a man of forty, though his short hair is quite white; but this by no means makes him look old,—it only gives him the appearance of being powdered. He said, in the course of conversation, that he never had had that luxuriant bush of hair

to boast, which people are so fond of bestowing upon him, and that he had often laughed at the caricatures which he saw of himself in the shop-windows.

There were two other distinguished Spaniards present : Arguelles,—Minister under the Constitutional Government, and the most celebrated popular orator of Spain,—a man of most prepossessing appearance and polished manners; and General Valdez, Commandant of Cadiz during the last siege. It was he who took the Beloved Ferdinand on board his ship (he being then senior Admiral of the Fleet) to the French camp. Though, as he said, before and during the voyage the King overwhelmed him with caresses, repeatedly expressed his thanks for the treatment he had received in Cadiz, and made great promises for the future, the fate of poor Valdez was already sealed. “The moment the King quitted my ship,” continued Valdez, “his behaviour suddenly changed; and as soon as he felt himself secure, he cast a piercing look of triumph and of long suppressed rage at me. *I knew this look*, and instantly took my resolution. Without waiting to deliberate or take leave, I sprang on board my ship, and set sail instantly for Cadiz. I thus probably escaped death: but my exile here, in poverty and wretchedness,—

far from my unhappy country,—is, for a man of sixty, accustomed to wealth and greatness, perhaps a greater evil.”

I must now take you again to the theatre, and in the company, too, of the celebrated Lord L——, an old acquaintance of mine, who, after his varied and busy career, now preserves himself by daily washing with vinegar ; whereas he used formerly to pickle others in a sauce as sour and pungent as that of the former ‘Confiscur’ of the *Elegante Zeitung*, both in writing and by word of mouth. We talked of past times ; and as we reached the door of Drury Lane, he recited some wild but beautiful verses of Moore’s†.

* * * *

They are nearly as follows, in my usual halting verse—translations of the moment ‡.

* * * *

* * * *

No bad motto for Desdemona, which awaited us ;

† The verses alluded to are these :

“Oh what were Love made for, if ’tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt ’s in that heart ;
I but know that I love thee—whatever thou art.”

‡ The translation seems to me inferior to the others by the Author, and hardly worth copying.—TRANSL.

though truly the Moor's was a fearful return for such devoted love.

Before I go to the performance itself, let me make a few general remarks.

It is a constantly contested point in Germany, whether Shakspeare should be given in a literal translation, in a free one, or in a still freer paraphrase. I decide for the second; premising that the liberty should be restricted to this,—unfettered scope in the spirit of the German tongue,—even though a play of wit or words should occasionally be lost by the means. But to alter in any considerable degree the course of the play; to omit scenes; to give to Shakspeare words and ideas perfectly foreign to him,—can only deform and mutilate him, even when done by the greatest poet. People say Shakspeare is better to read than to see, and cannot be performed in a literal translation without carrying us back to the infancy of the scenic art; since, as they maintain, theatrical representations in Shakspeare's time were no more than stories in dialogue, with some attempt at costume. I will not go into the question of the accuracy of this assertion; but thus much I know,—that the representation of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*, on the English

stage,—all which pieces are given with slight omissions, and in which things generally supposed the most shocking to taste and probability, even the obligato king's trumpeters, are not wanting,—nevertheless leave a feeling of such full and untroubled satisfaction on my mind, as reading or hearing read (even by Tieck, the best reader I know of), never had the power to produce in the most distant degree;—nay, still more, I confess that it is only since I have seen them *here*, that I have been sensible of all Shakspeare's gigantic proportions in their full amplitude. It is true, that to produce this, a degree of concert on the part of all the actors and an excellence in those who support the chief characters are necessary, which are wholly wanting in Germany;—for Macbeths in Berlin, (as Clauren would say,) and Macbeths in London, are as different sort of people as Shakspeare himself and his excellent commentator Franz Horn. The first actors here, such as Kean, Kemble, Young, &c. are, as I have elsewhere remarked, men of great cultivation, who have seen the best society, and devoted their lives to the earnest study of their great national poet. They seldom act any other characters than his, and do not mix up a tragic hero with one of Iffland's *Geheimenrätke*

(privy councillors), nor Talbot with Herr von Langsalm, nor appear today in Othello, and to-morrow in Wollmarkt.

It strikes one as very singular, that in appearance, and to a great extent in reality, the public before whom these distinguished artists have to present themselves is so rude, ignorant and unmannerly. Yet perhaps this very thing may produce a good effect on them. As the truly virtuous love virtue, so must an English actor love his art,—for its own sake alone,—and trouble himself little about his reception: in the end, he is thus most sure to obtain universal applause. And indeed I must confess that, spite of all this roughness, there is a portion of English audiences which has at bottom sounder taste and sense than the feeble, hyper-refined people of our German metropolitan towns; nay, even among the vulgar crowd there is an invisible church of the initiated, whose existence never suffers the sacred fire in the breast of the actors to be wholly extinguished: it is not very busy in public criticism, but has a mighty effect in society.

Many Germans don't like to be told that other nations excel us in anything; and truly I perceive the fact with great regret: but that must not prevent my speaking out my conviction, that, as we

have no dramatic poet of Shakspeare's calibre, so we possess no actor capable of making his characters live before our eyes in their full significance. It was not always so, as it is asserted; and I myself have retained impressions, received in my earliest youth from Fleck and Unzelmann, which have never been renewed in Germany. Schröder and Eckhof seem to have stood yet higher; and I remember with singular pleasure the enthusiastic descriptions given me of them by old Archenholz, who had also seen Garrick. He thought Schröder at least Garrick's equal.

That in order to form anything like a correct judgement of foreign actors, we must first in some degree throw ourselves in thought into their nationality*; must accustom ourselves to many of their manners and usages, which, like many turns of their language, always affect us as strange, however well we may understand them,—will be admitted by every thinking man. At first, these causes always more or less distract the attention; and I never saw more than one individual who, (if I

* "*Uns in ihrer Nationalität hineinzu denken*," (to-think-ourselves-forth-into their nationality);—a compound word which may give some faint idea of the advantages a writer in the German language must ever possess over his translator.—TRANSL.

may use the expression,) had a perfectly cosmopolitan organization,—the perhaps never-equalled, certainly never-surpassed, Miss O'Neil. In her it was only the pure abstract human mind and soul that spoke;—nation, time, and external appearance, vanished from the thoughts in an ecstasy which carried all before it.

But back to the present.

We saw *Othello*, then; in which the combined acting of the three greatest dramatic artists of England afforded me a high intellectual treat, and has elicited this somewhat long 'expectoration'; but caused me to feel most painfully the want of the above-mentioned heroine. Had she been there, I should have witnessed the highest point of all theatrical representation. Kean, Young, and Kemble, compose the ruling triumvirate of the English stage. The first has without doubt the most genius; the second is brilliant and sustained in his acting; the third, though less distinguished in the highest tragedy, uniformly dignified and intelligent. This representation of *Othello* was the first time of their playing together. It was indeed a rare enjoyment! *Othello* and *Shylock* are Kean's greatest parts. It is amazing with what profound knowledge of the human heart he not only portrays the passion of jealousy,—first

slumbering, then gradually awaking, and ending in madness; but with what wondrous accuracy he catches the Southern nature of the Moor,—the peculiar characteristics of the race,—and never for a moment loses sight of them. In the midst of the high and noble bearing of the hero, something animal occasionally peeps forth that makes us shudder, while on the other hand it gives force to his agonizing torment, and places it bodily before our eyes. The simplicity of his acting at first, the absence of all bragging about his past achievements, and his intense love for the woman of his choice, win the hearts of the spectators as they have won that of Desdemona: the ugly Moor is forgotten in the complete, heroic man; till, amid the torments of lacerating jealousy, that hidden fierce nature slowly reveals itself to our eyes; and at length we think we see before us a raging tiger, rather than a being of like nature with ourselves. I was here confirmed anew in my persuasion, that a great poet, still more than a moderate one, stands in need of a great actor to make him perfectly understood and estimated. In Berlin, for instance, the strangling scene was not only ludicrous, but really indecent. Here, the blood froze in one's veins; and even the boisterous and turbulent English public was for

a time speechless, motionless—as if struck by lightning. Nay, I must acknowledge that sometimes during the tragedy, Othello's long torment, which the fiend-like Iago with such devilish calmness doles out to him drop by drop, was so painful, and the terror of what I knew was to follow grew upon me so involuntarily, that I turned away my face as from a scene too horrible to contemplate. Young's Iago is a masterpiece, and *his* acting first made this character thoroughly clear to me. It is, perhaps—and here I must recant, at least in this one case, an assertion I made before—Iago is perhaps, contrary to Shakspeare's usual custom, not a character quite founded in nature, but rather a brilliant conception of the poet:—but then with what astonishing consistency is it carried through! He is an incarnate fiend; a being nourished with gall and bitterness, capable neither of love nor joy; who regards evil as his element; the philosophizing on himself, the contemplating and full and clear setting forth of his own atrocities, as his only enjoyment. The tie which binds him to human-kind is feeble; it is only revenge for the suspected injury done him by the Moor: and even this seems but a sort of pretext which he makes to himself with the last expiring breath of moral sensibility, and his ge-

nuine delight in torture and distress ever the real and leading motive. And yet even this monster is not utterly revolting. His intellectual superiority, his courage, his consistency, and, at the last, his firmness in extremity, never suffer the consummate villain to sink into abject, vulgar degradation. Iago is a hero, compared to Kotzebue's models of virtue. Completely in this sense Young played the character: his manners are gloomy and morose, but noble; no smile passes over his lips, and his jests lose nothing by this dryness: certain of his power, he treats all with calm superiority, but with well-defined 'nuances': to his wife he is simply rough and domineering; to Roderigo, authoritative and humorous; to Cassio, polite and friendly; to the Moor, reverential and attached, but always serious and dignified. Kemble, on his part, played Cassio as admirably; and perfectly as Shakspeare describes him; "a man, framed to make women false;" young, gay, gallant, of a noble mien, good-natured character, and polished manners.—Desdemona, unhappily, was but moderately represented; and yet the touching contrast of her gentle, patient, womanly devotedness, with the Moor's burning passion, was not utterly lost.

Kean played Othello in the dress of a Moorish

King out of the Bible,—in sandals, and a long silk talar, which is manifestly absurd. But one soon forgets his dress in his glorious acting.

Your faithful

L—.

LETTER IX.

London, March 24th, 1828.

BELOVED FRIEND,

AMONG the most aristocratical parties are to be numbered the concerts of one of the most liberal members of the Opposition,—an anomaly often to be found here ; where a certain vague general liberalism goes hand-in-hand with the narrowest pride and most arrogant conceit of class ; and where the haughtiest man in his own house possesses the reputation of the most liberal in public life.

Very amusing parties are also given by a Duchess, whose brevet is so new that she is reckoned a plebeian by the exclusives :—such an one took place to-day. On the second floor there was an excellent concert, on the first a ball, and on the ground-floor constant eating.

At the dinner which preceded, the servants waited in white kid gloves,—an imitation of another fashionable Duke. This almost disgusted me, for I could not get out of my head the lazaretto and other disagreeable cutaneous associations.

More rich in intellectual enjoyment was my yesterday's dinner at the Duke of Somerset's, a man of very various accomplishments. At table, a celebrated parliamentary orator told some strange things : among others, he said that he had lately been member of a Commission for investigating the connection between the police and the thieves, about which so many complaints have been made. It came out, that a Society existed in London, completely organized with ' bureaux', ' clerks', &c., which directed thefts and coining on a large scale, supported those who were taken, and afforded powerful assistance both offensive and defensive, &c. He asserted, that at the head of this association were not only several people in respectable stations, and members of Parliament, but even a well-known Peer of the realm. The proofs were of a kind that left no room for doubt ; but to avoid the dreadful scandal, the Ministry had determined to let the matter drop. One sees that in free countries things go forward which we don't so much as dream of.

A lover of natural history afterwards read us a lecture on toads, which, in their sphere, seemed to me as odd sort of people as the foregoing.

March 27th.

I am just come back from the Levée, which was very numerously attended. The King was obliged to sit, on account of his gout, but looked very well. The Duke of Wellington returned thanks for his elevation to the Premiership by falling on both knees, whereas it is usual only to kneel on one. His gratitude was probably double, on account of his double quality of Prime Minister and former Commander-in-Chief, as the caricatures represent him,—the left half of his body dressed as a courtier, the right as field-marshal, but laughing on both sides of his face. As, with the exception of the ‘grande entrée’, almost everybody is admitted to these levées if they can but appear in the prescribed dress, there cannot be better sport for the lover of caricatures. The unaccustomed dress, and no less unwonted splendour of royalty, raise the national awkwardness and embarrassment to their highest pitch. Our charming well drilled court-ladies would often distrust their own eyes.

As soon as I had changed my dress, I rode in the most delightful spring weather in the still solitary Regent’s Park, where hundreds of almond-trees are in blossom ; and visited the ménagerie lately established there, which presents a model

worthy of imitation. There is nothing over-done, and at the same time a neatness, which assuredly can be attained nowhere but in England. Here I saw a tiger-cat, a creature which seemed to me a perfect model of beauty and elegance among quadrupeds.

I afterwards went to a great dinner at the Marquis of Thomond's, an Irish peer, at which I met one of the most conspicuous Tories in England, the Duke of N——. I must confess he has not much the look of a genius ; and the whole party was so stiffly English, that I heartily rejoiced at being seated next to Princess P——, whose lively good-natured ultra prattle appeared to me, today, as agreeable as if it had been the most intellectual conversation in the world.

I concluded the evening with a ball at the Marquis of Beresford's, in honour of the Marchioness de Louly, sister of Don Miguel, who however seemed not a little bored. She speaks only Portuguese, and therefore could converse with scarcely anybody but the host.

The Marshal himself is a striking soldierlike-looking man, against whom party spirit has been very unjustly directed. He is a man of resolute character, as well as of attractive manners, such as many Governments, beside the Portuguese,

might employ to advantage ; strong as a lion, and prudent as a serpent. He considers Don Miguel's claim to the throne of Portugal as better founded than that of his brother ; and maintains, that in judging of persons and events in other countries, we must resort to a totally different standard from that which we employ in our own. He says that Don Miguel's education was so neglected, that in his three-and-twentieth year he could not write ; that much therefore could not be expected from such a prince ; but that he had some brilliant natural qualities, and that the newspapers were not to be implicitly believed. This latter assertion, at least, I am not inclined to doubt.

April 7th.

I thought it a real blessing to-day to dine in the country, quite ' sans gêne ', at H—— Lodge, the pretty villa of the Duchess of St. A——. In front of the house, which stands on the slope of a hill, bloomed a splendid star of crocuses and other early flowers, in the midst of the bright green turf, surrounding a marble fountain ; while over the tops of the trees the giant city lay dimly seen in the valley, like a ' fata montana ' of the New Jerusalem in a gauze mist. The dinner was, as usual, excellent ; and after dinner we had a con-

cert in a beautiful green-house filled with flowers and fruits. I sat at table next to a lineal descendant of Charles the Second, a relation of the Duke's,—for about half a dozen English Peers spring from mistresses of the merry monarch, and bear the royal arms quartered with their own, of which they are not a little proud.

It is still very cold, but yet leaves and flowers break forth vigorously,—a sight that would enrap-ture me at home, but here gives me a heart sickness that is often hardly endurable. Nevertheless I do not choose to sit down again on the old golden seat of thorns, but will rather seek out a smooth and comfortable common stool, on which I may repose in freedom.

— Park, April 9th.

I came here yesterday, and am with a large party at the house of a very 'fashionable' lady. The house is as tastefully and richly adorned as possible, but too stately and too pretentious in its beauty to be truly agreeable, at least to me. Besides, there is a certain L—— here, a patent witling, whose every word the extremely good-natured company holds itself bound to admire: people affect great liking for him, from fear of his evil tongue. Such intellectual bullies are my mortal abhorrence; especially when, like this, to a

repulsive exterior they unite all the gall and acrimony of satire, without any of its grace. They appear in human society like venomous insects, whom, from some pitiable weakness, we assist in feeding on the blood of others, so that they do not suck our own.

The still life about me speaks more to my heart than the human beings; especially the sweet flowers which are placed in pretty vases and receptacles of all sorts in all the apartments. Among the pictures, I admired a Joseph leading the little Jesus, by Morillo. In the beautiful child lies the germ of the future greatness and god-like nature of the Redeemer: as yet it slumbers dimly, but is wonderfully expressed in the prophetic beaming of the eye. Joseph appears a plain simple man, in the full vigour of middle age, betraying dignity of character though not of station:—the landscape is wild and original, and cherubs' heads peep sweetly forth out of the dark clouds. This picture, the owner told me, cost him two thousand five hundred pounds.

I was much pleased with a conservatory for palms, built almost entirely of glass,—so transparent that it looks like a house of ice.

The country life here is in some respects too social for my taste. If, for instance, you wish to

read, you go into the library, where you are seldom alone :—if you have letters to write, you sit at a great common writing-table just as much in public ; they are then put into a box with holes, and taken by a servant to the Post. To do all this in your own room is not usual, and therefore surprises and annoys people. Many a foreigner would like to breakfast in his own room ; but this he cannot well do, unless he pleads illness. With all the freedom and absence of useless ceremonies and tedious complimenting, there is yet, for a person accustomed to our habits, a considerable degree of constraint, which the continual necessity of speaking in a foreign tongue renders more oppressive.

London, April 12th.

I took my leave of —— Park this morning just as an April storm was clearing off, breathed the perfumed spring air with delight, and looked with ecstasy at the brilliant green and the bursting buds, —a sight of which I am never weary. Spring indemnifies our northern climes for all the discomfort of their winter ; for this awakening of young Nature is accompanied with far less coquetry on her part in the South.

I was invited again to dinner at the Duchess of St. A——'s country-house, where a very agreeable

surprise awaited me. I arrived late, and was placed between my hostess and a tall, very simple, but benevolent looking man of middle age, who spoke broad Scotch,—a dialect anything but agreeable; and would probably have struck me for nothing else, had I not soon discovered that I was sitting next to—the Great Unknown. It was not long ere many a sally of dry, poignant wit fell from his lips, and many an anecdote, told in the most unpretending manner, which, without seeming brilliant, was yet striking. His eye, too, glanced, whenever he was animated, with such a clear, good-natured lustre, and that with such an expression of true-hearted kindness and natural feeling, that it was impossible not to conceive a sort of love for him. Towards the end of dinner he and Sir Francis Burdett told ghost-stories, half-terrible, half-humourous, admirably, one against the other. This at last encouraged me to tell your famous key story, which I embellished a little in the ‘*dénouement*’. It had great success; and it would be droll enough if you were to find it in the next romance of the prolific Scotchman.

He afterwards recited a curious old inscription which he had recently discovered in the churchyard of Melrose Abbey. It was as follows :

“The earth goes on the earth, glittering in gold,
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it would;
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
The earth says to the earth—All this is ours.”

When translated, something like this :

“Erd’ geht auf Erde glänzend in Gold,
Erd’ geht zur Erde früher denn wollt’;
Erd’ baut auf Erde Schlösser von Stein,
Erd’ sagt zur Erde—Alles ist mein !”

True enough; for earth we were, are, and shall be.

A little concert concluded the evening ; in which the very pretty daughter of the great bard,—a healthy-looking Highland beauty,—took part; and Miss Stephens sang nothing but Scotch ballads. It was not till late in the night that I reached London and enriched my book of memoranda with a sketch of Sir Walter Scott—very like, for which I am indebted to the kindness of my hostess. As none of the engravings I have seen resemble him, I shall send you a copy with this letter.

April 27th.

The ‘trouble’ of this day was very monotonous; only a dinner at the Spanish Ambassador’s furnished me with one agreeable recollection. A Spanish girl, full of fire and beauty, sang boleros in such a manner that they awakened a completely

new musical sense in me. If I may judge from them, and from a fandango I once saw danced, Spanish society must be very different from ours, and far more ‘*piquante*.’

Yesterday I was invited ‘to meet the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex,’ but declined the honour for the sake of meeting Mademoiselle H—— at our friend B——’s. I had not seen her, and great and small are now at her feet.

She is indeed an enchanting creature, and very dangerous to all who are either new in the world, or who have nothing to think of but their own pleasure. It is impossible to conceive a more unstudied and yet effective inborn coquetry, (if I may use the expression,) so child-like, so engaging, ‘*et cependant le diable n’y perd rien*.’

She seemed to seize my weak side as well as that of every other man, immediately, and talked to me, though without the slightest apparent design, only of what was likely to be appropriate and agreeable to me. The tones of my fatherland, too, fell from her pretty mouth in the stream of conversation, like pearls and diamonds, and the loveliest blue eyes lightened upon them like a spring sun behind a thin veil of clouds.

“Tomorrow Kean plays Richard the Third,” said she carelessly. “The Duke of D—— has offered

me his box ;—would you like to accompany me ?” That such an invitation will supersede all others, follows of course.

April 28th.

Never did I see or hear less of a play than this evening, and yet I must confess never did one appear to me shorter. Spite of the presence of a ‘gouvernante,’ and a visit from Mr. Kemble between the acts, there was scarcely a pause in our conversation, which so many reminiscences of home rendered doubly interesting.

This agreeable ‘excitement,’ too, lasted, on my side, during the ball which followed at the fashionable Lady Tankerville’s ; for I felt less ‘ennuyé’ than usual at these heartless wooden parties. Forgive me if I write only these few words, for Helios is leaving his bed and I must go to mine.

April 29th.

Everything here is in colossal dimensions, even the workshop of my tailor, which is like a manufactory. You go to ask about the fate of a coat you have ordered ; you find yourself surrounded by hundreds of bales of cloth, and as many workmen ;—a secretary appears with great formality, and politely asks the day on which it was ordered. As soon as you have told him, he makes a sign for two folios to be brought, in which he pores for a short

time. "Sir," is at last the answer, "tomorrow at twenty minutes past eleven the 'frac' will be so far advanced that you can try it on in the dressing-room. There are several of these rooms, decorated with large looking-glasses and 'Psyches', continually occupied by fitters, where the wealthy tailor in person makes a dozen alterations without ever betraying the least impatience or ill-humour.

As soon as justice was done to the 'frac,' I continued my walk, and came to a butcher's shop ; where not only are the most beautiful garlands, pyramids, and other fanciful forms constructed of raw meat, and elegant vessels filled with ice give out the most delightful coolness, but a play-bill hangs behind every leg of mutton, and the favourite newspapers lie on the polished tables.

A few houses further on, a dealer in sea-monsters competes with him, and sits, like King Fish in the fairy tale, between the marble and the fountain. He would however find it difficult to rival his celebrated colleague Crockford, who understands how to catch something better than common fish.

This person is a man of genius, who has raised himself from the estate of a poor fishmonger, to that of the scourge, and at the same time the favourite, of the rich and fashionable world. He is

a gambler, who has won millions*, and with them has built a gaming palace on the plan of the 'salons' at Paris, but with a truly Asiatic splendour almost surpassing that of royalty. Everything is in the now revived taste of the time of Louis the Fourteenth; decorated with tasteless excrescences, excess of gilding, confused mixture of stucco painting, &c.,—a turn of fashion very consistent in a country where the nobility grows more and more like that of the time of Louis the Fourteenth.

Crockford's cook is the celebrated Ude, practically and theoretically the best in Europe. The table and attendance are in the highest perfection, combined with 'un jeu d'enfer,' at which twenty thousand pounds and more has often been lost in one evening, by one man. The company forms a club; admission is very difficult to obtain; and although games at hazard are illegal in England, most of the Ministers are members, and the Duke of Wellington, the Premier, one of the managers of this gaming club.

May 2nd.

Yesterday, the wedding day of the Duchess of St. A——, was celebrated by a very pleasant rural fête at her villa. In the middle of the bowl-

* Of German money, of course, is meant.—TRANSL.

ing-green was a Maypole decorated with garlands and ribbands, and gaily-dressed peasants in the old English costume danced around it. The company wandered about in the house and garden as they liked ; many shot with bows and arrows ; others danced under tents, swung, or played all sorts of games, or wandered in the shade of thick shrubberies ; till at five o'clock a few blasts of a trumpet announced a splendid breakfast, at which all the delicacies and costly viands that luxury could furnish, were served in the greatest profusion.

Many servants were dressed in fancy dresses as gardeners ; and garlands of fresh flowers were hung upon all the bushes, which produced an indescribably rich effect. The day, too, was so singularly fine that I was able, for the first time, to see London quite clear from fog, and only slightly obscured by smoke.

As night drew on, the effect of the garlands of flowers was renewed by many-coloured lamps, tastefully distributed amid the trees, or half hidden among the thick shrubs. It was past midnight when breakfast ended.

There was a concert, and then a ball, at which the lovely German waltzer outshone all her rivals, —and with the most unpretending air, as if she did not perceive one of her conquests. Perhaps there

never was a woman who had the art of appearing more innocent and child-like ; and certainly this captivating sort of coquetry is the greatest charm, though not perhaps the greatest merit, of women.

May 8th.

For a week past two or three concerts have resounded in my ears every evening, or, as they here more properly say, every night. They are all on a sudden become a perfect rage, from the highest and most exclusive down to the herd of 'nobodies'. Mesdames Pasta, Caradori, Sontag, Brambilla, Messrs. Zuchelli, Pellegrini, and Curi-
rioni, sing for ever and ever the same airs and duets ; which, however, people seem never tired of hearing. They often sing—doubtless tired themselves of the eternal monotony—very negligently, but that makes no difference whatever. The ears that hear them are seldom very musically organized, and are only awakened by 'fashion' ; and those who are in the centre of the crowd certainly can often hardly distinguish whether the Bassist or the Prima Donna is singing, but must fall into ecstasies like the rest, notwithstanding. For the performers, this 'furore' is profitable enough. Sontag, for instance, in every party in which she is heard at all, receives forty pounds, sometimes

a hundred ; and occasionally she attends two or three in an evening. Pasta, whose singing is, to my taste, sweeter, grander, more tragic, rivals her ; the others, though their merit is considerable, are in a subordinate rank.

Besides these, Moschelles, Pixis, the two Boh-rers, ‘enfin’ a herd of virtuosi, are here, all flocking to English gold, like moths around a candle. Not that they burn themselves ; on the contrary, the women, at least, kindle fresh flames, right and left, which are sometimes even more profitable than their art.

The concerts at Prince Leopold’s are generally the most agreeable, and the insufferable squeezing is somewhat avoided in his large rooms. This Prince is less popular than he deserves ; for the English can’t forgive him for being a foreigner.

May 9th.

Riding with M——, we accidentally came through a charming country to Strawberry-Hill, —the house built by Horace Walpole, which he mentions so often in his letters, and which has been wholly unaltered and little inhabited since his death. It is the first attempt at modern Gothic in England—quite in the ‘cliquant’ taste of that time ; the stone-work imitated in wood,

and a great deal more that glitters without being gold. There are, however, many real treasures of art and curiosities. Among them is a magnificent prayer-book set with jewels, filled with drawings by Raphael and his pupils; Cardinal Wolsey's hat; a very expressive portrait of Madame du Deffant, Walpole's blind and witty friend; and a picture of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montague in a Turkish dress.

As everything is to be found in England, I met with an Englishman of rank, to-day, who has endeavoured to introduce German habits, German domestic arrangements, and a German tone of society into his house. This is Earl S——, who lived in our fatherland for a long time in rather narrow circumstances, and suddenly came into a very large fortune. The only thing in the English taste was the crimson liveries of his people, with canary-coloured inexpressibles and *stockings*;—all the rest was German; even the hour of dining was an approach to ours. The length of the dinner was in the highest degree wearisome to me; I sat upon thorns, especially as I was expected elsewhere.

In spite of my ill-humour, however, I could not help laughing at the *Wienerisch* (Vienna dialect) of my Austrian neighbour.

May 16th.

I have been spending some days in the country at the Epsom races. The scene was very lively ; all the roads full of swiftly-rolling equipages ; and a large green hill in the middle of the plain, around which the races are held, so thickly covered with a thousand unharnessed carriages, and a motley crowd of horsemen and foot-passengers, that I never saw a more picturesque popular festival.—Now set this picture in the frame of a pretty cultivated landscape, with a sky full of dark clouds, much rain, and rare but hot gleams of sunshine.

I returned yesterday, that I might not miss a party at the King's to-day, to which I was invited—an event here looked upon as an extraordinary 'bonne fortune'.—You must not associate any idea of Court with it : but it is certain that the Ideal of a fashionable house cannot be more completely realized. Every comfort and every elegance of a private gentleman is united in the most tasteful and substantial manner with royal magnificence ; and the monarch himself is, as is well known, prouder of nothing than of the title of "the first gentleman in England."

May 30th.

Though the everlasting whirl leaves little leisure, (and once drawn into the vortex it is not easy to

extricate one's-self, even though one may find no pleasure in it,) I yet find a moment, from time to time, for more quiet and more durable enjoyment.

In one such, I lately visited a most interesting collection of pictures ;—all portraits of persons eminent in English history. It was remarkable how frequently most of them corresponded in features and expression with the picture history has left us of them. The celebrated Lord Burleigh had moreover a striking resemblance to the great State Chancellor (*Staats Kanzler*) of Prussia, though he is greatly disguised by his head-dress, which is like an old wife's cap. James the First was divertingly true to his character ; as was also his ambassador, the eccentric knight who so delightfully declares in his memoirs, that wherever he went, he charmed both men and women ; and that his nature was like that of no other man, for that both he and all descended from him sent forth an atmosphere of the most agreeable natural fragrance.

I then went to another collection, consisting of modern paintings in water-colours, in which branch of art the English have certainly attained to a singular perfection. One is astonished at the glow and depth of colouring they produce. The Scotch landscapes were remarkably fine : there

was a Sunset in the Highlands which rivalled Claude in truth ; and a Twilight on Loch Lomond, a poem full of romantic beauty. I had still time for a long ride, in the course of which, committing myself as usual to the guidance of chance, I came upon a most enchanting park, such as only the climate of England can produce. The gardens lay, in all their indescribable glow of beauty, in a narrow and fertile green valley full of high trees, under which three silver springs gushed forth, and flowing away in meandering brooks, took their course in all directions amid impervious thickets of blooming rhododendrons and azaleas.

My delight in such scenes is ever saddened by the regret that you cannot behold them with me : your fine and accurate taste would draw from them a thousand ideas of new and lovelier creations ; either by the skilful grouping of colours, or by graceful forms, or by the distribution of light, the effect of which may be so greatly enhanced by judicious thinning or massing of the foliage.

The pleasant remembrance of this morning must diffuse itself over the rest of the day, which was filled by a dinner at Lady P——'s, distinguished for her love of good cheer ; two balls at residences of British and foreign diplomacy ; and a con-

cert at Lord Grosvenor's. This was given, it is true, in a gallery of fine pictures ; but on such an occasion they hardly give one more pleasure than any other hangings.

June 6th.

One of the most interesting houses to me is that of a noble Scot, the Earl of W——, a lineal descendant of Macduff. In his armoury is a branch of a tree said to be from Birnam Wood ; probably a relic of the same quality as most others. Blessed is he who can believe in them ! The family is most accomplished, and the Scotch mind is more nearly akin to the German than the English is. The amiable daughters taught me a new manner of preserving faithful and lasting portraits of feathered favourites :—the feathers are pulled off, and pasted on card-board or varnished wood, together with the legs and beak ; this produces a bas-relief of great truth, and not exposed to destruction.

Charles the Tenth spent some time in Scotland, at Lord W——'s, and left him an old maître d'hotel, who, drolly enough, is called Bonneau, like him of the Pucelle ; and is one of that nearly extinct domestic race of 'hommes de confiance' who are now never seen but on the stage, and hardly there. As such, and having been twenty-

five years 'en fonction', he is allowed occasionally to put in a word,—quite contrary to English manners, which do not permit servants to make the slightest approach to their masters, except in the way of their service. I have really found few things more amusing than this old Frenchman's stories about Court and society; his world, in fact, terminated with those times of which we can now scarcely form an idea. That the singular old man is only a 'maître d'hotel' detracts nothing from the interest; for he has seen more of the great world, and observed it better, than many of higher rank.

When I paid my visit to Lady W—— this morning, she had just received a great cargo of curiosities from one of her sons, who is travelling in South America. Among them was a lion-monkey, with a tail and mane like those of the king of beasts, on a body not larger than that of a rat. Instead of the disagreeable smell of most of his tribe, this little fellow exhales musk and cinnamon; and, like the knight I lately mentioned, perfumed the room like a pastille. A very complete collection of serpents, and another of butterflies, exhibited colours such as are only painted by the rising and setting sun.

I dined at Lady F——'s, where a curious in-

cident occurred. Her husband was formerly Governor of the Isle of France, where a black woman sold her a fortune-telling book, which, as she asserted, had belonged to the Empress Josephine before her departure for France, and in which she had read her future greatness and subsequent fall. Lady F—— produced it at tea, and invited the company to interrogate Destiny according to the prescribed method.—Now listen to the answers it gave, which are really remarkable. Madame de Rothschild was the first: she asked, whether her wishes would be fulfilled? She received for answer, “Weary not Fate with wishes; one who has received so much ought to be satisfied.”

Mr. Spring Rice, a distinguished Member of Parliament, and one of the most zealous champions of Catholic emancipation, (a subject in which everybody here takes a strong interest, either for or against,) next asked if this Bill would pass the Upper House, in which it was to be finally debated on the morrow?—I must interrupt my narrative to tell you that it is well known that it will not pass, but it is as universally believed that next session the desired object must be attained. “You will have no success this time,” was the laconic reply. A young American lady was now urged to inquire whether she would soon be mar-

ried. The answer was, "Not in this hemisphere." Next came my turn, and I asked whether what now so strongly agitated my heart were for my happiness. "Let the inclination drop;" replied the magic book, "for you will find it is neither real nor permanent." The company, who of course had no guess at my real meaning in this question, made themselves very merry about the answer I had received, and insisted upon my proposing another. I therefore asked, "Will Fortune be more favourable to me in more serious projects?" "Seek," was the reply, "and you will find; persevere, and you will obtain."

Without seeking, I found this evening something very agreeable; for I was presented by the Duchess of Clarence to her mother, the Duchess of Meiningen; a most amiable woman, of true German character; whom neither years nor rank have been able to rob of her 'naïf' natural manners,—perhaps the surest proof of a pure and lovely mind. This worthy mother of an honoured daughter must be a welcome guest to the English, who are much attached to their future Queen, and accordingly they pay her the greatest attentions. Pity, that high as well as low are generally too deficient in grace of manners, or felicity of address, to be able

to act the drama of society on such occasions, so as to render the whole a pleasing or elegant spectacle! A drawing-room and a presentation at Court here are as ludicrous as the levée of a Bürgermeister of the ancient Free Imperial cities of our fatherland; and all the pride and pomp of aristocracy disappears in the childish ‘embarras’ of these ‘ladies’, loaded,—not adorned,—with diamonds and fine clothes. In ‘negligé’, and when they move at ease in their own houses and their accustomed circle, young Englishwomen often appear to great advantage; in ‘parure’ and large parties, scarcely ever; for an uncontrollable timidity, destructive of all grace, so paralyses even their intellectual powers, that a rational conversation with them would certainly be a most difficult matter to obtain.

Of all the women of Europe, I therefore hold them to be the most agreeable and ‘comfortable’ wives; and at the same time the most incapable of presenting themselves with grace, address, or presence of mind, and the least fitted to embellish society. In this judgement the praise manifestly far outweighs the censure.

June 16th.

Today I was present at an interesting breakfast.

given by the Pigeon Club. This title by no means implies that the members are gentle and harmless as doves* ;—on the contrary, they are the wildest young fellows in England, and the poor pigeons have nothing to do with the matter but to be shot at. The arena was a large grass-plot surrounded by a wall. On one side was a row of tents ; in the largest of which a table was spread with viands, from one o'clock till six, and furnished with a constant supply of iced moselle and champagne. About a hundred members and some guests were present ; and they shot, ate and drank, by turns. The pigeons were placed in a row, eight at a time. Cords are fastened to the doors of their houses, which meet at the shooting-stand ; when one is pulled it opens the door, and the pigeon flies out. The man who shot last pulls for his successor,—but standing behind him, so that the latter cannot see which cord he pulls, and is

* Owing to the adoption of the French word *pigeon*, instead of the English word *dove*, this sentence loses its point. I did not however venture to astonish my readers by translating *Tauben-club*, Dove-club, though that would have done more justice to the author's meaning. In Norfolk and Suffolk, where some very pure English is still preserved among the "vulgar," *dove*, or as they call it *dow*, is still the common appellative of the whole genus,—as in the cognate language.
—TRANSL.

therefore uncertain which of the eight pigeons will fly out : if the pigeon falls within the wall after his fire, it is reckoned his ; if not, it does not count. Every man has a double-barrelled gun, and may use both barrels.

The two most famous shots in England, are Captain de Roos and Mr. Osbaldistone. They shot for a wager of a thousand pounds, which is not yet decided. Neither missed once ; and Captain de Roos's birds never fell twelve paces from the spot, and scarcely fluttered, but dropped like stones almost the moment he fired. Never did I see such admirable shooting. A pretty little spaniel belonging to the Club fetched every pigeon, and performed his duty like a machine, without either delay, neglect, or hurry. At last the whole party shot for a golden vase of two hundred pounds value, (the annual prize of the Club,) which was won by Captain de Roos.

I did not get away from this jolly breakfast till seven o'clock, when I went to a little theatre, as yet unknown to me, called Sadler's Wells, which is a good three quarters of a mile (German) from my dwelling. I went in a hackney coach. When I wanted to go home, towards one o'clock, I could find no coach in this out-of-the-way place, and all the houses were shut. This was the more dis-

agreeable, as I had really not the least idea in what part of the town I was.

After wandering about the streets in vain for half an hour in search of a coach, I resigned myself to the idea of finding my way home on foot, with the aid of a watchman, when a stage coach came by which was going my way, and with which I happily regained my Penates about two o'clock. —The peculiarity of this theatre is that it contains real water, in which element the actors splash and dabble about by the hour together, like ducks or water rats: 'au reste', nothing can surpass the nonsense of the melodrame, nor the horror of the singing by which it was accompanied.

June 20th.

I have been to another fancy ball, which has left only a melancholy impression on my mind. I remarked a pale man wrapped in a plain black domino, on whose countenance indescribable traces of the bitterest mental suffering were imprinted. It was not long before I asked L—— about him, and he told me as follows :

“This truly pitiable man might serve as the hero of a fearful romance. If it can be said of any one that he was born to misfortune, that is the man. Early in life he lost his large property by the

fraudulent bankruptcy of a friend. A hundred times since has Fortune approached him, but only to mock him with hopes which were invariably dashed from him at the decisive moment: in almost every case it was some insignificant trifle—the delay of a letter—some easy mistake—some indisposition, slight in itself but disastrous in its consequences, that wrecked everything; apparently, always by his own fault, and yet, in fact, a tissue woven by mocking, malignant spirits.

“For a long time past he has made no more attempts to alter his condition; he seeks no improvement of his lot, persuaded beforehand, by long and cruel experience, that nothing *can* ever succeed *with him*. I have known him from youth up. Though guileless and unoffending as a child, the world in general deems him malignant; though one of the most upright of men, false and intriguing; he is shunned and dreaded, though never did a heart beat more warmly for the weal of others. The girl he adored committed suicide, in consequence of his suspected infidelity. He found himself, by a series of unheard-of circumstances, accused of the murder of his brother, near whom he was found bleeding, having risked his life in his defence:—he was saved from an ignominious death only by the King’s pardon; and it was not till some

time afterwards that the proofs of his innocence came to light. Lastly, a woman with whom he was betrayed into marriage by an infamous and long protracted system of deceit, ran away with another man, and artfully contrived that, in the eyes of the world, the greater portion of the blame should rest with him.—All confidence in himself thus utterly crushed and blighted, every hope in destiny or in men annihilated, he lives among them like an unsympathizing, unconnected ghost,—a heartrending example that there are beings who (as far as this life is concerned) seem to be sold to the Devil before their birth; for when the curse of destiny has once scathed a man, it not only raises up to him enemies at every step, but robs him of the confidence and, in time, of the hearts of his friends; till at length the unhappy one, crushed, rejected, and trodden under foot on every side, lays down his weary, wounded head, and dies; while his last sigh appears to the pitiless crowd an assumption, and an intolerable discord. Woe to the unlucky! Threefold woe to them! For to them there is neither virtue, nor wisdom, nor skill, nor joy! There is but one good for them; and that is—death.”

June 25th.

There is certainly something pleasant in having

so many invitations at your disposal every day ; and, if you are not pleased in one place, in being able immediately to seek out company that suits you better. Here and there, too, one finds something new, piquant, and interesting. Yesterday, at Prince L——'s, for instance, I met with a second Ninon de l'Enclos. Certainly nobody would take Lady A—— to be more than forty, and yet I was assured she is near eighty. Nothing in her appears forced or unnatural, but everything youthful ; figure, dress, air, vivacity of manners, grace and elasticity of limb, as far as this is discernible at a party,—all about her is perfectly young, and scarcely a wrinkle in her face. She has never made herself anxious, and has lived a very gay life from her youth up : she ran away from her husband twice, on which account she quitted England for a long time, and spent her large fortune in Paris. Altogether she is a very 'aimable' person, more French than English in her deportment, and quite 'du grand monde'. The science of the toilet she has studied profoundly, and has made some important discoveries in it. From all I could see of the results, I should be very glad to impart them to you and my other fair friends.

Next day, the Duke of S—— gave a ‘déjeuné champêtre’ at his villa, at which invention was racked for something new in an entertainment of the kind. His whole house was hung with beautiful ‘hautelisse’ and gay Chinese hangings;—a multitude of sofas, easy-chairs, ‘chaises longues’, mirrors, &c., in all parts of the garden as well as of the rooms; besides a little encampment of tents of white and rose-coloured muslin, which had a beautiful effect, set in the emerald-green of the grounds.

In the evening, followed, as usual, an illumination, consisting chiefly of single lamps, half-hidden in tree and bush, like so many ruddy fruits or bright glow-worms, enticing the loving or the lonely. Those who preferred noisy to quiet pleasures also found their heart’s desire. Here, a large part of the company was dancing in a wide tent, the way to which lay under a bowery archway of roses, brilliantly illuminated;—there, resounded a delightful concert, executed by the best performers from the Italian Opera. Italian weather, too, happily shone on this fête from beginning to end; any little mischievous spirit of air might have totally ruined it.

I have now so disposed my affairs that I shall

be able to quit England in a month at furthest, to make a longer tour in Wales, and more especially in Ireland; which latter country, according to all I hear of it, excites my interest much more than even Scotland. Yet I am sorry that illness first, and the distractions of the metropolis afterwards, have robbed me of the sight of that country. It is an omission I must enter in my book of sins, which, alas! contains so many under the same head—Indolence—that terrible foe of man! Certainly that French Marshal in Louis the Fourteenth's time,—a time so unfavourable to 'parvenus',—answered rightly, when he was asked, how it was possible that he could have raised himself to the highest dignities of his profession from the condition of a common soldier, "Only by this means," said he; "I never deferred till tomorrow what I could do today."

Almost under the same head may be classed Indecision, that other hereditary foe of the species, which another celebrated Marshal, Suvaroff, hated so much, that, with the usual exaggeration of his character, he instantly withdrew all favour from a man who replied to any question he asked him, "I don't know."

'Non mi ricordo' does better; and according to

my principles I apply this to all the above-named sins, when once they are committed. We ought daily to repeat to ourselves, The past is dead, the future only lives. May it smile upon us, dearest Julia!

Your faithful

L—.

LETTER X.

Cobham Hall, June 30th.

BELOVED FRIEND,

AFTER I had sent away my letter to you, and made an excursion into the country with some ladies, I drove to a party at the Duke of Clarence's, where there was, this time, such a genuine English squeeze, that I and several others could by no means get in ; and went away, after waiting half an hour, 're infectâ', to console ourselves at another ball. The mass in the first room was so jammed together that several men put on their hats, that they might have their arms more at liberty for active service. Ladies, covered with jewels, were regularly 'milled', and fell, or rather stood, fainting : cries, groans, curses, and sighs, were the only sounds to be heard. Some only laughed ; and, inhuman as it was, I must accuse myself of having been among these latter ; for really it was too droll to hear this called *society*. To say truth, I never saw anything equal to it before.

Early the next morning I rode to Cobham Hall,

to spend a few days there on occasion of Lord D——'s birthday, which was celebrated today in a rural and unpretending manner. Excepting myself, there was no one but the family, which was increased by the presence of the elder son and his beautiful and charming wife, who usually reside in Ireland. All was ordered for domestic enjoyment. We dined early, in order that we might be present at a supper in the open air, which Lord D—— gave to all his labourers, about a hundred in number. It was managed with the greatest decorum. We sat next to the iron fence in the pleasure-ground, and the tables for the people were placed on the new-mown grass. First, about fifty young girls, from the Lancastrian school which Lady D—— has established in the Park, were regaled with tea and cakes. They were all dressed alike, and very prettily too: they were children of from six to fourteen. After them came the labourers, and seated themselves at a long table plentifully furnished with enormous dishes of roast beef, vegetables, and pudding. Each brought his own knife and fork and earthen pot. The servants of the house set on the dinner, did the honours, and poured out the beer from great watering-pots. The village musicians played all the while, and were really bet-

ter than ours; they were also better dressed. On the other hand, the labourers did not look so well or so neat as our Wends in their Sunday clothes. No one was invited except those who constantly work for Lord D——. The health of every member of the family was drunk with nine times nine; on which our old coachman Child, (now in Lord D——'s service,) who is a kind of English improvisatore, got upon the middle of the table, and delivered a most comical speech in verse, in which I was introduced, and truly with this wish,—

To have always plenty of gold,
And never to become old;

the double impossibility of which sounded rather ironical.

During all this time, and till it was dark, the little girls danced and skipped about incessantly, with great gravity, on the grass, without any sort of plan or connectedness, like puppets,—whether the music played or not. Our party in the pleasure-ground was at length attacked by the dancing mania; and I myself constrained to break my vow, for I could not possibly refuse to dance with such a partner as Lady D——.

July 4th.

I have not been so happy and amused for a long

time as here. In the morning I make excursions in the beautiful country, or drive in Lady D——'s little one-horse phaeton about the fields and park, without road or path; and in the evening I, like the rest, take only just so much part in the conversation as I like. Yesterday after dinner we all sat (nine persons) at least a couple of hours together in the library, reading,—each, of course I mean, in his own book,—without one single word being spoken. At which peripatetic silence we at last, all by common consent, laughed. We thought of the Englishman at Paris, who maintained '*que parler c'étoit gâter la conversation*'. After visiting the Lancasterian school I mentioned, —where one person teaches sixty girls, some of whom come from the remotest parts of Lord D——'s estate, many miles, daily—I rode to Rochester to see the fine ruin of the old castle. What has not been destroyed by violence stands like a rock, from the time of William the Conqueror. The remains of the eating-hall, with its colossal pillars united by richly ornamented Saxon arches, are singularly fine. The stone ornaments were all carved in Normandy, and sent hither by water. I mounted the highest point of the ruin, whence I had a noble view of the union of the Thames and the Medway, the towns of Rochester and Chatham,

with the dock-yards of the latter, and a richly cultivated country.

At dinner our company received an addition,—Mr. and Mrs. P——, Mr. M——, and a nephew of Lord D——’s. Mrs. P—— told a good anecdote of Kemble the actor. On a professional tour in the provinces, he acted in a piece in which a camel is introduced. He told the ‘*décorateur*’ that, as he had just seen, there was a camel actually in the town, and that he had better therefore go and look at it, that he might make his artificial one as like it as possible. The man seemed extremely annoyed, and replied, he was sorry gentlemen in London thought people in the country were so ignorant; for his part, he flattered himself that, without going to look at anything, he should produce a more natural camel this evening than any that was walking about the streets.

The following day we rode out, and this time in company with the ladies, after which we went on the water in Lord D——’s elegant yacht. I was to drive the party down to the Thames, four-in-hand, in which I have had so little practice of late years, that at a crossway the leaders, in spite of my efforts, ran their heads against a stage-coach driving across us:—this occasioned a scream in both

the carriages, which greatly incensed old Child, who looks upon me as his pupil.

Thus, like the great Corsican, in one day I lost all my renown in the high art of guiding the reins—from the throne, ycleped ruling,—from the box, driving. I was therefore obliged to abdicate the latter, since the ladies maintained that my possession of this exalted seat was attended with too much danger to them. This mortified me so sorely, that when we got on board the yacht I climbed up the shrouds, and seated myself at the mast-head, where, fanned by a mild zephyr, I admired at my ease the ever-changing prospect, and philosophized on my downfall.

July 5th.

After I had vigorously assisted in hewing out some new prospects in the thicket, (at which we all lent a hand,) and planned a road through the park which is to be so far honoured as to bear my name, I took a cordial leave of this most estimable family, (who might serve as a pattern to the nobility of any country,) and returned to London, provided with many letters of introduction for Ireland.

July 8th.

As before I depart I mean to send you all sorts of things, with my horses, carriage and birds, (of the latter you will receive a complete cargo of the rarest sorts,) I have had enough to do today to complete my purchases. In the course of this occupation I fell upon an exhibition of machinery and manufactures, among which are many interesting things ; as, for instance, a machine which draws of itself, (if I may say so,) all the objects visible within its horizon, in perspective: a pianoforte which, besides serving the usual purpose, plays (extra) a hundred pieces by itself, which you may accompany with extemporary 'fantasie' on the keys: a very compendious domestic telegraph, which spares the servants half their labour, and us nearly all their burdensome presence: a washing machine, which requires only one woman to wash a great quantity of linen: a most elegant churn, with which you can make butter on your breakfast table in two minutes; and other novelties of the like kind.

From hence I drove to the greatest nursery garden in the neighbourhood of London, which I had long wished to see. The multifold wants of such a number of rich people raise private undertakings to a magnitude and extent in England which they

reach nowhere else. On such a scale I found a collection of green-houses in this garden. In many were small leaden tubes, carried along the edges of the glass roof,—three or four on each side : the tubes are perforated with very small holes : by only turning a cock, a stream of water is carried through them ; and in one moment the whole house is filled with a thick shower, just like natural rain. This makes the labour of watering almost unnecessary, has a much more powerful and uniform effect, and only requires some aid where the leaves are too large and thick to allow the rain to penetrate.

Without going into the details of the innumerable sorts of pines, roses, &c., I must only remark, that in the department of esculent vegetables, there were four hundred and thirty-five sorts of salad, two hundred and sixty-one of peas, and two hundred and forty of potatoes,—and all other articles of garden commerce in the same proportion.

On my way back I met the Tyrolers, who had been making holiday, and asked my old acquaintance (the girl) how she was pleased with her stay here. She declared with enthusiasm that her Saint must have brought her here ; for that they had made 7000*l.* sterling in a few months, which

they had earned—hard money—only with singing their dozen songs.

Prince Esterhazy has made this *Gejodle** the fashion here,—and fashion in England is every thing. Sontag and Pasta, with their wonderful talents, have chiefly this to thank for their success—they were the fashion; for Weber, who did not understand the art of making himself fashionable, gained, as is well known, almost nothing;—the two Bohrsers, Kieseewetter, and other men of real genius, were not more fortunate.

While I am talking of fashion, it seems a suitable occasion, before I quit England, to enter a little more at large on the subject of the structure and tone of English society, which is certainly rather more striking to a stranger in this admired land, than fog, steam-engines, or stage-coaches. It is not necessary to remark here, that in such general descriptions only the most prominent and reigning peculiarities are taken into consideration; and that, in the censure which is passed on the whole, the hundred honourable exceptions which exhibit the praiseworthy contrast in such full perfection, are left wholly out of the account.

* The peculiar Alpine cry at the end of the Tyrol songs, which is heard to an immense distance, is called the *Jodle*.—
TRANSL.

England is now—viewed, certainly, with relation to a totally different universal spirit of the age—in a similar state to that of France thirty years before the revolution. And it will fall out with her as with her great rival, if she does not avert the storm by radical but continuous reform. Nearly-allied fundamental evils are present here, as there: On the one side, the undue preponderance, mis-used power, inflexible stony arrogance, and heartless frivolity of the great : on the other, selfishness and rapacity are grown into the national character of the mass of the people. Religion no longer dwells in the heart and spirit, but is become a dead form ; notwithstanding the most unenlightened *spirit* of Catholicism,—with fewer ceremonies, indeed, but combined with like intolerance, and a similar hierarchy ; and which besides the bigotry and the pride of Rome, has this over and above, that it possesses an enormous share of the property of the country*.

* It is very extraordinary that English writers should constantly torture themselves to discover the causes of the enormous poor-rates, and of the more and more artificial and threatening state of the working classes, when there exists so obvious a discouragement to the outlay of capital and industry on land, (some of which with us would be called good, but here is esteemed not worth cultivation,) as tithes :—a man does not care to devote his capital and his sweat to a priest.—EDITOR.

Like causes have also given an analogous tone and direction to what is preeminently called, Society. Experience will confirm this to every man who has access to what is called high life in England; and it will be highly interesting to him to observe how different a growth and aspect the same plant has assumed in France and England, in consequence of the original difference of the soil; for in France it grew rather out of chivalry and poetry, combined with the dominant vanity of the nation, with levity of character, and a real delight in social existence:—in England, out of a brutal feudal tyranny, the commercial prosperity of later years, an ill-humour and moroseness innate in the nation, and a cold stony self-love.

People on the Continent generally form to themselves a more or less republican picture of English society. In the public life of the nation this is certainly very observable,—as also in their domestic habits, in which selfishness is strangely prevalent. Grown-up children and parents soon become almost strangers; and what we call domestic life* is therefore applicable only to husband, wife, and little children living in immediate

* *Häuslichkeit*. We have not the word—unhappily.—
TRANSL.

dependence on their father: as soon as they grow up, a republican coldness and estrangement take place between them and their parents. An English poet maintains, that the love of a grandfather to his grandchildren arises from this—that in his grown-up sons he sees only greedy and hostile heirs,—in his grandchildren, the future enemies of his enemies. The very *thought* could never have arisen but in an English brain!

In the relations and tone of society, on the other hand, from the highest step to the very lowest, not a trace of any element of republicanism is to be found. Here, everything is in the highest degree ultra-aristocratic—it is caste-like. The present so-called great world, would probably have taken a different form and character if a Court, in the continental sense of the word, had given tone and direction in the highest instance.

Such a one, however, does not here exist. The Kings of England live like private men; most of the high officers about the Court are little more than nominal, and are seldom assembled except on occasions of great ceremony. Now, as somewhere in society a focus must be organized, from which the highest light and the highest authority in all matters connected with society must emanate,

the rich aristocracy seemed here called to assume this station.

It was, however, spite of all its wealth and puissance, not yet qualified to maintain such a station unquestioned. The English nobility, haughty as it is, can scarcely measure itself against the French in antiquity and purity of blood (if any value is to be attached to such things), and in no degree against the higher German nobility, which is for the most part intact*. It dazzles only by the old historic names so wisely retained, which appear through the whole of English history like standing masks; though new families, often of very mean and even discreditable extraction (such as descendants of mistresses, and the like), are continually concealed behind them. The English aristocracy has indeed the most solid advantages over those of all other countries—from its real wealth, and yet more from the share in the legislative power allotted to it by the Constitution: *but as it is not upon these grounds that it chooses to assert or to justify its supremacy, but pre-*

* The curious in such matters may find some amusement in the inquiry, whether or not there exist in England one drop of *stiftfähiges blut*—of that sort, namely, common throughout Germany, which can prove its seventy-two quarterings.—TRANSL.

cisely upon its assumed noble blood and higher extraction, the pretension must, unquestionably, appear to the rest of the world doubly ludicrous. The members of the aristocracy probably had an instinctive feeling of this; and thus, by a tacit convention—not nobility, not wealth, but an entirely new power was placed on the throne, as supreme and absolute sovereign—Fashion : a goddess who in England alone, reigns in person, (if I may so express myself,) with despotic and inexorable sway,—though always represented to mortal eyes by a few clever usurpers of either sex.

The spirit of *caste*, which, emanating from this source, descends through all stages of society in greater or less force, has received here a power, consistency and full development, wholly unexampled in any other country. The having visited on an intimate footing in a lower class is sufficient to ensure you an extremely cold reception in the very next step of the ladder; and no Brahmin can shrink with more horror from all contact with a Paria, than an 'Exclusive' from intercourse with a 'Nobody.'—Every class of society, as well as every field, in England is separated from every other by a hedge of thorns. Each has its own manners and turns of expression,—its 'cant' language, as it is called;

and, above all, a supreme and absolute contempt for all below it. Of course every reflecting person sees at a glance, that a society so constituted must necessarily become eminently provincial (*kleinstädtisch*, i. e. *small-townish*) in its several coteries ; and this strikingly distinguishes it from the large and cosmopolitan society of Paris.

Now, although the aristocracy, as I have remarked, does not stand *as such* on the pinnacle of this strange edifice, it yet exercises great influence over it. It is indeed difficult to become fashionable without being of good descent ; but it by no means follows, that a man is so in virtue of being well born—still less of being rich. It sounds ludicrous to say, (but yet it is true,) that the present King, for instance, is a very fashionable man ; that his father was not in the least degree so, and that none of his brothers have any pretension to fashion ;—which unquestionably is highly to their honour : for no man who has any personal claims to distinction, would be frivolous enough long to have either the power or the will to maintain himself in that category. On the other hand, it would be a doubtful and critical matter to affirm decidedly what are the qualities which secure the highest places in that exalted sphere. You see alternately the most heterogeneous qualities occupy a post in

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it ; and political motives, in a country like this, cannot be entirely without influence : yet I believe that caprice and luck, and, above all, women, here, as in the rest of the world, do more than anything else.

On the whole, fashionable Englishmen, however unable they may be to lay aside their native heaviness and pedantry, certainly betray the most intense desire to rival the dissolute frivolity and 'jactance' of the old Court of France in their fullest extent ; while in exactly the same proportion the French now seek to exchange this character for old English earnestness, and daily advance towards higher and more dignified purposes and views of existence.

A London Exclusive of the present day is in truth nothing more than a bad, flat, dull impression of a 'roué' of the Regency and a courtier of Louis the Fifteenth : both have, in common, selfishness, levity, boundless vanity, and an utter want of heart ; both think they can set themselves above everything by means of contempt, derision and insolence ; both creep in the dust before one idol alone—the Frenchman of the last age, before his King—the Englishman of this, before any acknowledged ruler in the empire of fashion. But what a contrast if we look further !

In France, the absence of all morality and honesty was at least in some degree atoned for by the most refined courtesy; the poverty of soul, by wit and agréableness; the impertinence of considering themselves as something better than other people, rendered bearable by finished elegance and politeness of manners; and egotistical vanity in some measure justified, or at least excused, by the brilliancy of an imposing Court, a high-bred air and address, the perfect art of polished intercourse, winning ‘aisance’, and a conversation captivating by its wit and lightness.—What of all this has the English ‘dandy’ to offer?

His highest triumph is to appear with the most wooden manners,—as little polished as will suffice to avoid castigation; nay, to contrive even his civilities so, that they are as near as may be to affronts:—this indeed is the style of deportment which confers upon him the greatest celebrity. Instead of a noble, high-bred ease,—to have the courage to offend against every restraint of decorum; to invert the relation in which our sex stands to women, so that they appear the attacking, and he the passive or defensive party;—to treat his best friends, if they cease to have the stamp and authority of fashion, as if he did not know them,—“to

cut them," as the technical phrase goes ; to delight in the ineffably ' fade ' jargon, and the affectation of his ' set ' ; and always to know what is ' the thing ' :—these are pretty nearly the accomplishments which form a young ' lion ' of the world of fashion. If he has moreover a remarkably pretty mistress, and if it has also happened to him to induce some foolish woman to sacrifice herself on the altar of fashion, and to desert husband and children for him, his reputation reaches its highest ' nimbus '. If, added to this, he spends a great deal of money, if he is young, and if his name is in the ' Peerage ', he can hardly fail to play a transient part ; at any rate he possesses in full measure all the ingredients that go to make a Richelieu of our days. That his conversation consists only of the most trivial local jests and scandal, which he whispers into the ear of a woman in a large party, without deigning to remark that there is anybody in the room but himself and the happy object of his delicate attentions ; that with men he can talk only of gambling or of sporting ; that, except a few fashionable phrases which the shallowest head can the most easily retain, he is deplorably ignorant ; that his awkward ' tournure ' goes not beyond the ' non-chalance ' of a plough-boy, who stretches him-

self at his length on the ale-house settle; and that his grace is very like that of a bear which has been taught to dance,—all this does not rob his crown of a single jewel.

Worse still is it, that, notwithstanding the high-bred rudeness of his exterior, the moral condition of his inward man must, to be fashionable, stand far lower. That cheating is prevalent in the various kinds of play which are here the order of the day, and that when long successfully practised it gives a sort of ‘relief’, is notorious: but it is still more striking, that no attempt is made to conceal that ‘crasse’ selfishness which lies at the bottom of such transactions,—nay, that it is openly avowed as the only rational principle of action, and ‘good-nature’ is laughed at and despised as the ‘comble’ of vulgarity. This is the case in no other country: in all others, people are ashamed of such modes of thinking, even if they are wretched enough to hold them. “We are a selfish people,” said a favourite leader of fashion, “I confess; and I do believe that what in other countries is called ‘*amor patriæ*’ is amongst us nothing but a huge conglomeration of love of ourselves: *but I am glad of it; I like selfishness; there’s good sense in it;*”—and he added, not satirically, but quite in earnest, “Good-nature is

quite 'mauvais ton' in London; and really it is a bad style to take up, and will never do."

It is true that if you choose to analyse and hunt down every feeling with the greatest subtlety, you may discover a sort of selfishness at the very bottom of everything: but in all other nations a noble shame throws a veil over it; as there are instincts very natural and innocent, which are yet concealed even by the most uncivilized.

Here, however, people are so little ashamed of the most 'crasse' self-love, that an Englishman of rank once instructed me that a good 'fox-hunter' must let nothing stop him, or distract his attention when following the fox; and if his own father should be thrown in leaping a ditch, and lie there, should, he said, 'if he could n't help it,' leap his horse over him, and trouble himself no more about him till the end of the chase*.

With all this, our pattern 'dandy' has not the least independence, even in his bad qualities: he is the trembling slave of fashion, even in the extremest trifles; and the obsequious, servile satellite of the fortunate individuals who are higher than himself. Were virtue and modesty suddenly to become the fashion, nobody would be more ex-

* Certainly the motto of the Paris Society, 'Aide toi, le ciel t'aidera', has never been carried so far 'in praxi'.—EDITOR.

emplary,—difficult as would be the task to accomplish.

Destitute of all originality, and without a thought he can properly call his own, he may be compared to a clay figure, which, for a while, deceives one with all the properties of a human being, but returns into its native mud as soon as you discover that it has not a soul.

Whoever reads the best of the recent English novels—those by the author of *Pelham*—may be able to abstract from them a tolerably just idea of English fashionable society; provided (N.B.) he does not forget to deduct qualities which national self-love has claimed, though quite erroneously:—namely, grace for its ‘*roués*’,—seductive manners and amusing conversation for its ‘*dandies*.’ I mixed for a while with those who dwell on the very pinnacle of this fool’s world of fashion; with those who inhabit its middle regions, and with those who have pitched their tents at its foot, whence they turn longing, lingering looks at the unattainable summit; but rarely did I ever find a vestige of that attractive art of social life, that perfect equipoise of all the social talents, which diffuses a feeling of complacency over all within its sphere;—as far removed from stiffness and prudery as from rudeness and licence, which speaks with

equal charm to the heart and the head, and continually excites, while it never wearies; an art of which the French so long remained the sole masters and models.

Instead of this, I saw in the fashionable world only too frequently, and with few exceptions, a profound vulgarity of thought; an immorality little veiled or adorned; the most undisguised arrogance; and the coarsest neglect of all kindly feelings and attentions haughtily assumed, for the sake of shining in a false and despicable 'refinement', even more inane and intolerable to a healthy mind, than the awkward and ludicrous stiffness of the most declared Nobodies. It has been said that vice and poverty are the most revolting combination:—since I have been in England, vice and boorish rudeness seem to me to form a still more disgusting union. * * *

* * * * *

Passing over some of the most remarkable English rulers of fashion, I must mention one foreign potentate, who has placed herself on the same throne with the highest.

The haughty and masculine spirit of this lady, which, when she chooses, she knows how to conceal under the most engaging affability, combined with all the diplomatic craftiness of her station,

have enabled her to set her foot on the neck of English supremacy ; but she has not been able to give to the court that surrounds her and bows blindly to all her decrees, either her wit and tact, or her high-born air, or that repulsive politeness *to all*, which is the ‘ *ne plus ultra* ’ of the manner which it is the main object of an Exclusive’s life to attain. The distance in these respects between her and her associates in sovereignty is almost burlesque ; yet they rule side by side in Olympus. But even the immortal gods have to encounter opposition ; and thus we find a gigantic antagonist in the monarch of the nether world.

* * * * *

At his house are to be seen many of the ‘ *Dii minores gentium* ’, such as actresses turned into duchesses and countesses, &c. who are not admitted into the circle ‘ *par excellence* ’.

* * * * *

A high degree of influence is also possessed by a foreign ambassador ; and without doubt he would possess the very highest, if the best tone, kind-hearted amiability, high rank, the finest taste, and (notwithstanding an assumed English ‘ *tournure* ’) a perfect absence of that heaviness and pedantry, of

which English fashionables can never divest themselves, constituted the sole claims to pre-eminence. But it is precisely because he is too far removed from the English, both by that native amiability which continually gains an involuntary conquest over his 'Anglo manie', and by his German cordiality, that he excites their envy rather than their admiration; and though 'recherché' by most, because he is the fashion, remains a strange meteor in their system, whom they attack where they can, and whom, at all events, they cannot take to their hearts as they do their own Jupiter Ammon, nor acknowledge in him 'autorité sans réplique' with that blind submission they pay to their Autocratess. Perhaps the wife of the ambassador might easily have played the part of that lady, whom she excels in beauty as well as in youth; and for a time the chances stood equal between them; but she was too heedless, too natural and good-tempered to obtain a definitive conquest. However high therefore be her place in the fashionable world, her rival has unquestionably achieved the highest. Nobody who knows the causes will think the loser the less amiable.

Among the other female rulers of the first category, I must mention one or two whom no one may omit who seeks entrance into the sanctuary.

At the very top, is a no longer young but still lovely Countess ; one of the very few Englishwomen of whom it can be said, that she possesses a perfect, and truly distinguished 'tournure'. With her natural gifts she would, in any other country, have been thoroughly amiable and delightful ; but here none can escape the deadening impress of that spirit of caste, so utterly blighting to all that is lovely and loving in the human heart.

* * * * *

In the age of innocence of the English world of fashion, when the natives as yet were fain to copy continental manners, and had not attained to that independence which now asserts its claim to serve as model to other countries, a Dandy governed by means of his coat ; and the celebrated Brummel tyrannized over town and country, by this simple instrument, during long years of glory. But this is no longer the case: the sublime Exclusive, on the contrary, affects a certain inattention to his dress, which is almost always alike ; and is quite above running after or inventing new fashions: his dress is at most distinguished only for exquisite neatness and delicacy of texture. Far other qualities are now necessary to constitute a man of fashion. He must, as formerly in France, have the reputation of

a heartless seducer, and be a *dangerous* man. But as, with all the good-will in the world, it is not so easy for men of graceless manners and invincible awkwardness to rival the brilliant charm and captivating address of the Frenchman of the 'Vieille Cour', it is necessary, like Tartuffe, to play the soft and insidious hypocrite; with the subdued voice which is now the fashion, and false words, to make a way in the dark to unprincipled acts;—such as false play, or the 'gulling' of a novice in every species of sport, in which so many young Englishmen find despair and suicide, where they sought recreation and excitement;—where these arts are not applicable, to seek, by all sorts of intrigue, to destroy the fortune and reputation of those who stand in their way, or, at the least, to rob them of all influence in exclusive society.

He who is intimately acquainted with England's dark side, will not accuse me of exaggeration in this description.

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Let a man's moral and intellectual qualities be what they may, if he is the fashion, he can say or do nothing that will not be received with admiration and applause. His words are oracles; his wit *must be* exquisite, since he has received his patent

for it from fashionable society; and where Fashion speaks, the free Englishman is a slave. Besides, the vulgar feel that in all matters of art, talent or taste, they are no very competent judges; they therefore think it safer blindly to applaud a 'bon môt' when they see it has made their superiors laugh; or to repeat an opinion which has proceeded from privileged lips;—just as the public were in the third heavens with ecstasy for a whole winter at a party of Tyrolese ballad-singers, and rained down money, which the green butcher-family pocketed with a laugh.

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The far-famed Almack's, and the unrivalled puissance of the Lady-Patronesses, I have already described to you. I must add two signal acts of their power.

In a fit of pretty ill-humour these high and mighty Ladies ordered that no person who came after midnight should be admitted. Soon after, the Duke of Wellington came from the House of Lords a few minutes too late, and thought he should be certain to find an exception in his favour. 'Point du tout'—the hero of Waterloo could not carry this fortress, and was obliged to retreat.

Another time the Lady-Patronesses issued a decree, that only gentlemen who were bow-legged should be permitted to appear in loose pantaloons: all others were ordered to wear breeches;—in England, where the very name is forbidden, certainly a bold decree.

The dread of the new tribunal of Inquisition was so great, that at first even this edict was obeyed. But a reaction followed. A great number of gentlemen appeared at the door in the prohibited pantaloons, and demanded admittance on the plea of crooked legs, of which they declared themselves guilty; and, in case they were not believed, invited the Lady-Patronesses to convince themselves of the fact by personal inspection. From that time the Ladies have winked at this offending portion of male attire.

July 10th.

Tomorrow I hope to be able to take my way to wider and freer regions; and it will be some time before I resume the pent-up life of a city.

Lord Byron somewhere says of himself, that his soul never enjoyed its full activity but in solitude. This truth is applicable to lesser people, for it is just so with me. In wearisome society I am but half conscious of a soul: and I am oppressed by

the horrible thought—Now, if possible, you must be ‘aimable’. On the other hand, I am, as you know, least alone when alone; for then do I the least miss your society, my best of friends!

However distant you may be, my spirit hovers around your waking and your dreaming hours; and over sea and mountain my heart feels the affectionate pulse of yours.

L——.

It may be proper here to remark, that since the foregoing Letters were written, the character of the higher society of England has undergone a considerable modification. The frank, noble, and practical turn of mind of the present King, and the simplicity, amiableness, and sterling excellence of the Queen, have broken the fool's sceptre of Fashion, and have introduced a better and higher standard of merit and of elegance than was recognised in the last reign. The Coryphæi of the past must learn to adapt themselves to this, or be content with their own admiration, and instead of Exclusives to become Excluded.

THE END.



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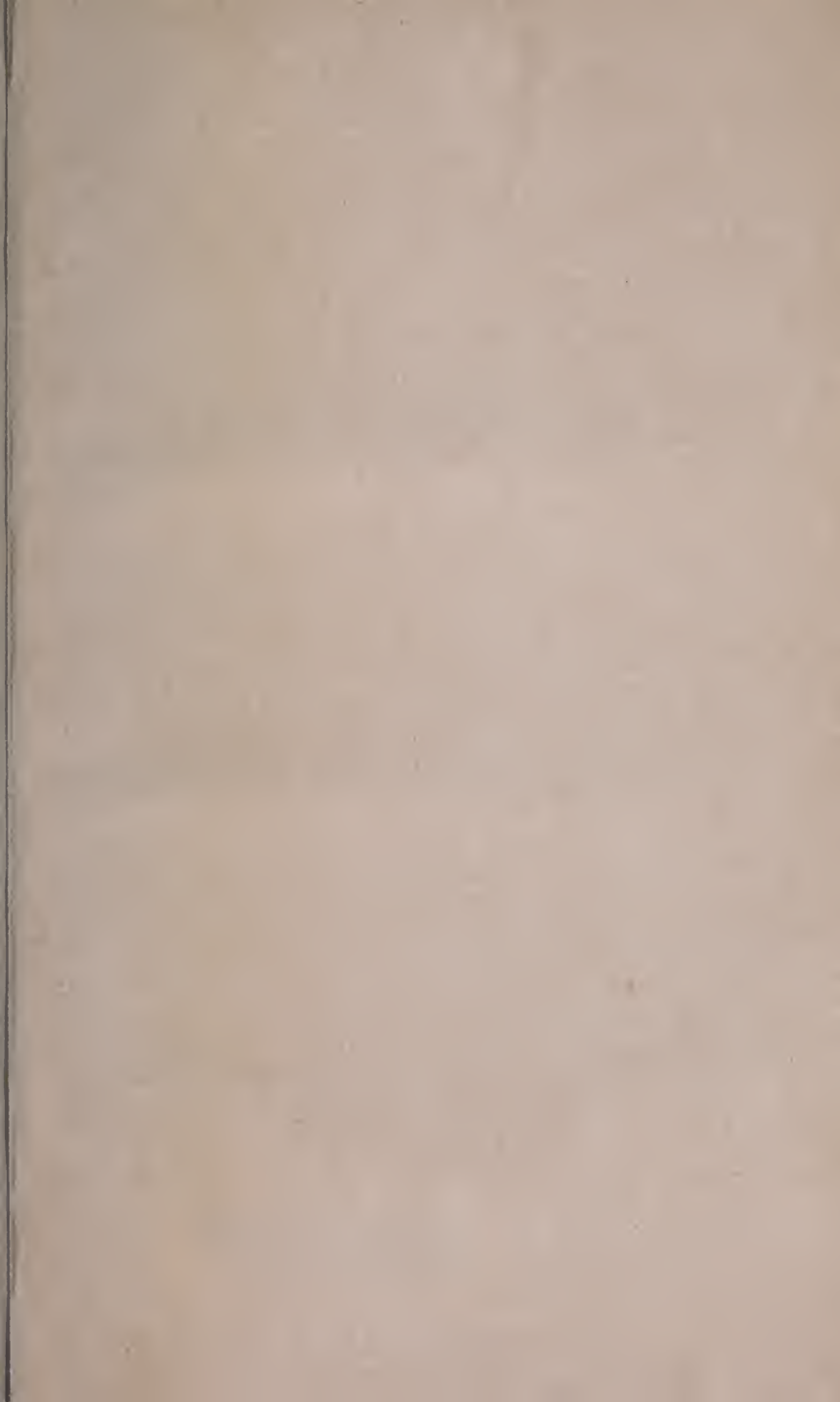
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